THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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APRIL 17, 1926

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Richard Washburn Child—Frank Condon—Wythe Williams—Horatio Winslow
Ben Ames Williams—I. A. R. Wylie—Samuel G. Blythe—Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

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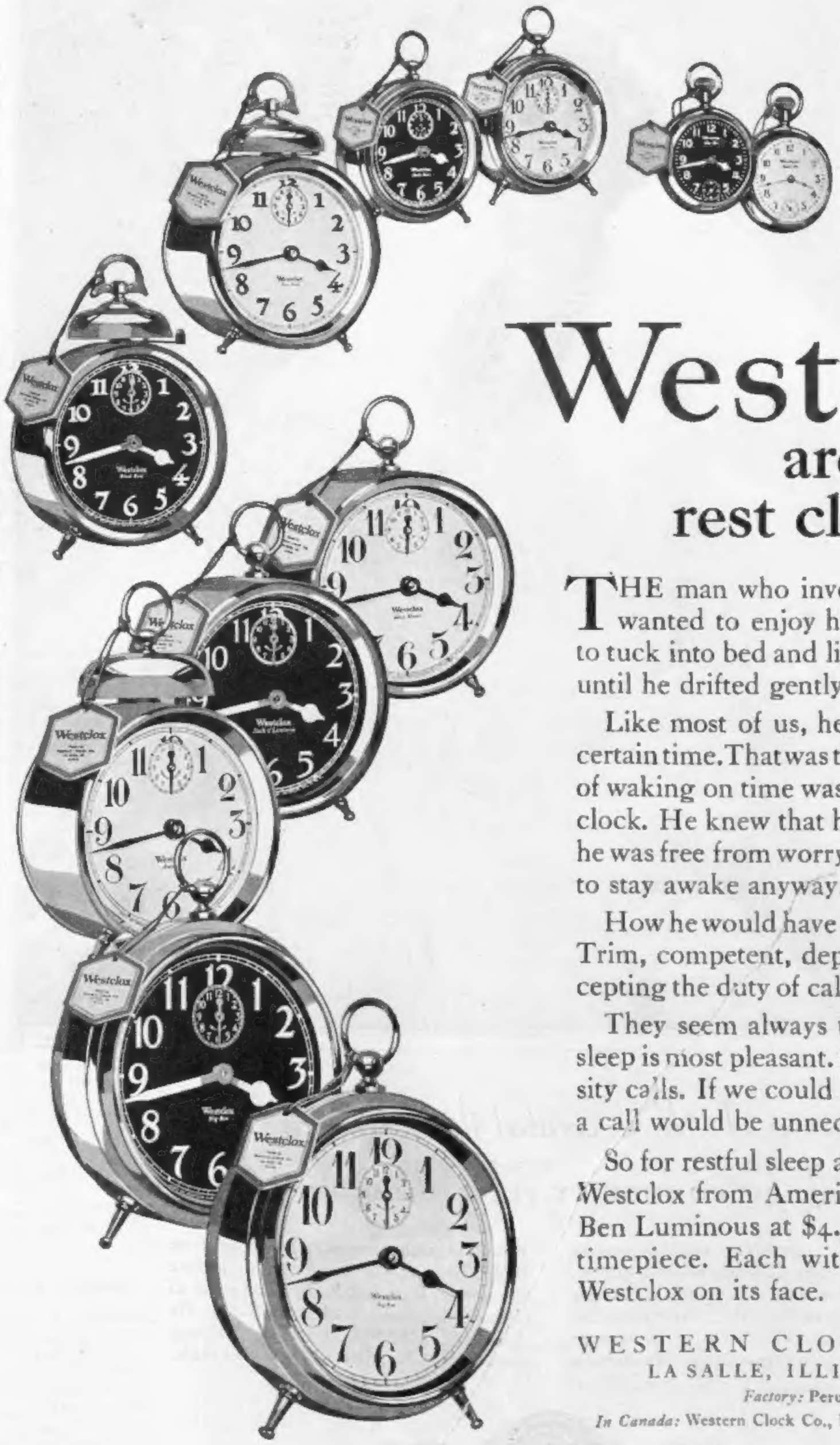

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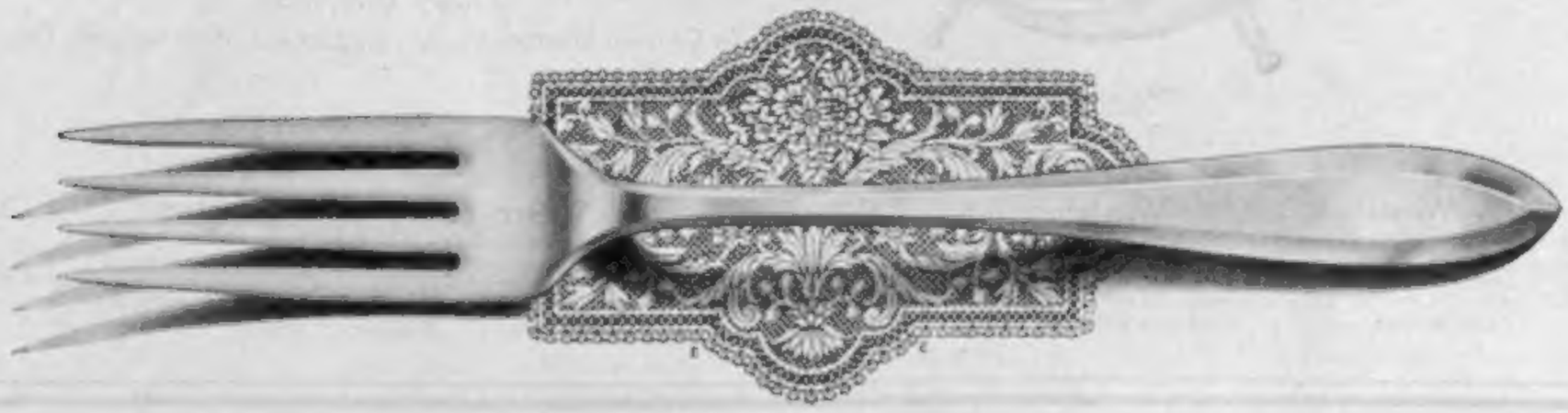

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THE PRESIDENT

By Richard Washburn Child

IN TERMS of power maintained for long periods and in terms of interest in character, the two preëminent rulers of the world today are not difficult to name. They are Mussolini and Coolidge.

Each represents in his particular power of personality the revolt of peoples against unreality and their weariness with parliamentary government — government by talk. Each represents a hardening process against flabbiness, against leadership leading into blind alleys in chase of will-o'-the-wisp theories, against the proposal for a world made by devices, writings and documents which never can express one whit more than can be found in the actual state of human progress, the real developments and inclinations and the true nature of mankind.

Each stands for a virile doctrine of the responsibility of the individual, and each as time goes on plants his feet more firmly on the basis that good and prosperous governments are made by citizens and not good and prosperous citizens by governments. Each conceives organized society as resting upon individuals rather than individuals being dawdled in the lap of organized society. Each in his own hot or cold mood is contemptuous of mere schemes, programs and flapdoodle. Each in his own impulsive or deliberate method snatches or quietly draws away the masks of sham. Each one knows that the new worlds delivered by theorizing minutemen have always been half baked. Each has a strong appeal to the imagination and curiosity behind the world's telescope and microscope.

And yet one who knows both men knows that they are as opposite as the poles.

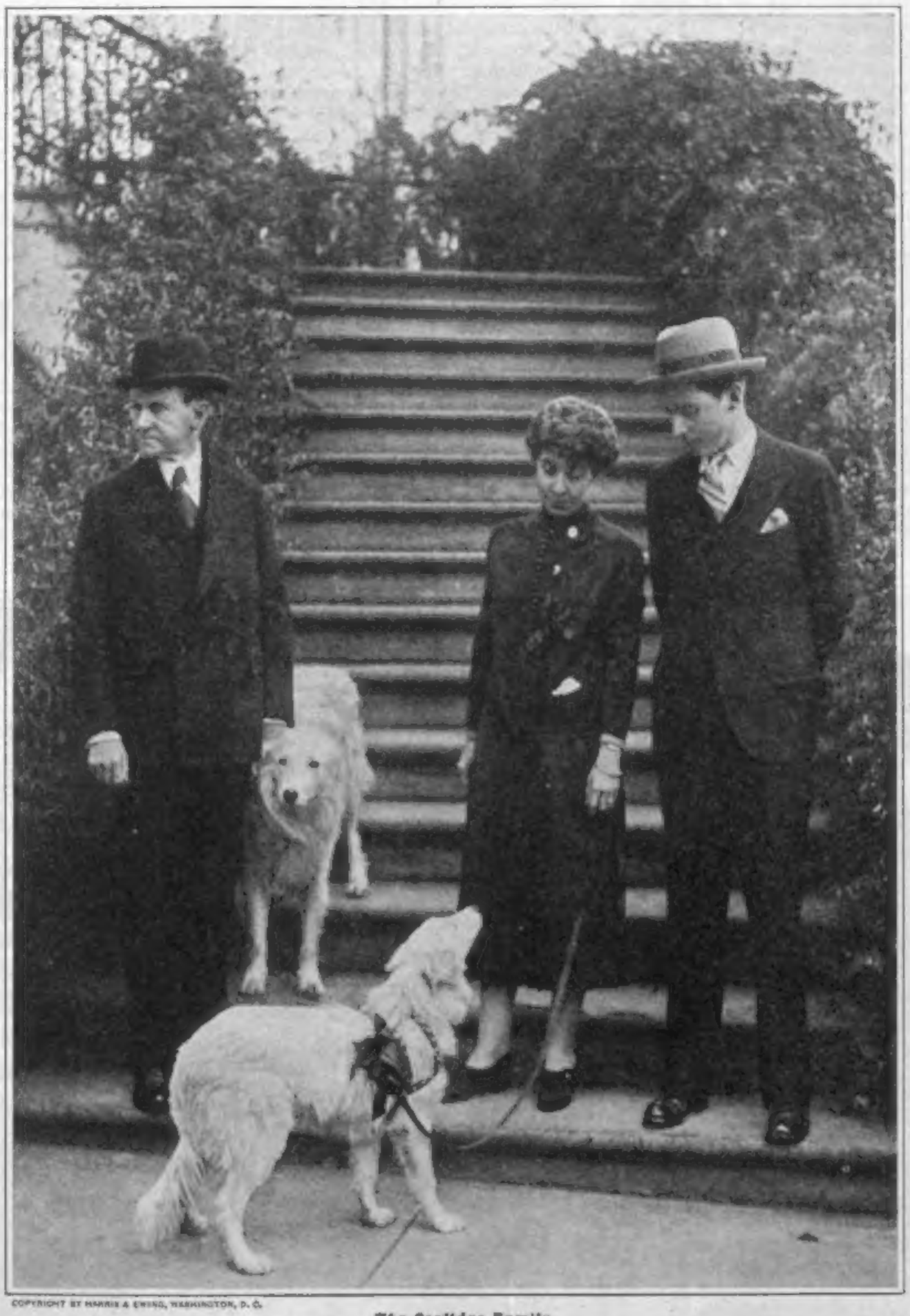
Two World Figures

MUSSOLINI is a patriot who burns. He is an unparalleled combination of genius; he is a Vesuvian evangelist, but he is also a miracle administrator. He can detonate a national bomb of political and spiritual awakening while with the other hand he adds a column of cold figures which finely balance a budget. Mussolini is so much Mussolini that he is abnormal—a study, indeed, for those who would analyze genius. He is a whole laboratory in balanced abnormality. His passion is to crush unreality and nonsense. For this cause of realism he surmounts all obstacles. To move men to the reality of the battle with life he leaps out of the trenches, calls for all to follow him and organizes as he charges. He is an inspired and yet machinelike fanatic

On the other hand, Coolidge, though a patriot, cannot be said to develop much heat. Nor is Coolidge an Etna of evangelism. Coolidge, instead of detonating any bombs, has an instinct to drop bombs into pails of cool spring water.

Mussolini is so much Mussolini that he is a case for psychoanalysis. Coolidge is so much Coolidge that analysis of his intellectual and emotional life creates a fascinating mystery by the mere absence of mystery. Someone told me that Bascom Slemp, the President's former secretary, had written a book in which he said the President was a mystic. It probably was Bascom Slemp who, being a mystic, saw in the President such an absence of mysticism that he felt that he was in its presence.

Mussolini has a passion to crush the flowers of unreality and to behead will-o'-the-wisps. The President lets the flowers of unreality wither on their stems merely by failing to put water in their vases. He beheads no will-o'-the-wisp; he kills it with an almost kindly word—or by no word at all.



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The Coolidge Family

Busy With Essentials

WHEN Mr. Slemp, the former presidential secretary, looks upon President Coolidge as a prodigy, he lacks the faith of the Irish mother who said, "There was thousands in the parade and all were out of step but my Joseph!" Mr. Slemp must not believe that Mr. Coolidge is a prodigy; the rest of us are prodigies. Not so this granite character who, it is said, came from a farm in Vermont and lived simply in Northampton. The leading of a simple life is not prodigious—or was not a few years ago. The elimination of all unnecessary thoughts and words is not prodigious—or was not until we fell into this present-day soup of needless thoughts and deluding chatter. Keeping busy with essentials is not prodigious—unless it has become so in a time when Satan has found so many things for idle minds to think and so many complexities to fever so many little unimportant hearts.

The fact is if one should hand the President a speckled trout, the President would probably say, "That's a handsome trout. I think it must weigh two and a half pounds."

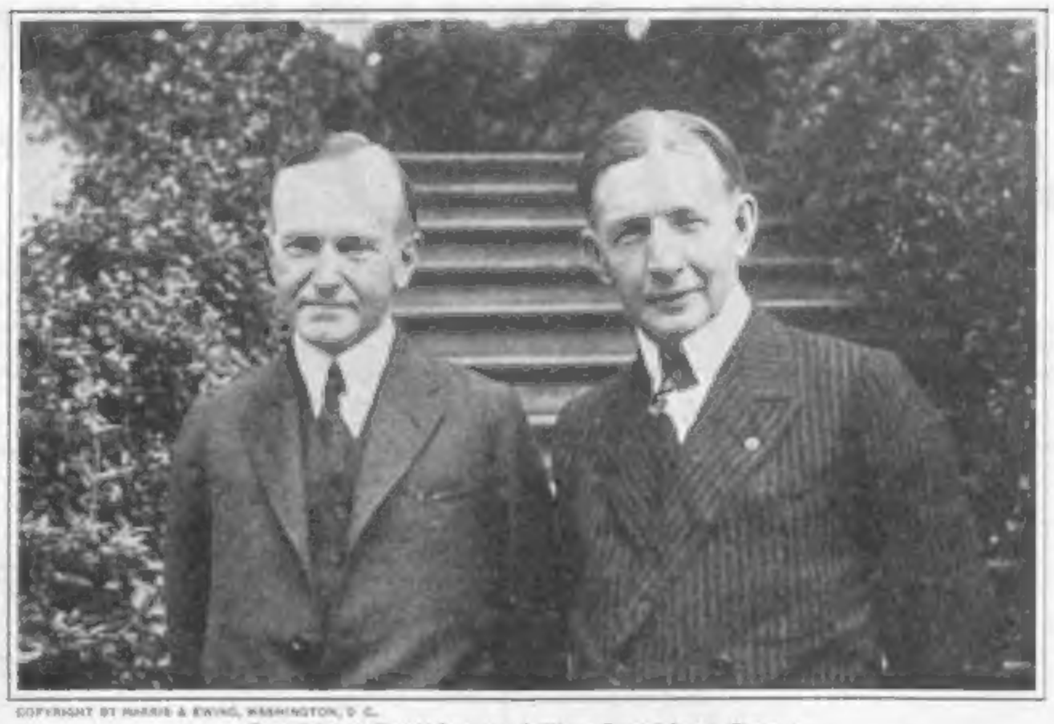
It is wholly unlikely that the President would be thinking that trout, like many human beings of this age, are restless creatures that conceive themselves as struggling to get off the inevitable hook of responsibility and good sportsmanship. It is wholly unlikely that the President would brood over the idea that dead fish constitute inspirations for discontented works of fiction. It is not probable that he would see in this prize from a brook any embodiment of a social theory.

No; the President would say of the trout, "That's a handsome trout. I think it must weigh two and a half pounds." He would say this only if he thought it worth

saying or wanted to say it. He might not say it at all. But it is completely foolish for anyone to believe that while he was looking at the trout in silence he was planning a new world for either trout or mankind, or wishing in his secret heart that he had been a general instead of a civilian, or a Buddhist instead of a Christian.

The reason there is talk of a Coolidge myth and a Coolidge mystery is that, in a period of complexity and confusion, when machinery has been so well articulated that mankind is half disjointed, the wonder of the world is the man who is not a fanatic.

This article is written to prove that Coolidge, with Mussolini, is doubtless one of the two wonders of the world. One of them does miracles out in No Man's Land; the other in the strongest political and philosophical self-burrowed dugout ever occupied by a statesman. Absurd as it may be, my task in writing about the President is to prove that he is actually not what he appears to be not—a fanatic.



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President Coolidge and Vice President Dawes

If anyone asked me what woolen-woven motto hung over the President's bed, into which he goes at a most seemly hour, I would not guess that it was any other than the words, Economy and Elimination.

Let no one say that these are parsimonious or selfish words. As the President interprets them, they have in them something of the promise of the peace, tranquillity and power which allow one to walk more closely with God.

"He who does nothing may rule the world," says a Burman proverb—and Coolidge will vote aye on this resolution, amended by the insertion after "nothing" of the words "foolish, wicked"; and by the further amendment of inserting after "foolish, wicked," the word "unnecessary"; and by the further amendment of inserting after "unnecessary," the words "and garrulous"; and by the further amendment of inserting after the words "and garrulous," the words "and fanatic."

The Abnormality of Being Normal

I AM inclined to believe that Coolidge, were the nation to get into war, would prove as no other man has ever done that even war could be conducted without a trace of fanaticism. He is the most unfanatic man I ever saw.

It is from this unfanatic prodigy—this abnormal "mystic" normality of Coolidge—that springs his humor. Nothing can equal a little lack of fanaticism as an aid to seeing mankind clearly, and seeing mankind clearly is the very rocket trough from which the brilliance of humor is projected into the dark sky.

The President, if some day you are talking with him informally, may take from his pocket a worn sheet of paper which contains a greeting from a lowly citizen when C. C. became President. It is a comfort to a man who is not a fanatic, for it says something like this:

"*Dear Cal:* I congratulate you on being President. Work hard and get promoted."

That, as I understand the President, is exactly his own program. It has always been his program. He has not changed. He is, I believe, being promoted in the esteem of the people about every day. It is very disturbing to fanatics like myself and others to find that the total absence of fanaticism can promote so quickly—or at least so surely.

Someone who was interested in the President asked me the other day how he had gone up. I said he had gone up like a grain of wheat in one of those belt carriers. I said he had done what was expected of him every inch of the way, and that one of the things expected of him was not to hop about.

"Gosh!" said the other. "I like to hop about."

Hopping about, however, offends the worsted motto, Economy and Elimination. Hopping about may be fun and it may be interesting; but it is no economy of energy, and the elimination of hopping is just so much less trouble in the world. Furthermore, when everyone else is hopping about there is a distinct advantage with the grain of corn which explodes last in the popper. Such a grain has a longer experience, a wider observation and avoids to the last being consumed.

So when Coolidge found himself President, he turned to a motto of Abraham Lincoln. I do not recall, nor is it of consequence to recall, the exact words. The idea is this: "Deal with life from day to day and do what you think is right."

I have never seen the President with a blunderbuss in his hands and the hounds of agitation going on before, gunning for any problems. I have never seen the glitter in his eye of one who contrives new worlds faster than mankind is capable of actually constructing them or operating them. It is evident that he considers that this is a fairly good world and that it ought not to be rocked. The progress of mankind, speaking in terms of man and not of man's machines and contraptions, may be considered by the President to be a slow and somewhat toilsome struggle upward.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Coolidge Was Elected to Honorary Membership in the State Fencibles of Philadelphia When a Delegation of That Organization Visited the White House. He is the First President to Receive This Honor

But he accepts that, and in doing so he steps apart from the somewhat greenish philosophical school which preaches in various forms the doctrines of escape, freedom, independence and five-cent self-expression.

The truth at the bottom is that the President is an emancipated man; he is emancipated from all the dreams of emancipation from those normal responsibilities inherent in all well-ordered living, in the rules of the game of life, in restraint, high morals and calm thought.

"He has no amusements!" exclaimed one who sees much of him. "Literally—so far as I can see—he has no amusements! He plays no games. He has no hobbies. He engages in no sports. He has no love of entertainments. This must be terrible!"

Thought as a Hobby

FOR a moment I thought it might be terrible, and then I realized that it was not terrible, because it was not true. I realized that the insatiable thirst of our civilization as developed in this era, for endless entertainment outside ourselves, may be a form of dipsomania from which Coolidge is free. Most of the rest of us may be amusement drunkards, but it may be stupid for us not to understand a man who gets endless entertainment from a half-concealed humorous and Olympic observation of the vagaries, the weaknesses and the occasional triumphs of the passing throng. Coolidge may not play mah-jongg one year or do cross-word puzzles the next, and yet it is not only possible but probable that he enjoys that ancient and honorable game of calm thought. Furthermore, what thrills he may have from getting his intellectual checkers into other men's king rows! He may not care for vaudeville, but there is left to him, nevertheless, the simple joy of the sunlight on the ripening grain up at the old Vermont place. The sky back of the White House may do an act for him, and the crackling logs in the fireplace of his study, where perhaps with single personalities he becomes more free and personal than anywhere else, may appear to him to be a kind of headliner sketch. The cold affectionate nose of one of the white collie dogs put down into the palm of Coolidge's lean hand may compensate him for not being surrounded by a variety of court fools; one passage in a worthy book may perhaps—astonishing as it may appear—solace his soul, and sharpen his wit more than fifty confused novels which stir up more trouble than even life itself can fabricate.

Within my memory, this man without amusements is the second occupant of the White House who as President has not been a tragic figure; Roosevelt was the other. T. R. took the job as he took everything—as a great and glorious adventure. The others took it as a vexing, lonesome, disillusioning adventure. C. C. takes it as no adventure at all. C. C. takes it as a responsibility for which, thanking God and his own life story, he was prepared.

He was prepared. He must have known something of that himself. No one believes that even Coolidge has any notion that he is a brass-band leader. No one believes that Coolidge conceived himself as a leader who would hew new paths with an ax. Sometimes such leadership is needed, but no one better than Coolidge realized that this was not the call of the day. It was not the call even when the odors of nastiness began to arise from the gang which had hoodwinked Harding, and the proof of it is that Coolidge succeeded in cleaning his official house with an almost

(Continued on Page 149)

THE OLD PEOPLE

While He Worked at the Memorial He Had Dreamed—So Vividly That Once or Twice He Had Looked Up and Called a Name

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

TRUMPETS. Even Andreas Hofner, who was very deaf, heard them. It was less a sound than a sudden burst of sunlight in the gray winter stillness. The trumpets were blown vigorously but rather unevenly, as though the trumpeters were running, and the faint unsteadiness gave the long blast a thrilling passionate quality, like the break in a human voice. Old Andreas heard it quite distinctly. He looked up from the wooden shield he was carving, absently dusting away some of the delicate shavings that had gathered under his hand, and took off his spectacles as though to listen better.

"Soldiers," he said aloud.

He stood motionless. In the kitchen next his workshop, Maria, his wife, was clattering busily. He could not hear her, but he knew she was there and he knew that she would be clattering, because it was nearly time for the midday meal. And in the old days, when his hearing had been keen as a hunter's, he had often smiled to himself, listening to her and thinking how she loved the crisp, clean clatter of her shining copper.

"Maria!" he called in his deep grumbling voice.

But she paid no attention, and he went slowly, with the heaviness of a great strength that has begun to fail, to the inner door. He opened it and the pleasant fragrance that greeted him was like a sound too. It made the fading blue eyes under the thick white brows twinkle. For a moment he forgot what he had wanted to say to her.

"*Alterchen*, there is something here that smells good."

"You may well say so," his wife shouted back cheerfully. "*Leberwurst* and *Spezzel*—that's what it is."

"Is it a feast day then?" Andreas asked doubtfully.

"Maybe it is. There are so many people on the streets you would think so. Look at them now."

She pointed a twisted energetic old finger at the window under the smoke-blackened beams, and sure enough the townspeople were moving past in a slow stream. They did not look in as they usually did when they had time to spare. Their faces were grave and anxious, and when Maria Hofner tapped at the panes even Johann Kirsch, who was the *Bürgermeister* and Andreas' oldest friend, only nodded hastily and hurried on.

"Perhaps someone has died," Maria reflected. "But I don't know who it could be. It is true that Gottfried Baum has had the fever for this last week ——"

"If it had been Gottfried Baum," Andreas interrupted severely, "I should have been the first to know. The relatives would have sent for me at once. Who else should make his coffin for him? Didn't he always say, 'There is no one who can handle wood like Andreas'?"

"It is true, of course," Maria murmured soothingly. He could not hear her, but he had learned to read her lips.

"It was Gottfried who spoke up for me in the council. He said, 'No one has a greater claim than Andreas. Andreas lost five sons. And he is the greatest craftsman in Windstättl. He will carve us the finest memorial in the whole of the empire.'"

"They say there isn't an empire any more," Maria broke in. "I don't understand what they mean, but they say there is no emperor."

"People chatter a lot of nonsense," Andreas retorted sternly. "What do the people here know about politics? They hear rumors and they make up fairy tales. If they worked harder they would have more sense."

He stood watching her, his hand twisted in the short curly white beard that made him look like one of the shepherds that he had carved into the altarpiece for the parish church. These fits of dreaming had grown more frequent of late. While he worked at the memorial he had dreamed—so vividly that once or twice he had looked up and called a name; each time it had been Fritzchen because Fritzchen had been his favorite—and had waited with a thickly beating heart for a door to open. And it took time for him to remember that he was an old man and that Fritzchen and Albert and Kurt and Hans, and even baby Andreas, were all dead.

Maria bustled about. She was the very opposite of her husband. When she had been a girl she had been called the fairy of Windstättl because of her slender figure and tiny hands and feet, and at their marriage the town wits had made jokes about her and Andreas, who could have crushed her with one hand. As a matter of fact, he was very gentle and had never hurt anyone in his life. But all that had changed. The five sons had come and the war had taken them away, and pretty Maria Hofner had become an old misshapen woman, with a bent back and twisted feet that had lost their spring, and a shriveled, hard-bitten little face. But she had plenty of life left. All her movements were quick. She was like a little old sparrow hopping about the dim kitchen.

"Listen!" Andreas commanded.

Maria stopped with the lid of a saucepan in her hand. Yes, there it was again. She had heard it the first time—trumpets. Only this time they sounded nearer and had a harsh, exultant note that hurt the ears.

"Soldiers!"

"There are no soldiers," Maria protested. "All the soldiers have gone away. Perhaps it is the *Schützenverein* making an outing. What day of the year is it, Andreas?"

Andreas Hofner looked at the gaudy calendar that hung by the door. He tore off the forgotten leaves with his thick strong fingers.

"Saint Hubert's Day," he told her.

Maria clucked her satisfaction.

"There then! Of course it's the *Schützenverein*. He's their patron saint. But why they should make such a noise about it or why anybody should bother about them, goodness knows."

Andreas went back to his work. Very soon the winter's light would begin to fail and there was still the lettering to be finished. He had three days left, but his hand had lost something of its steadiness and he had to go slowly. One slip and the work of months might be spoiled. Andreas took the edges of the shield in his hands and bent over it, brooding on each strong delicate line that for him represented a thought. He had never been outside Windstättl, but he knew in his heart that this was a noble thing that he had made—finer than the altarpiece, finer even than the Christ that from the top of the pass watched over the little town. In a small space Andreas had carved the majesty of the mountains, and at their feet slept a dead Austrian soldier. His face was lifted to the sun that rose just behind the topmost peak of the Königsberg, and even in miniature the peace of its expression was a thing for wonder and pity. Anyone who had known Fritz Hofner would have recognized him.

Fritz and Albert and Kurt and Hans and baby Andreas lay in the crowded military cemetery under the shadow of Königsberg, on whose bitter heights they had fought and died. The place was forlorn and neglected, because the people were too poor even to bring wreaths; and it was Andreas who had cut the simple white crosses and carved in the names and the regimental numbers of the dead heroes. But this was to be their true memorial. On Sunday he would nail it with his own hands to the *Rathaus* amidst the solemn prayers of the people. So long as the *Rathaus* stood, Fritz and Albert and Kurt and Hans and baby Andreas would never be forgotten.

Maria came in and stood beside him. A quietness settled about them both, so that they no longer heard the trumpets or the rush of feet. They were alone together. Maria pointed her stiff old finger.

"'*Für's Vaterland*,'" she read aloud. "Ei, that's got a grand sound to it, *Alterchen*, and only one more letter left to do."

He nodded gravely. "It will be finished. I have worked night and day that it should be finished."

"Ei, but everyone will be pleased when they see it. There isn't another town in Austria that'll have such a memorial. It'll put heart into everyone. When they go past it people will lift their heads again."

"No one has lost so much," Andreas said. He said it proudly. Pride had been the only thing that had upheld him. When Fritzchen went—he was the last, swept away with a hundred comrades in an avalanche—the emperor himself had telegraphed. Everyone in Windstättl had seen the telegram. Such a thing had never before happened, and from then onward Andreas and Maria, with their five dead sons, had been set apart.

"There is to be a band," Maria went on, "and the fire brigade from Eulensee is sending a deputation in uniform, and the bishop is to give the benediction from the *Rathaus* window. Oh, if they could only see it—the five *Buberle*—they would be proud too!"

Someone was rattling desperately at the door. Whoever it was was so frightened that they didn't realize the door wasn't locked. Maria opened it impatiently. A storm of noise seemed to rush past. There was Elsa, Kurt's young wife, leaning against the jamb, wide-eyed and panting, her shawl clutched about her and her face grown old.

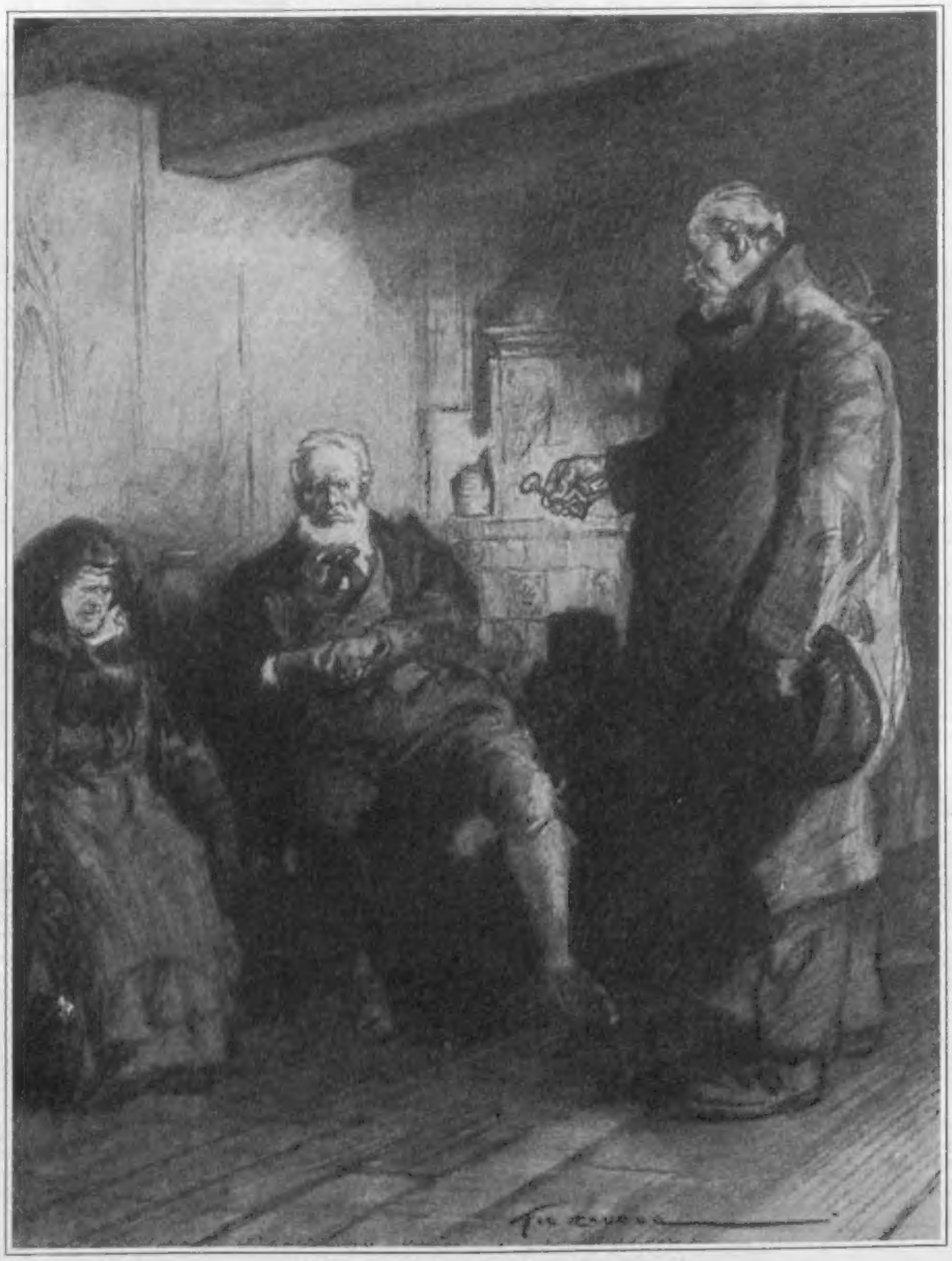
"Elsa, *in Gottes namen* what has happened?"

"Haven't you heard, *Mutterle?* It's the Italians—the Italian soldiers. They've come over the pass—they're coming now—hundreds of them!"

She almost screamed, so that her voice sounded like one of the trumpets. The room was full of tumult. It was as though a tidal wave had burst in through the open door and was swirling against the walls, destroying, devastating.

But Andreas held himself steady. He made a proud sweeping gesture with his great arm.

"It's not true," he said. "You're crazy, Elsa, my girl. The war is over. The Italians never came over the Königsberg. We saw to that. Our five sons ——"



"That Is All I Have Left," He Said

Even as he spoke, the *Bersaglieri* swept past the window. They came at their historic trot, their plumed hats, at a gallant angle, flowing in the gray winter's wind, their dark intent faces alight, their trumpets shouting.

Andreas strode to the door. "I tell you the war is over," he said sternly. "It is a mistake. They've no right ——"

He was thrust back. The trumpets caught his protest on their hard, shining points of sound and tossed it aside. And Elsa, Kurt's wife, who was with child, broke into bitter, terrified weeping.

II

THE General Beppo Volpi rode with his aide-de-camp down the mountain pass and talked comfortably of old times. The winter's sun had gone down behind the mountains, and the winding road, still torn by the passage of heavy military traffic, was steeped in cold gray shadow. But the peaks of the Königsberg blazed. The general, wrapped in his wide cloak, pointed at them. Though he was an old man, he had good eyesight; and besides, he knew what he could not see.

"That was my dugout," he said; "there, on the left where the peak is forked. Twice we lost it and twice we won it back. The last time it came to a hand-to-hand struggle and the place was like a charnel house, so full of dead you could hardly move. And the cold—I shall never forget the cold—never, never. Sometimes I felt like a dead man myself; my limbs wouldn't move. These mountains, which look so beautiful to you, my dear Strazzi, and over which the tourists will soon be swarming, picking up souvenirs, became to us demons semihuman, monstrous torturers. We cursed them, for every foothold cost us blood and agony. But we held on. If it hadn't been for the peace we'd have taken this damned little rats' nest at the point of the bayonet."

"Doubtless," the aide murmured politely. "The peace came too soon. We could have taught them a lesson."

"We shall teach it them yet," the general said, smiling under his gray mustache.

The two men fell silent. The aide was thinking of Rome, whence he came and which would be enjoying its first festivities since the war. It was hard luck. The prospect of spending the next months in this miserable village made him feel more than ever cold and discouraged. But the general was remembering his youth.

"You Romans don't understand," he said presently, as though he had guessed his companion's thoughts. "I was born in Sedena — Kleinstadt they called it—in Italia Irredenta. We were Italians, every man of us, and we dared not even speak our own tongue. They had their heels on our necks and there was nothing for it but to set our teeth and wait. No, you couldn't possibly understand what it means to me."

He was a very handsome old man, very upright, with the fine, aquiline features of his race. But the aide, glancing shyly at him, thought involuntarily of the peaks that were now cold and gray as corpses. There was something deathlike in the implacable figure riding beside him. All very well to play avenger and conqueror, but as for the young aide, he would rather have danced at the Quirinal. He glanced up, however, courteously following his superior's eyes. Though he had been in the war himself, it was hard to believe that men had actually lived and fought on these sinister and threatening heights.

In the shadow of the mountains, but far back from the road, they passed a walled-in space. In the center was a huge, roughly built cross, and at its feet, nestling like sheep at the feet of a shepherd, were hundreds of little crosses. Very ghostlike they looked in the shrouding twilight. The big cross had not been planted strongly enough to withstand the winter's storms, and was bowed to one side in an attitude of sorrowful and protecting tenderness.

"Yes," the general murmured, "we made them pay all right. There were more than that, though. Once a whole company was swept away by an avalanche and were never found. It was like an act of God."

A chill wind, pregnant with snow, blew down the pass, and the general's cloak spread out about him like black wings. His companion shivered. It looked very lonely up

there in the neglected cemetery—lonely and bitterly cold. He could not help imagining the place at night with the snow heaped high over the dead. He had to remind himself that, anyhow, the dead are alone and cold.

Lanterns glimmered ahead of them. They moved hither and thither as though they were afraid and were trying to gain courage from one another. As the two men rode up one of the lanterns advanced alone. It was lifted, showing a man's stern anxious face. He stood at the general's knee and tried to speak firmly and with dignity. But his lips quivered.

"*Eure Excellenz,* I am the *Bürgermeister* of Windstättl, and in the name of the citizens I protest ——"

The general touched his horse with his spurs so that the startled animal bounded to one side and the man with the lantern had to scramble into safety. The general spoke loudly so that everyone could hear. His voice was so hard and metallic that it seemed to rise to the very tops of the black and silently witnessing mountains.

"The name of this town is Falzaro. You are Italian citizens." He bent down from his saddle. "And you, sir, are no longer *Bürgermeister.*"

He rode on. He carried himself magnificently, as though behind him watched a regiment of his dead comrades. But on the lighted outskirts of the town he looked back.

"They shot my father," he remarked casually. "You understand—he would not speak their language." And then he laughed—the aide would have supposed at some light, perhaps rather improper story, had he not seen the old man's face.

III

THEY sat together at the long oak table, and though the sentry at the door seemed to take no notice of them, they spoke in undertones. There was the ex-*Bürgermeister* Johann Kirsch, his brother Georg, the Herr Doktor Menzel, who was very old and kept forgetting what they had come about, and five of the chief tradesmen in Windstättl. Once upon a time they had been prosperous men and had carried their heads high and spoken their minds with robust voices. Now they whispered and kept their eyes down, as though they were afraid of what they might see, or as though they were secretly, tragically ashamed.

The Council Room of the old *Rathaus* was as familiar to them as their own homes. On winter evenings they had sat under the noble age-blackened beams, shrouding themselves in thick tobacco smoke and arguing comfortably about the town's affairs, whilst the medieval paintings of saints and horribly tortured martyrs looked down on them with a complacent serenity.

But the room had grown cold. It had a dank, melancholy atmosphere, as though someone had died and lay in inviable state. It smelled of death. The sentry, silent and immobile, might have been on guard at the door of a mortuary. From time to time the eight men glanced at him wonderingly. It was like a dream. Even the noises below in the street had a nightmarish, unfamiliar quality. At any moment they might wake up, blink their eyes and clap the embossed lids of their beer mugs with a great sigh of relief.

"I must have dozed off. I had a devilish queer dream too. I'll tell you what it was—*aber zuerst, noch eins, meine Herren!*"

And they would fill up and lift their mugs with a jovial "*Prosit, Alterchen!*" whilst the smoke would sink in a kindly veil about them, blotting out that sinister, incredible figure.

Gottfried Keller, the baker, sat back, throwing out his chest and speaking in a loud uncertain voice.

"Na, he certainly doesn't mind keeping us waiting. But Italians are like that—unpunctual, no system. I remember one time ——"

"Take care!" his neighbor whispered. "Take care, can't you?"

The sentry glanced around. "Speak Italian," he ordered curtly, "or hold your tongues!"

They held their tongues for a while, making odd self-conscious grimaces like scolded children. Then they began to whisper again, watching the door out of the corners of their eyes.

"Of course, it can't be true," the old *Bürgermeister* muttered. "What right have they? Even savages commemorate their dead. Still, one doesn't want to make trouble ——"

The door opened. The sentry saluted smartly. The deputation lumbered to their feet. General Beppo Volpi glanced from one to the other of them with a cold military keenness that was without feeling or human curiosity. Compared to their peasant bluntness, he was like a fine rapier. As he came up to the table he tossed his cloak back, showing the array of ribbons on his breast.

"Well?" he queried. "Well, gentlemen?"

They stammered. Each one of them made a little deprecatory sound, so that it was like a subdued hum. The ex-*Bürgermeister* began in German and then broke off and started again in rough Italian.

"If you please, it is like this: On Sunday we are to put up a memorial to our dead heroes. It had been arranged before you"—he made a vague gesture like someone who has been mortally wounded and does not yet know what has happened to him—"before Your Excellency—in fact before we knew of these changes—of what they had done to us up there. It was to have been a great celebration—a religious celebration, you understand. Our master craftsman has carved a shield which is to hang outside the *Rathaus* ——"

"The *Palazzo Municipale,*" General Volpi corrected, throwing down his thick military gloves.

"Ah, yes, of course." The *Bürgermeister* ducked his head in docile acknowledgment. "A deputation is being sent from all the surrounding villages and the bishop is to pronounce his blessing from the *Rathaus*—from the Palazzo window."

"I have already notified the bishop that the ceremony will not take place."

They looked at one another. Then it was true. The *Bürgermeister* began again. He was trying to speak firmly yet quietly, as he had done two nights before on the road. But the military figure, standing at the head of the table,

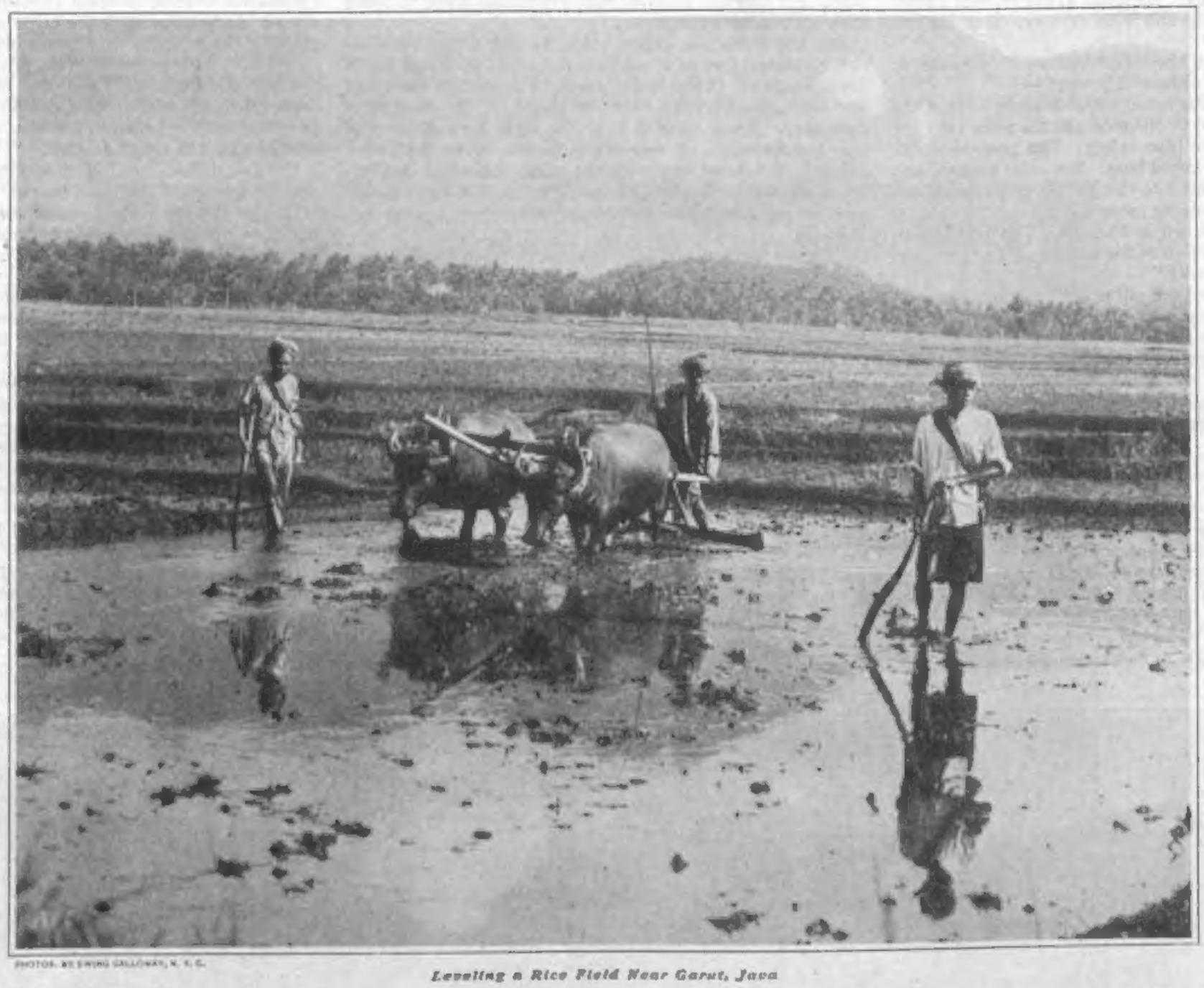
(Continued on Page 194)

They Went Like Frightened Sheep Scrambling for the Exit to Their Pen. But the Bürgermeister Stood Quietly at His Place

FERMENT ON THE EQUATOR

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE tail end of a real gale that had been messing up the Bay of Bengal was loafing around outside of Belawan-Deli that hot Sunday afternoon when we started to cross the Strait of Malacca to Penang and had kicked up a bobbery of waters that slammed our little boat about in a most nauseating manner. It was a wee tub, that carried native Sumatra sugar and rubber across, had cabins for a few passengers and a nasty disposition. It seemed to me that the responses of that boat to the invitation of the waves to tread a few measures with them were more unconventional than any I had observed in a rather comprehensive experience on all sorts of seas in all sorts of craft. Our ship had stuff on it, in the way of twisters, slumps, hops, dives and submersions, that far exceeded any of the previous rollers, pitchers and vermiculars of my acquaintance.



PHOTOS. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Leveling a Rice Field Near Garut, Java

Presently there were but two of us left, a Scotchman who had been managing rubber estates in those parts for many years, and myself. We were none too flossy. Sticking there on the two-by-four deck was mostly bravado with both of us. The Scotchman had early put his pipe away, and I had chucked a very fair cigar overboard after only a few puffs on it, not caring to smoke any more, if you get what I mean. But we held on, and to take our minds off our interior qualms the Scotchman began yarning about the early days in those tropical islands where the Dutch are paramount—Sumatra, Java, the Celebes, the Moluccas, Borneo, and so on—all that archipelago that stretches from the southeastern end of Asia to the northwestern end of Australia, practically; for though Britain has some territory there, and Portugal a little, the most of it is Dutch. Insulinde, a Dutch novelist called it, and the Dutch like to refer to tropical Holland thus; but, officially, it is the Ost-Indische Archipel.

A Road With Many Turnings

"THEY were hard old colonizers, those early Dutch," said the Scotchman. "I mind the story of that stern bird who decided to build a road across Java, from Batavia to Surabaya, straight through the jungle and across the mountains when necessary, who drew a route for it in the same way Peter the Great indicated the line for the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, which was by the simple expedient of taking a ruler and making a straight line between the two points, and he ordered the native sultans to get busy and make the road.

"Now the native sultans of those days, and their subjects, had never bothered much with roads and knew nothing about building them. So when the commands of this implacable Dutchman came to the sultan who presided over a hilly stretch of country, ordering a road over his hills, with grades and curves to make it passable, this sultan couldn't see the use of all this corkscrew business and added a few ideas of his own. Instead of making curves for the grades, he built his road as directed on the level spaces and put in steps between.

"That was perfectly all right with the sultan. His people used no beasts of burden. They carried everything on their heads and backs and always walked. Steps were easier. However, the Dutchman was not pleased. When he surveyed this improvement on his plan for those grades, he ordered out the military and told the survivors to get on with those curves and grades.

"Sultans were very high and sacred dignitaries in those days, and the news of this summary action spread. Wherefore when it came time for another sultan to build his stretch of road, across a perfectly flat and level plain, this sultan took counsel with his wise men and they decided to humor this fearsome Orang-Blanda. It was apparent he liked curves in his roads. So this sultan built curves. His stretch of road, instead of going straight across, circled and curved and doubled in the most beautiful, winding manner."

A Javanese Coolie

Fair Warning

"THE Dutchman didn't like this either, strange to say. So he beheaded that sultan, and the rest of the road was built according to the original specifications, and it is right there today, a straight, broad highway from one end of Java to the other.

"After a time the Dutch introduced the railroad, another innovation the natives neither understood nor appreciated. They were afraid of railroads and considered them evil. So after the first stretch was built the natives used to propitiate their own spirits and drive out the evil spirits of the railroads by tearing up the rails and piling rocks on the tracks, to the subsequent destruction of the trains. The Dutchman who had the building of the railroads in charge looked into this situation, and acted promptly. He caught a bunch of natives who had wrecked a train and made examples of them.

"That ended train wrecking as an industry in Java, especially as it was announced that any further train wreckers, or any persons interfering with the trains, would be treated in exactly the same manner."

This recital had been interspersed with various involuntary and precipitate journeys to various corners of the little assembly room, with desperate hangings on to fixed seats, and various other manifestations showing what a weak and feckless thing man is when he is on a small boat that is bucking into a big sea.

Finally we braced ourselves against the wall, sitting on the floor, and I said, "They seem to have been strong for the summary warning."

"Exactly. What they did to Peter Eberveld is a case in point. You know about Peter?"

"Well, I've seen what they say is his skull and have read the tablet beneath it."

"That is but the official bare bones of it. Now Peter was a half-caste and indubitably a traitor from the Dutch viewpoint; but he was only a traitor because he lost. His scheme was to drive the Dutch out of Java and restore that island to the natives. His mother was a Javanese and his father a Dutchman. If he had won he would have been a great liberator. He lost and thus became a traitor. The reason he lost, as I am told, is because the mother of the girl Peter loved, herself a Eurasian, betrayed him. This woman was proud of her Dutch blood, while Peter detested his.

"The Dutch, when Peter and his fellow conspirators had been betrayed to them, just before they were ready to rouse the natives into rebellion, made the treachery of

A Woman Tying Rice in a Field Near Garut. She Gets One Bundle Out of Every Ten as Wages

Peter a most impressive warning to the natives. They executed Peter and his forty-six companions and made a public spectacle of the executions. They used great skill in staging the spectacle. It was on a public square in Batavia, and each one of the forty-six was executed before Peter, who was forced to sit there and watch his companions die."

Java for the Javanese

"THEN, as a climax, they pulled down all Peter's house except a part of the wall, put his skull up on a pike over that bit of wall and had a tablet made that I can quote, because I have often visited that spot and wondered what might have happened if Peter had won instead of lost.

"The tablet says: 'In detested memory of the traitor, Peter Eberveld, who was executed, nobody will be allowed to build, construct, lay bricks or plant this place either at this time or in the future. Batavia, April 14, 1722.' That's the English of it. The place is unplanted to this day. The skull, reenforced by concrete, still is on the pike. The business of revolting against the Dutch was nipped in the bud.

"They were stern, hard old lads, those colonizing Dutchmen, and they certainly made submissive sheep out of the natives by these methods—the methods of the direct physical reprisal and the summary and relentless warning."

The captain—using his sea legs expertly and maintaining a miraculous balance while the tiny tub gave inimitable imitations of a submarine submerging under great difficulties, a sea plane rising from the crest of the waves, a balloon, a diving bell, a roller coaster and an automobile skidding on a wet pavement—had joined us at about the beginning of the Peter Eberveld stage of the narrative.

When the Scotchman finished he said, "That's all true enough for the time of it, but they wouldn't dare to pull any of that stuff now."

"No," the Scotchman assented, "they wouldn't attempt it."

"Not on your life," the captain continued. "I've been out here for thirty years, and I know these natives and I know the Dutch. A few years ago a Dutchman had no compunction in pushing a native out of his way. Now he more often makes courteous room for him."

"How do you account for the change?" I asked.

"Sarikat Islam, for one thing."

"And what is Sarikat Islam?"

"That's a hard question to answer," said the Scotchman. "It purports to be an organization of the Mohammedan natives. Most of the natives of Java and Sumatra are Mohammedans. In fact, 90 per cent of the inhabitants of the Dutch East Indies are Mohammedans. The Buddhists still hang on in Bali and Lombok, but the Mohammedans prevail and their priests exercise tremendous influence among the natives and with the Dutch also, for the Dutch are all for propitiating them; and they serve as judges in the local courts, have almost all the say in native religious and educational matters, and so on. Now with this leverage the Sarikat Islam operates, nominally a religious organization, but really an organization having for its main object the redemption of these people from white domination."

"Java for the Javanese," interjected the captain.

"Exactly," said the Scotchman. "Java for the Javanese; Sumatra for the Sumatrans; Malaya for the Malayans, and so on. They used to keep that part of it rather shady, but now they are as bold as brass about it. I hear it everywhere up in that part of Sumatra where I have my rubber plantation."

"And Sarikat Islam is the exponent of that doctrine?" I asked.

"I suppose so. There is no way for an Orang-Blanda, a white man, to find out what are the inner workings of a native organization. Some white men think they find out, and there are native renegades who act as informers; but back of these surface scratchings at what is going on there is a great deal of mysterious stuff that no white man ever can discover. I've tried for years to get at the bottom of Sarikat Islam, and have had good sources and the confidence of the natives, but I know little. I have had secret-service and governmental sleuths, and so on, tell me they know all about it, and many writers have been glib on the subject, but I discovered that what they know is mostly palpably false and that Sarikat Islam, outside of its admitted functions, is as much of a secret to the officials and writers as it is to the newcomer. They may think they know all about it, but they do not. I'll wager that."

Batik Workers

An extra lusty and playful wave came along at this point and gave the ship a wetting that included both the Scotchman and me, and I retired to change. After I had, with infinite labor, extracted myself from my sopping garments, it seemed the part of wisdom to go to bed. I did not want any dinner. That point was quite clear. Food had no appeal for me. It seemed equally futile and impossible to sit up and smoke. And a sight of myself in the looking-glass showed that I was rather pale, with a slight suffusion of green about the gills. Not sick, you understand: by no means, but more comfortable in the berth. That was all. The captain ate his dinner in solitary state that night. Even that hardy old dog of the sea, the first officer, passed out when they served him tomato soup.

The Great Temple of Boro-Budur, Java

Sarikat Islam

WE STAGGERED into Penang the next day, and when the opportunity offered I asked some old-timers what they knew about Sarikat Islam and Malaya for the Malayans. They knew very little, save in a general way. The Malayans are generally Mohammedans and Sarikat Islam was popular and influential with them. They heard, constantly, the slogan, Malaya for the Malayans, and there were plenty of agitators about to keep that sort of stuff going. They never had

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THE DUEL

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT HAD to be—that affair with swords between young Henri Chartraines and Guy de Kerstrat which took place in the gardens of the old hotel of the Faubourg St.-Germain, just back of the Rue Barbet-de-Jouy. It settled nothing, for how could honor be vindicated and a trouble ended, really, by the thrust of a steel blade into flesh? In this case, too, with De Kerstrat, the celebrated duelist, done to death by a mediocre amateur, publicity would be bad for everybody concerned, especially for Diane Chartraines. Something would be unearthed that were better buried deep, as it had been ever since the matter came to its initial climax a few days before the war. But there was no other way, so it seemed, than the duel.

I learned about it at the Cercle des Arts, that ancient club, situated only a hundred yards from the noisy Boulevard des Capucines. It was evening, in early autumn. The day had been warm; drinks were served in the small, gayly flowered garden; its thick walls, tapestried with ivy and moss, shut out from us the surge of Paris. I had come early, to fence in the *salle d'armes*, and then lingered in the garden with the evening papers. But with evening came a chill that drove everyone indoors; most of us scattered to the billiard rooms or to the gaming hall upstairs. After writing letters in the library, I asked an attendant to make a wood fire in an adjoining salon, a small room with wide fireplace and walls hung with rare paintings and tapestries, bequeathed to the institution decades before.

She Must Have Struck Him a Dozen Times, Until His Face Streamed Blood. She Stopped Just as Suddenly as She Began, and Stood as If Herself Frozen

Vaguely I considered dinner—it was about eight o'clock; but instead installed myself in a big leather chair at one side of the fireplace. I was tired and drowsy. I had fenced with Deslandres, the professional *maître d'armes* of the club, and he had pushed me hard. Then Norbert Merignon had dropped in from the Cercle d'Escrime, around the corner, to visit. We all gathered about, naturally, and begged the two *maîtres* to cross swords, for Merignon is the greatest fencer that ever lived, and just to see him move—or glide, rather—across the fencing *piste* is a joy. Our own Deslandres is no second-rater, and he gave the champion a good bout. Merignon, who was in fine humor, told Deslandres that afterward he would take on several of the club members.

He chose me, among others. It was like fencing with a ghost. Merignon was never there, and yet his point was everywhere. You can always work better against a good opponent than against a bad one, and I felt actually uplifted in the art merely by facing Merignon on the *piste*. I am certain that never in my life did I fence better, but his parries were so strong and sure, his *ripostes* so like flashes of light, and his lunges so savage, that I quite understood why he is known as the greatest Merignon of them all.

Although more than fifty, he has not lost a bout in twenty-five years, when his father, Louis Merignon, who died at eighty and who fenced on the day before his death, defeated the son in a sensational match at the old *cirque* near the Champ-de-Mars. Age does not affect the champion of fencers as it does those of other sports.

Norbert's son was killed in the war, so now he is not only the greatest but the last of the mighty Merignon dynasty of swordsmen who have made European fencing history. It was an honor even to be defeated by such a man, and he had congratulated me sincerely upon my defense. At least, I had done better than the other club fencers, and I felt that dinner could wait while I dreamed about it before the wood fire. Once—it was a scratch hit, perhaps, but a fact nevertheless—I had touched the champion of champions with my full point. I wondered how accidental on his part it had been

The attendant roused me, coming in with more wood for the fire, and I noticed from the clock on the mantel that it was after nine o'clock. And as the wood blazed suddenly, it lighted a figure slumped in the leather chair opposite me, a young man, disheveled, his elegant evening black so ruffled, indeed, that I smiled and thought of that somewhat comically sinister raven of Poe. He was Henri Chartraines.

Our membership in the Cercle des Arts, although chosen supposedly from the artistic professions—writers, musicians, painters, architects—has degenerated with the times and with necessities of post-war taxes, to include many whose club card is their only connection with the Muses. These have formed, also, into club cliques far more exclusive even than in the outside exalted circles of the art world. For example, the billiardists seem never to leave their own wing of the building; the marksmen of the shooting gallery, who remain invisible except to clamor periodically, bitterly for more room; the gamesters, villains privileged because their high special tax keeps down the annual dues for everybody; and lastly, the fencers. Henri Chartraines belonged to the fencing crowd; therefore I knew him.

He had no actual distinction as a club member except his wealth, and none whatsoever as a fencer. His family was ancient bourgeoisie, or near-noblesse, such as the landed gentry without title on the other side of the Channel. He told me once, when complaining of the shortcomings of his cook, that he could not discharge her because her family, like those of most of the servants, had been with the Chartraines for more than a century.

"And so we must treat them more like poor relations than anything else," he explained, sadly, naïvely, "for we dare not put them out. They wouldn't know what to do."

Chartraines lived near the Rond Point des Champs-Elysées in a monstrosity built half a century ago by his father, who had then cleared a few extra millions by his dealings in the ore regions of the north—that Basin de Briey, afterward held by the Germans during more than four years of war. But even the German occupation did not reduce the scale of Chartraines' splendor.

Henri, now head of the family, shares the mansion with his elder sister, the blond, beautiful Diane, who has escaped with an intact reputation from more scrapes than any young Frenchwoman of this epoch. "Diane the *diablesse*," as her friends called her, should have been a *chanteuse de l'Opéra* rather than a young woman of the *haut monde*; for then, they also argued, she could have plunged headlong into a congenial race with the devil and would have amused Paris instead of scandalizing it.

The ruffled young man opposite to me—I imagine he is now about thirty or thirty-one, and Diane a year older—seemed most disagreeably nervous. He ordered a drink from the same attendant who brought the wood; and, waiting for it, he fidgeted, his face and fingers twitching. I was annoyed, not that I disliked Chartraines; he was entirely neutral to me, except that on his favorite conversational theme, fencing, he distinctly bored me. For he was that complete bore—an enthusiast of little knowledge or capacity. But I desired no company. I closed my eyes. I had no intention of discussing with him the bouts in the *salle* that afternoon. I could not even remember whether he had been present during the visit of Merignon.

Diane is so different, I considered. I knew her quite well, and liked her. I knew more of her exploits—who did not?—and disliked them. But she should have been the boy and head of the house, instead of this fragile, fair-haired Henri, who, except for the lines of dissipation about his eyes, looked years younger than his age, and who might far better, as a girl, have donned the social graces which Diane flouted.

Henri gulped his *cognac à l'eau* and ordered another. I opened my eyes and nodded at him lazily. After all, his war record had been good. He was a lieutenant just out of

St.-Cyr at the beginning, and finished as a captain, wearing the Croix de Guerre with palms. Always with a line regiment, too, so he had done his part. Probably had business qualities, also, like his father. Then I remembered the beginnings of the affair with Guy de Kerstrat. He had meant well in that, even though his dashing sister had so taken it into her own hands that he appeared a little foolish. The war had saved them both from unpleasant notoriety.

Before the war, Guy de Kerstrat was editor of a cynical, brilliant political and social weekly, not overscrupulous in its reported facts, and certainly not at all scrupulous in its personal notes. He was about forty at the time the Chartraines trouble began, or perhaps slightly older, for he was not called to the colors. Instead, he organized an ambulance unit and went to the Front, where later he was wounded, as a volunteer chauffeur.

His publication closed its doors on the first day of general mobilization, for the entire staff, except De Kerstrat, were young men who immediately donned uniforms. Up to that time its offices had been the daily rendezvous of Parisian elegance, when De Kerstrat conducted a salon attended by a medley of pretty, exquisite women and more or less important men. At the tea hour, there waited always a long line of luxurious limousines in the Rue de Grammont, near the Grands Boulevards. The art world and the theaters were represented; often the half world, or that portion of it that attained to correct manners and dress, was admitted to the dainty silk-hung anterooms that would have been alien to any periodical in the world except that particular one. Then for long years, the years of war and after—for the paper was never reëstablished—the mauve and pink draperies faded under their coverings of dust, until an insurance company bought the building and made it over.

De Kerstrat, in those days, was one of the most feared and most popular persons in Paris. He was a great figure of a man, tall, powerful, splendidly proportioned, with icy-blue eyes, in a harsh, forbidding face, still handsome despite a long saber scar across one cheek. This was received in his first duel, during his army service—a duel that almost provoked a court-martial. Afterwards he had taken up the *épée* as his favorite *arme de combat*, and no amateur or even professional swordsman in France could compare with him, except, of course, Norbert Merignon.

The two men were great friends, which was peculiar, for they were so temperamentally unlike. But De Kerstrat was a left-handed fighter, and Merignon liked to fence with him for practice. It is always good for right-handers to practice with left-handers, who are comparatively few, and who have an enormous advantage, quite aside from their skill on the fencing *piste*.

De Kerstrat, excepting the elder Niardi, the Italian, was probably the best left-hander of this or any epoch. Also, Merignon and De Kerstrat always heatedly argued concerning the value of the duel. Merignon was bitterly opposed to dueling; probably his influence, more than that of anyone else, brought about the government edict, on the eve of war, forbidding it absolutely, on the ground that then all lives belonged to France. Even today the edict is not broken with impunity, even though modern duels seem to result more disastrously than those before the war, when honor was frequently satisfied by a scratch on the hand. But the war did many things to Frenchmen.

Merignon, even though old Louis, his father, fought many duels, always insisted that the bare point of the *épée* could not alone right a wrong; and although he had often acted as a second, several times for De Kerstrat, he had never faced an opponent without the *point d'arrêt* at the end of his blade. De Kerstrat, however, was a hot-head who gave frequent offense and accepted all challenges, until his prowess gave pause to would-be adversaries.

His greatest exploit was in about the year 1913, when a band of five *maîtres d'armes* from Southern Europe opened *salles* in Paris and launched a blackmail campaign upon the gilded youth of De Kerstrat's set. With the Deslandres brothers, one of them our *maître* at the Cercle des Arts, De Kerstrat invaded, one evening, the cafe where these men were sitting, emptied wineglasses into their faces and left challenges. The following day he systematically ran three of them through an identical spot on the upper arm, near the shoulder, while the Deslandres brothers at the same moment disposed of the other pair. The newspapers exploited the affair and hailed the trio as the modern three musketeers. All of which is a tale for another time.

Then came the Chartraines trouble. Why De Kerstrat, who belonged to the socially elect—he was born a count but, being a good republican, never bothered about it—who lived alone in a great house in the aristocratic Rue de Varenne, wanted to be an editor, no one knew, unless it was for constant love of stirring up trouble, and also, perhaps, to walk or trail along with the politically great. Why, also, he should edit such a publication was a further mystery. As editor, or even as a minor *rédacteur* on one of the great dailies, he would have become a power politically and could at the same time have dueled as often as he felt inclined. But as it was, he was often a nuisance, good fellow though he was known to be really. Those of us who knew him then liked him well. He had great faults, but certain rare virtues.

Diane Chartraines, of course, was at the heart of the affair, for she was in his heart, and even in his skin, as the French say when a man loves a woman to madness; and it was she, certainly, who made De Kerstrat's life what it has been since the war—when he decided not to resurrect his weekly but to limit his activities to racing, gambling, drinking, frequent dueling, despite the edict.

Henri Chartraines, I noted suddenly, as he faced me beside the fire, was drinking more than was good for him. He had five cognacs while I had thus mused upon their affair, and before he told me the tragic details that I am about to set down. Once, when I opened my eyes, he asked me to have something. I shook my head. He looked at once excited, almost intolerably, and dazed.

Diane had reason enough for her action. We all admitted that, and that De Kerstrat had behaved like a cad. He was cut by many; but his strong, arrogant, overbearing personality held most of his crowd; and I, for one, knew how desolate and indeed bewildered he had been by his own action.

He proposed marriage to Diane normally enough, following a characteristically ardent, impatient courtship; but after all, not loving him, she had every reason to refuse him. He had figured in many affairs of the heart—not serious ones—but he had flaunted them carelessly, even insolently. Diane, though she did mad things, such as going alone to crazy Quartier Latin parties, and once, dressed as a boy, to the Quatres Arts Ball, and personally trained her own racers at Maisons Lafitte, could at times be a stickler for etiquette. So she refused him, with all her cool hauteur.

De Kerstrat took it badly; the issue of his publication the week following should have been burned. It was a nasty, insinuating item, undoubtedly written by the editor himself, upon the foibles of this young Parisian goddess of the chase, as he called her. Young Henri Chartraines, the girl's only legal protector, had proper cause to call De Kerstrat out.

(Continued on Page 160

Chartraines Told Me That His Brain Raced With the Music That He Knew Would Soon Cease

THE HUNDRED ACRES

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

Alfred Beckwith Stepped Over the Threshold and Paused

A LONG night train from Jacksonville drew up at the brick platform of the railroad station at Sunport, Florida, and a heavy red-faced man stepped off the smoking car into a soft fleecy fog. Farther down the platform, where the Pullmans stood, there were many cabs and private cars, and a crowd of waiting people. But up here the day-coach passengers were left to shift for themselves. This passenger had no money for a Pullman. His clothes were dingy, his suitcase cheap.

On the platform he glanced around. They had built an addition to the railroad station, making it twice as large as he remembered it. Through the fleece to the right he saw a tall yellow brick wall. That must be where the little frame bakery of his recollection used to stand. It was only half-past seven, but motors glided constantly through the mist; he caught the subdued note of a city. For a moment it daunted him with a sense of strangeness, and his heart turned heavy as lead.

Nine years since he had stood on this spot. Nine years out of a man's life. Under dog all that while—riding like a tramp in the smoking car when he rode at all. He had been sick. He had even been in jail—such a jail as a decent negro wouldn't put a dog in. They had stacked the cards on him from all sides, and ridden him with spur and quirt. As it drifted in his mind a despairing rage seethed up, overflowing in some half-formulated curses—Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds, scum of the earth!

Well, let them look out for him now. He was not going to be under dog any more if he could help it. Let them look out!

That heaviness of heart persisted, however. Half instinctively he wished to hide somewhere for the present. He had had a cheap hotel in mind; but with all this making over of the town very likely that had been torn down. At a loss, he glanced around again. Above the train, on the farther side of the railroad tracks, was a faded sign, King Alfred Hotel.

It proved to be the second story of a grim cement-block structure whose lower floor was occupied by a packing house for oranges and grapefruit. But no matter. It was cheap and out of sight. The landlord directed him to a cafeteria on the next corner where he could get breakfast, and on the way he bought a copy of the morning newspaper.

In his time the morning newspaper contained six or eight pages, but this edition had thirty-six, with whole-page advertisements, even two whole pages. Mostly these advertisements were decorated with tall palm trees, Spanish villas, breaking lines of surf and shapely young women disporting themselves thereby or therein. They offered lots in many terraces, gardens and views; or shares of stock in companies that were developing subdivisions or building hotels and country clubs.

Viewing these pages with hungry eyes, the heavy passenger's heart beat faster. A cornucopia was pouring out gold; the fog outside took on a yellow tinge. And here, conspicuous on the front page, was news of real-estate sales—four thousand dollars a front foot for a lot on Main Street. Then his heart missed a beat, for here was the report of a sale of land up by the new bridge boulevard at twenty-five hundred dollars an acre. He swallowed. What he had heard at a distance was all true, then! Indeed, the truth exceeded what he had heard.

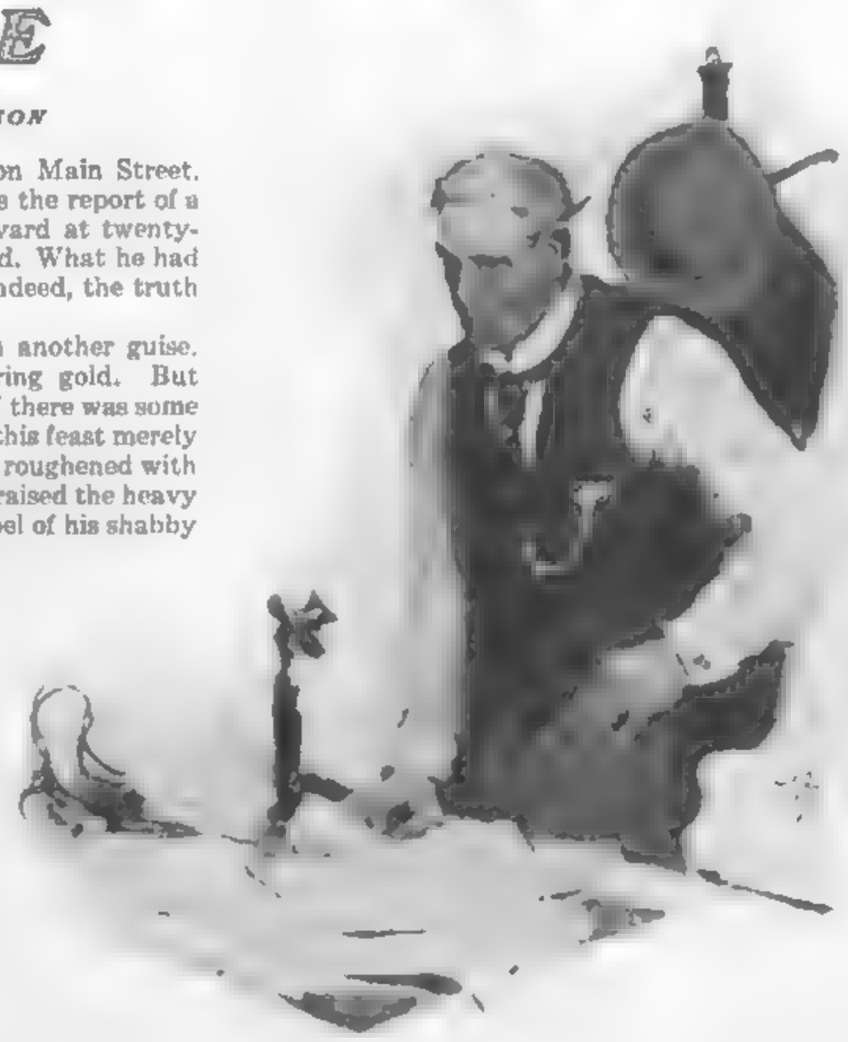
But that heavy foreboding returned in another guise. The cornucopia was actually here, pouring gold. But what if, after all, he was too late? What if there was some bar? If only devilish luck had not spread this feast merely to snatch it away again! His thick fingers, roughened with work and exposure, trembled a bit as they raised the heavy coffee cup. Having drunk, he lifted the lapel of his shabby coat and looked at a manila envelope that protruded from the breast pocket—even touched it with his finger as though to make surer. It contained an unrecorded deed to one hundred acres of that precious land up by the new boulevard.

But it was only a few minutes past eight. He could do nothing till nine o'clock, when the recorder's office opened. And it was half-past ten when he dropped off a street car on West Main Street. Impressions of change thrust at him from every side. As he remembered it, Main Street practically stopped at Orange. Now shops and offices, housed in brick and stucco, continued right on to Thorpe. Even out here where he alighted from the car there were garages and filling stations.

He looked to the right, toward the railroad tracks. So Hurd had built a new plant! A ramshackle shed used to stand there, with a big sign on it, Orawine Company. Now there was a long one-story stucco building, and the sign was studded with electric-light bulbs. The Orawine Company made a citrus-fruit essence which was diluted into a soft drink. With twenty-five hundred dollars each and the optimism of twenty-five, he and Ned Hurd had bought it in a bankrupt state. But two years later he had sold out to his more tenacious partner. Hurd would be expecting him now, for he had telephoned.

The office of the president of the Orawine Company was a tidy cubby in the corner, with a plain rug on the cement floor, some trade lithographs on the walls, a desk, three chairs. The door stood open. The heavy passenger, Alfred Beckwith by name, stepped over the threshold and paused, looking down, while the man at the desk looked up.

He Had No Possessive Intentions Toward Her and Was Not Unhappy About It. She Was a Star Out of His Sphere



In That Upward Glance It Seemed to Hurd That He Had Grown Larger in All Dimensions, Even in Height

Nine years since the partners had been face to face. In that upward glance it seemed to Hurd that Beckwith had grown larger in all dimensions, even in height. The baked red of his broad flat face made him look much older and harder. Even his collar was not clean. There was a grease spot on his black slouch hat. Hurd had taken to wearing spectacles. There were a good many gray threads in the dark hair at his temples. It struck Beckwith that his thin face looked dry and juiceless.

Hurd spoke first, low and even, but—in spite of himself—with a menace in the tone: "Come in, Alf; shut the door; take a seat."

Beckwith had long nerved himself for this interview. There was, perhaps, a touch of bravado in his manner of sitting down—pushing the slouch hat to the back of his head, tilting the chair and crossing his legs. Hurd noticed that the elevated shoe was cracked at the side. He was holding himself in by main strength, like a dog on a leash.

"So you've put that old deed on record. What's the idea?"

Beckwith pronounced a single word grimly: "Cash."

Of course Hurd had known that at once; why else would Beckwith have put the deed on record? But the bald statement brought a faint flush to his cheeks, and made him blink rapidly behind his glasses. He was dealing, however, with a crisis, and must keep himself in hand. So, mechanically moistening his lips, he made a dry statement.

"You wanted to sell out here. You knew there was no cash to speak of. I offered you all I had—five hundred dollars in money and a deed to that hundred acres of land up by Decimal that I got from my father. You said the land wasn't worth anything. It wasn't then. I thought it would be worth something sometime. Besides, it was my father's estate. We agreed that I was to give you a deed to the land, and you were not to put it on record for two years. If I could raise two thousand dollars inside of two years, I would send you the money and you'd send back the deed. We agreed to that perfectly."

He made the recital deliberately, but in spite of himself his anger burned hotter.

"Inside of two years I did raise the money—deposited it in the bank so you'd know it was no joke. I wrote you so, in Los Angeles—that the money was here in the bank; to send on the deed and they'd send you the cash. You wrote back from Yuma. I remember the letterhead—printed in red with a picture of the hotel in blue. You said it was all right—that you'd send the deed and take the two thousand dollars, but the deed was with your things back in Los Angeles; soon as you returned there you'd mail it. The letter was clear as daylight; the bargain all through was clear as daylight." He made a slight pause, for anger was showing in his voice.

"Next we heard you'd gone over into Mexico and got killed. I didn't know where any of your folks were—your heirs. But the money's been in the bank ever since. It's there now. It's all you're entitled to. The land is mine Withdraw that deed from record and go over to the bank and get your money."

It was mostly nervousness that made Beckwith grin as he answered "Nix!" Yet there was a struggle inside; an obscure urge to justify himself. He let it out.

"I've been playing in hard luck since I left here—Mexico—mixed up with some greasers and half-breeds—revolution they called it. They stuck me in jail. I've been sick. Times when I wouldn't have given five cents for my life." He threw out a sudden taunt: "And you've been sitting pretty here with everything you wanted!" He stopped that, suppressing the spasmodic emotion, and added, "I'm no philanthropist any more."

"If you were hard up you could have got two thousand dollars out of the bank here any time," Hurd reminded him.

"No, I couldn't," Beckwith answered roughly. "My trunk was in Los Angeles when I went down to Yuma. Then some fellows got me to go over into Mexico with 'em. For a long while I was busy enough trying to keep alive. The man I boarded with in Los Angeles was an Englishman named George Smith. After a long while, when I got around where I could write, he'd moved. I couldn't get any trace of him or of my things. I heard how things were going here, near a year ago, but there was no use doing anything till I could find my trunk and the deed."

He did not mention that he had even then spent some time dallying with temptation.

Hurd strove to keep his voice even. "You had no business to put it on record!"

"Sure I had!" Beckwith retorted. "As much right as you've got. We were partners. It was potluck with us. Then I let you give me that deed because you couldn't raise the money to buy me out. Now this stuff—this real-estate boom—that's just a windfall. You didn't do anything to earn it, any more'n I did. I'm as much entitled to a share in it as you are."

Hurd had been holding himself in. The effort really tired him. And this sophistry nettled him intolerably. He flung out, his voice rising, "You're not entitled to a cent except the money in the bank! It was a fair, square bargain between us."

That Heaviness of Heart Persisted, However. Half Instinctively He Wished to Hide Somewhere for the Present

When Beckwith first contemplated this enterprise his feeling toward Hurd had been rather apologetical. But the need to justify himself led him on more and more to accuse his former partner. Now he found himself thoroughly hating this lean, spectacled man with whom he was contending.

He jeered: "So that's your line! You've had all the luck so far, and you want to hog all the rest! You were sitting here snug when I was starving and sick and in jail. You didn't even inquire what had become of me."

It was illogical, but Hurd felt a qualm, and blundered, "I was busy. I thought all the while you'd write again and send the deed. Then I would have written, but I couldn't find your address. Your letters got mislaid. I wrote to the general delivery and got the letter back. Still I thought I'd hear from you. Then George Teller turned up here with the report that you'd gone over into Mexico and the party had been killed. He said there was something about it in a Los Angeles newspaper. But that's got nothing to do with the case. The land is mine. It was a fair, square bargain."

Hating him, Beckwith looked at his one-time partner in triumph. He had written a letter from Yuma saying he would accept the two thousand dollars and return the deed. All the rest of their bargain was only by word of mouth; but that letter was documentary proof. It was more than seven years old, however. Had Hurd kept it? That question had troubled him from the moment he began contemplating this enterprise. His deed would tie up the title; but Hurd, with that letter in hand, might defy him and go into court to set the deed aside—rather than make the settlement which Beckwith hoped for. A minute earlier, when Hurd said he could remember how the letterhead looked, Beckwith thought that the letter was lost. Now he felt sure of it, and with that triumphant thought he struck boldly.

"The bargain was one year. You were to have one year."

Hurd glared at him. "That's a lie! A lie, and you know it! The bargain was two years."

Secretly exulting, like a fisherman who has a big one hooked, Beckwith retorted, "Prove it, then! Prove it!"

That was unbearable—especially as there was no proof—and Hurd flamed, "I trusted you. I didn't suppose it was necessary to have it all down in black and white. I didn't think you were a rotten crook!"

Beckwith was grinning as he replied, "I could punch your head; but it ain't worth while. The bargain was one year."

Pale and trembling, Hurd barked back, "A greasy crook! A tramp!" His eyes poured scorn over the dingy clothes and cracked shoe.

Strangely, that beggarly insult struck home. Alf's red face turned a shade redder, and he got up and made for the door.

Some ineffectual little voices of sanity whispered to Hurd, "Call him back; you're making a fool of yourself; this is no way to handle a serious business situation." But he could not heed them

At the door Alf turned his head to say, "If you want to see me, come over to the King Alfred Hotel." He took a mysterious satisfaction in naming the obscure place. Out on the sidewalk, the heat of the conflict held his mind, so that he struck blindly at his foe: "Rotten shrimp! He wants to hog it all! Wouldn't even give me car fare if he could help it! I'll show him!"

Well, he could sit back at ease now, and let Hurd make the next move. But he didn't want to spend the day loafing around Sunport in his threadbare clothes. Already, although he kept off Main Street as much as possible, three old acquaintances had recognized him, shaken hands and asked embarrassing questions What to do with himself for the day? But here, on Orange Street, half a block from Main, was a suggestion in the shape of a huge and shiny bus, with "Alta Vista, the Subdivision Supreme," lettered on it in gold. It was filling with passengers, and when Alf presented himself the young man in charge could hardly reject him. Even dingier passengers had bought lots.

The bus started, and again Beckwith got the impression of transformation on every hand—new buildings going up, streets being paved. Presently the bus was rolling along a wide, smooth boulevard over flat ground. At Beckwith's last recollection all this country was native pine wood, with a tough undergrowth of palmetto. Now on both sides of the road streets were laid out; sometimes cement sidewalks stretched away under the tall trees. Everywhere, as far as one could see, the ground sprouted with lot stakes and big signs announcing subdivisions for sale

There used to be, up here in the hot still pine woods, on a rough marl road, a weather-beaten little church and general store. That was Decimal By following a mere wagon track through the palmetto three-quarters of a mile to the right, one would come to a dead pine tree that lifted truncated skeleton arms in the sun. That pine tree was on one corner of the hundred acres of wild land which Edward Hurd had inherited from his father, and for which only nine years ago nobody would have paid two thousand dollars. Now, by that report in the morning paper, it was worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To get a glimpse of it was why Beckwith had chosen this bus rather than any of a dozen others that were bound on like errands.

That evening he dined early at his cafeteria, then sat out in front smoking a cigarette, and bought an evening paper from a newsboy. Again, here was the cornucopia pouring gold. Turning over the pages, he looked for names that he knew, even on the society page. Ah, here was something! Half a column about the charming tea given by Mrs. Edward Hurd in her new home, No. 718 Magnolia Avenue. There were many adjectives, all superlative, and a long list of guests. New home, No. 718 Magnolia Avenue. Putting on dog that way! It mysteriously fed his anger against Hurd.

Presently, as the brief southern twilight faded, he threw away the stub of the last cigarette and strolled up the street—collecting further evidence of guilt against his former partner, in order to justify himself.

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THE ONE-EYED JACK

Adventures in Steamboat Gambling

No Lip Uttered a Syllable, No Hand Moved. Amazement Had Changed the Gath Men Into Stone

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"We better let them fellers alone," his capper's low voice whispered from behind; and though the listening gambler never batted an eye, he caught every syllable. "Them birds flock from Gath—killers."

"Killers, are they?"

"Sartin. Loozianny killers."

Under a slow bell the huge White Cloud swam lightly as a swan toward the Louisiana side. Among the passengers that dawdled about her decks — fashionables, planters, river folk—this notorious sport seemed much the best looking and most attractive man: athletic, black hair inclined to curl, keen-eyed, and swarthier than a Spaniard. Silver buttons glistened on his long blue coat, and his frilly shirt front sparkled with many a diamond. When the steamboat's whistle blew for Gath, and a crowd went surging to her left rail, Crow stood apart, which gave Judd Brill an opportunity to warn him, "Don't tackle that bunch." This warning his capper gave with caution, for the pair were supposed to be strangers, and it might queer their teamwork if suckers detected them in conference. So Judd merely paused a moment, *en passant*, nudged the Crow's elbow and delivered his admonition: "We can't take nary chance with them bullies, an' mebbe spile our big job tomorrer."

Neither did the Crow desire to spoil their big job, for which he had journeyed up from New Orleans on the White Cloud, intending to take return passage by the Regina at Vicksburg and fleece a company of southbound Northerners. Their upstream voyage had proved a tame affair, remunerative, but no thrills. The Crow was bored by victims who submitted like sheep. He craved something to make him tingle, to feel that he was alive.

"Killers?" he repeated, moving forward to glance at a God-forsaken landing which some Biblical humorist had christened by the name of Gath. Even in that thinly settled region, Gath did not claim to be a metropolis; one dingy unpainted store, one shanty that hung precariously on the river's brink—that was Gath. Back of it lay forests which no ax had touched, swamps that no foot had ever trod; around it a few sparse clearings and level fields of cotton. A remote spot, a dreary spot.

"Ugh!" The gambler shrugged his shoulders. "If I lived here, I'd be a killer too."

The sleep of Gath is broken. Forum and market place sizzle with life. Uncouth hairy fellows assemble to watch the boat come in. They cut their clownish capers, they crack their backwoods jokes. It is a festal day in Gath when twenty of her leading citizens depart upon their travels

"Hey! You!" A bearded native shook his fist at the White Cloud and shouted, "You kin snort an' you kin blow, jest much as you dern please; but I'm fixin' to ride you"

This powerful man, towering half a head above his fellow Philistines, must have been their leader from the uproarious laughter with which they applauded his wit. He amused the Crow, who smiled and nodded. "There's Goliath himself—Goliath of Gath."

From the steamer's rail Crow looked down upon Goliath and his satellites. That was his habitual attitude, looking down upon a world that he despoiled and despised. A defensive pose, however, for the Crow resented it that even here, along this rough-and-tumble river, good men held his parasitic breed in high contempt. To such he gave back scorn for scorn. Hypocrites, ready to bite at his bait, by which they expected to rob him! And being fools as well, they lost their money. If men were honest and brave, the Crow could not plunder them. The fraudulent and greedy were his dupes—so many, many, that he had come to disbelieve in human virtue.

"Killers?" He sized up the Gath men. "We'll see. I'm sick of skinning rabbits." Crow turned, sauntered through the cabin of white and gold, to vanish within his own stateroom.

A Mississippi River steamboat, as she eases inshore to make her landing, is a sight that never stales. Bells jangle from her pilot house; the mate shouts orders at his crew; half-naked blacks stand ready to leap ashore. They leap. A hawser is thrown them. Up the slippery slope they drag their rope and make fast to a tree. The line swags into the water; the boat tugs and tightens it. It rises, dripping. Slowly the White Cloud comes to rest, her prow upstream. A heavy stage plank swings to outboard, lowers, settles itself, one end in the mud, the other end on deck. Roustabouts rush across it, flourishing their cotton hooks, and roll down the bales consigned to market at Vicksburg. Passengers scoot along the plank, dodging among rousters and cotton bales. Negro servants fetch their baggage. Travelers wave farewell. The White Cloud backs out. Dense columns of smoke pour upward. Wheels churn the yellow waters. Majestically she moves away, while stay-at-homes stand watching, watching until her chimneys disappear around a bend.

As the White Cloud went plowing north against the current, twenty-odd killers, booted, bearded, armed and rampageous for sport, came stamping upstairs into the cabin like a drove of mules. There they dropped their battered gripsacks and paid their passage to Vicksburg. Across from the tiny office, twenty cases of thirst adjourned to the bar, lined up four deep and demanded licker, straight red licker, man-size.

They had money, as Judd Brill observed. It was Judd's official duty to discover the prospects who carried cash, a fact which the Crow sensed by instinct. Judd had a big nose, bulging at the end, which surrounded him with an atmosphere of stupidity most excellent for cappers. Nobody could have suspected Judd as he looked on at their Louisiana horseplay. They were in fine spirits, these killers, ripe for adventure. But where was the Crow? What had become of his partner?

"Sashay forward, ye catamounts!" Lantern-jawed Goliath lifted his arm, beckoning all hands to the bar. "Drinks on me—ev'ybody."

Never before had Judd Brill declined an invitation, which represented his favorite method for getting acquainted and paving the road to business. But Judd craved no business with killers who carried batteries of artillery. He was preparing to take his own advice and turn out of the doorway, when Crow emerged from his stateroom and came strolling toward the front. It jostled Judd to see that Crow had dressed in his working garb, no long blue coat, no silver buttons, no diamonds. His fastidiously ruffled shirt had been replaced by one which any planter might have worn, with breeches stuffed into his boots, muddy boots. Judd's lips tightened. He knew what this meant. Crow was going to tackle the killers.

Even more significant, Crow wore a certain coat, whose flowing tails concealed a brace of pistols, in the drawing of which no human hands could be more dexterous. For the Crow never made a premonitory gesture, no balk, no fumble, nothing to forewarn an antagonist. In the very nick of crisis his weapons would appear, level, steady, with two grim black eyes behind them.

The steamer trembled to the pulsation of her great machines. Crystal chandeliers tinkled above his head as Crow came slowly through the cabin, carrying some papers under his arm, eyes lowered upon the letter he was reading. Apparently he didn't notice the Gath men, but sat down at a poker table, still absorbed in his letter, when hilarious Goliath hailed him to the bar:

"Rise up, stranger! Stand on your hind legs an' jine us?"

At first it seemed the Crow had failed to hear, and Goliath repeated, "Take a drink, stranger?"

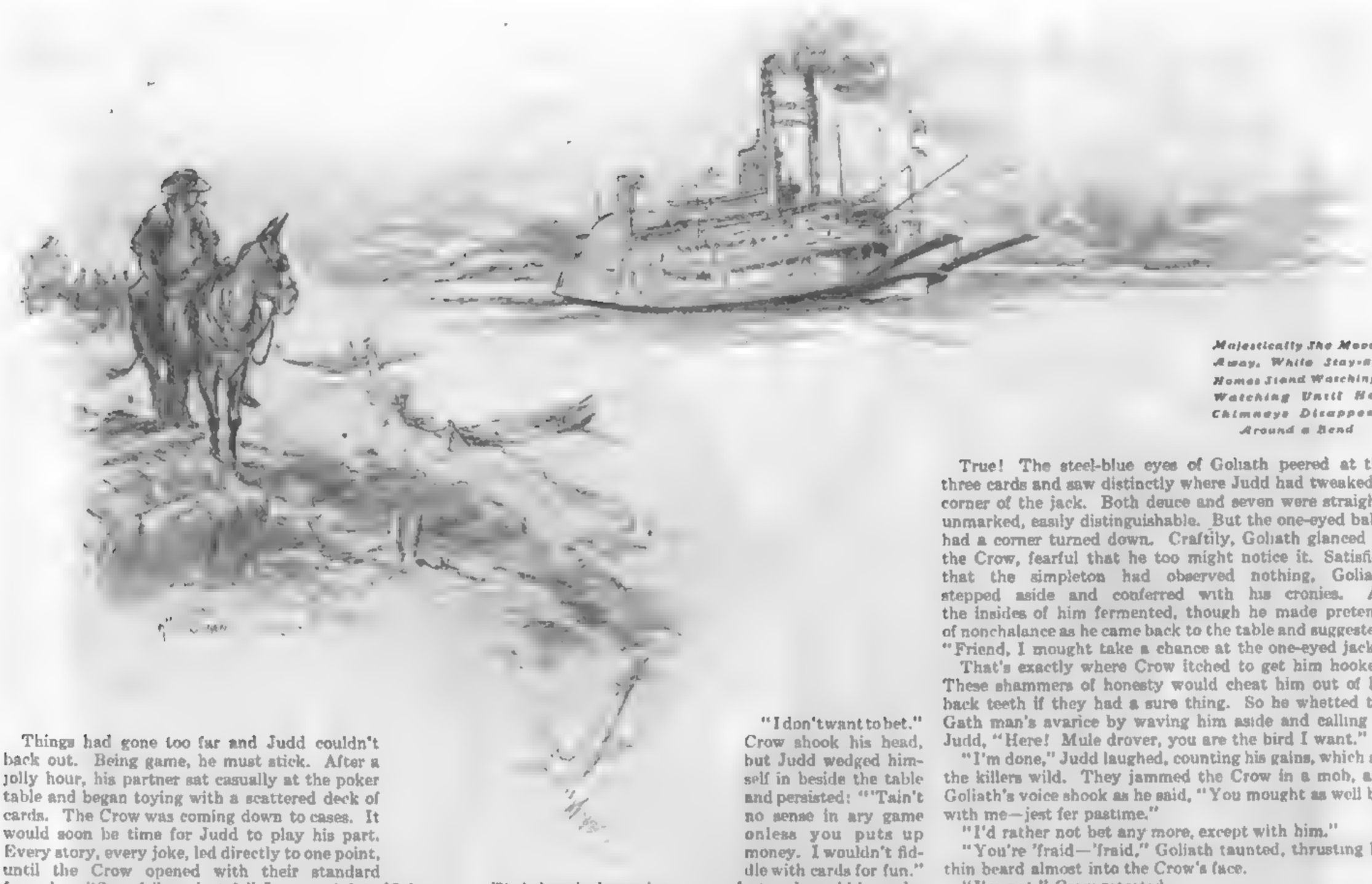
"Are you speaking to me, sir?" the gambler inquired.

"Sartin. Ain't you dry?"

That's how it began. Time and again Judd Brill had envied the Crow's finesse in tuning his fiddle to suit the crowd. Crow knew how to talk with all kinds of folks, high and low, white and black; could even talk with ladies—ladies, at which Judd marveled. Now the way he made friends with those long-haired killers was a sin to Crockett, swapping yarns, bear stories, fish lies. Soon he had them in an uproar, his rich deep voice leading their song:

"I seen a ole man go ridin' by,
Says I, 'Ole man, yo' hoss will die.'
'Ef he dies I'll tan his skin,
An' ef he lives I'll ride him ag'in, ag'in, ag'in.'"

"Ag'in, ag'in!" Crow waved his hand to the mixer. "Set 'em up, barkeep—set 'em up ag'in, ag'in, ag'in."



Majestically She Moves Away, While Stay-at-Homes Stand Watching, Watching Until Her Chimneys Disappear Around a Bend

Things had gone too far and Judd couldn't back out. Being game, he must stick. After a jolly hour, his partner sat casually at the poker table and began toying with a scattered deck of cards. The Crow was coming down to cases. It would soon be time for Judd to play his part. Every story, every joke, led directly to one point, until the Crow opened with their standard formula: "Say, fellers, last fall I was goin' to 'Orleans, and one o' them slick gamblers caught me for a thousand quicker'n a owl catches a rat."

"How'd he work you?" asked Goliath of Gath.

"That's what I don't know." Crow laughed at his own dullness. "Brand new wrinkle on me. He called it the one-eyed jack."

"One-eyed jack? Never heard o' no such game."

"Neither had I." Again the Crow laughed. "That's how I happened to bite at it. I practiced a heap at home, but couldn't learn to fling the cards as quick as he did—like this"—the gambler searched the deck until he found the jack of spades, saying, "You see, friends, this jack has only one eye, him and the jack o' hearts; whilst the jack of clubs and diamonds are full-faced, have both eyes."

"Huh!" Goliath examined them. "Much as I play seven-up, I never did notice that afore." Which got his suckers interested, and the Crow went on:

"Anyway, that feller held the jack o' spades in one hand, with the deuce o' diamonds and seven o' clubs in the other, so. When I throw 'em down on the table, you-all watch the one-eyed jack and try to turn him over."

Under their eager gaze Crow threw the cards, face downward, so clumsily that Goliath instantly picked the jack. "Shuckins! That's easy!"

"Maybe so," the Crow admitted, "but I didn't mix 'em right. Lemme practice some."

The love of hazard grows rank along this river, flourishing in fogs and fecund soil. Everybody gambles, on everything. Travel by water is a risk, planting on land the wildest speculation, and human life a constant uncertainty of chance. So the Philistines crowded to see Crow's new game, and devise a system to beat it. His fingers seemed to be all thumbs, throwing so awkwardly that sometimes the jack fell flat on his back and lay staring upward with a single eye. Goliath jeered and the bungler tried again.

"Wait, fellers!" he begged. "I'm gettin' the hang o' this thing. Ef I could throw 'em down real quick, I've got two chances to your one that you can't pick out the jack."

"You ain't got nary chance, not ef I watches that jack. This is him." Again Goliath turned it over. "I kin turn that jack every clatter—for money."

"That's what I thought," the Crow answered, making another throw. "That's better. I'm learnin' fast."

At the correct moment Judd Brill's voice came from behind, and his simple-looking face showed itself over Goliath's shoulder. "See here, mister," Judd said, "I been a-studyin' this trick. Nobody can't fling them cards so swift as to keep me from pickin' out the jack. I'll bet my bottom dollar on that."

"I don't want to bet." Crow shook his head, but Judd wedged himself in beside the table and persisted: "'Tain't no sense in ary game onless you puts up money. I wouldn't fiddle with cards for fun."

Their interlocking play was perfect and would have deceived men more worldly wise. To the Philistines it seemed that a meddler had butted in and kept bluffing at their friend until he got peevish.

"All right," the Crow snapped, "just to pacify you I'll make one bet—only one—five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred?" Judd took off his slouch-brim hat, scratched his freckly head and mumbled, "I 'lowed to bet 'bout fo' bits."

"That got 'im!" the audience roared. "That got 'im!" And Crow made it plainer.

"Five hundred dollars. Put up or shut up."

"See here, mister"—Judd spoke slowly—"that's climbin' powerful steep. But I've got my head sot to call you."

When Judd had dug into his jeans and counted down the stake, Crow covered it with a single bank note, inadvertently exposing a most seductive roll.

"You understand, friend"—he impressed it upon the supposed mule drover—"I've got two chances to your one."

"Don't gabble no more. Fling the cards. Gimme room, folks!" With a sweep of his arms, Judd cleared the space around him. "Gimme elbow room to watch that jack."

There was no need for Judd to watch at all. According to their rule, after the cards were well stirred, Crow placed his jack in the center.

"Now," he said, "pick out the one-eyed baby."

"Here he is!" Judd's left hand promptly turned the jack of spades, while his right raked in the stakes. "Told you so. I kin do it ev'y time."

The Crow seemed dazed, bewildered, speaking excitedly: "But I fixed 'em for you to pick the end card."

"You did, but I didn't," the capper retorted, and moved away with his thousand.

"Hold on!" Crow tried to call him back. "You can't turn the jack again."

"Done turned him," Judd snickered.

"Turn him again," Crow insisted. "I'll bet you a thousand"

"Not me." Judd counted his winnings, while the killers tore open their shirts, burst off their vest buttons and dived into bootlegs, rabid to get their money.

"I'll bet you!"

"No, lemme take 'im!"

"Here's my money!" They scuffled and scrouged and shoved around the table, but the Crow declined a dozen offers.

"No, gents; I only want to get even with that feller who had such fool luck."

In the clamor of voices Judd Brill whispered to Goliath, "Nobody can't miss that jack. Don't say nothin', but look how I bent that corner."

True! The steel-blue eyes of Goliath peered at the three cards and saw distinctly where Judd had tweaked a corner of the jack. Both deuce and seven were straight, unmarked, easily distinguishable. But the one-eyed baby had a corner turned down. Craftily, Goliath glanced at the Crow, fearful that he too might notice it. Satisfied that the simpleton had observed nothing, Goliath stepped aside and conferred with his cronies. All the insides of him fermented, though he made pretense of nonchalance as he came back to the table and suggested, "Friend, I mought take a chance at the one-eyed jack."

That's exactly where Crow itched to get him hooked. These shammers of honesty would cheat him out of his back teeth if they had a sure thing. So he whetted the Gath man's avarice by waving him aside and calling to Judd, "Here! Mule drover, you are the bird I want."

"I'm done," Judd laughed, counting his gains, which set the killers wild. They jammed the Crow in a mob, and Goliath's voice shook as he said, "You mought as well bet with me—jest fer pastime."

"I'd rather not bet any more, except with him."

"You're 'fraid—'fraid," Goliath taunted, thrusting his thin beard almost into the Crow's face.

"I'm not," Crow retorted.

"Then prove it! Prove it! Prove it!"

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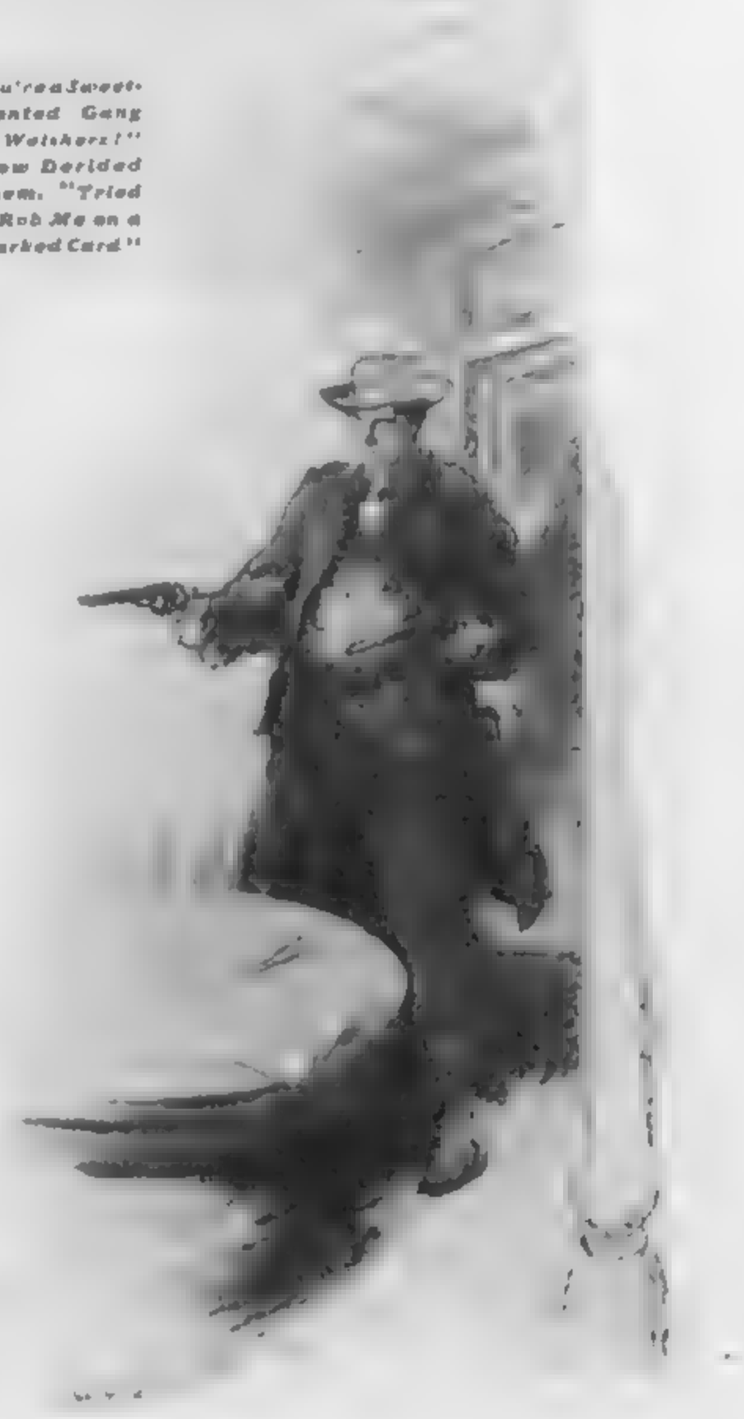
"You're a Sweet-Scented Gang o' Wolfskerz!" Crow Derided Them. "Tried to Rob Me on a Marked Card"



A Lear of Shireman's Gass

A Tablet, a Bottle of Ink and a Pen Waited on a Window Sill. William Neff Brought Them, and Peter Did Better Than Make One Will—He Made Three

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

SWATHED in black, Mary, Peter Eby's oldest daughter, sat beside her father in the front pew of the Stone Church, which crowned a noble hill in Berks County, Pennsylvania. A hundred years old, built of limestone, with a tall spire, it dominated the landscape. Up to it climbed on foot or in carriages a thousand members from near-by Shireman's Gass, where Peter lived, a village of a single short street; and from Ziegler's Gass, Bowman's, Senseman's, Red Corner Post and all the farms between. In summer, the church was partly hidden by a grove of tall and ancient oaks; on a winter day like this, it caught and held the eyes of travelers on every road for miles round.

Beyond Mary sat her husband, Abner Grubb, and behind her, in the second pew, her sisters—Maggie, with her husband, Jacob Burkhalter; and Lizzie, with her husband, William Neff. Maggie and Lizzie were small, dark, wiry women like their mother, who lay near by in her coffin, quiet at last after seventy busy years. Like her sisters, Mary had inherited her mother's activity, but not her complexion or her figure. Instead she had inherited her father's tremendous frame and his blond complexion. Her husband was broad, and he and she and Peter filled the pew from end to end. The brothers-in-law looked much alike, stout and sturdy farmers, brown-haired and blue-eyed, their bodies as yet unbent, but their hands hard as horn. Their look was sharp; competition was keen and each was passionately anxious to succeed.

Venerable as the Lear of Shakspere, enormous as the Lear of Turgenieff, Peter filled the corner of the pew. His eyes were closed, his white beard was spread fanwise across his chest, his thick curly hair surrounded his head like a halo. The young minister, a native of the adjoining county and as yet unacquainted with the members of his new parish, looked down upon him pityingly, believing that he closed his eyes so that he might not see the coffin so near at hand. His predecessor, who knew Peter well, had had a curious delusion; he believed that there were two Peters—one large and imposing, with an appearance of benevolence; the other small, wizened, ratlike, dwelling in the inmost core of this larger body.

The arm of Mary pressed that of her husband, imparting to it a current of excitement, the cause of which he tried in vain to guess. They lived farthest away, at Senseman's, and the roads were so broken that they had not arrived at the homestead at Shireman's Gass until half-past nine, when the people were already assembling for services at the house. Lizzie lived on the farm adjoining the homestead, and Maggie at Bowman's, only three miles away; they had put the house in order and planned the funeral dinner. Mary brought in her carriage two boiled hams and a roast of veal and six layer cakes, besides many jars and glasses of preserved fruit.

Waiting, venerable and majestic, in the dining room Peter bade Mary fetch him a handkerchief

"In the upper drawer of my bureau," he directed in German in his deep voice. "If you will be so good."

Mary climbed the steep back stairs. In ordinary circumstances, the family would have sat in the bedroom, but Peter was slightly deaf and it was arranged that he should be near the minister. Peter was not a devout man, and there were disgraceful episodes in his life.

Mary was gone a long time for her simple errand. Returning, she found the minister waiting for her to take her place. Her large fair face was flushed—the observers supposed it was with grief, but Abner knew that something had excited her. What could have happened during her brief absence upstairs? It could have nothing to do with money; the sisters knew that by their grandfather's will the farm was to be sold when their mother died and the proceeds divided among them. Peter had nothing; if Mary had looked worried, Abner would have thought that the question of who should care for Peter was troubling her.

"*Ich bin die Auferstehung und das Leben*," began the minister.

There was no time to ask questions aloud, but Abner's eyes, fixed upon his wife throughout the short service, said, "What is it? What is it?" He contrived to utter his question as he helped her into the carriage, and he had an answer as they stepped out at the church door. "Pop has a large sum in bank. I saw his book in the drawer."

There were other currents which ran electrically from elbow to elbow: the arm of Maggie touched that of Neff. Here the current ran back as well as forward; the discovery had been made in time for detailed account.

"Pop sent me to his bureau for a Sunday shirt," said Maggie the night before in the privacy of their bedroom. "There on top of the shirts was a bank book. It is of the Valley Bank of Oley. I wrote down the deposits. Here they are, pop." Maggie had a furnace in her house and she wore a sealskin coat, but she called her husband as well as her father "pop." She read a list of mouth-filling figures—"$2195, $1950, $1800, $1500, $1345, $1300, $1220, $1000, $980, $800, $600, $400, $30."

"By heck!" cried Burkhalter. He took the list with a trembling hand and held it close to the lamp. He had little faith in banks; he put his money into good mortgages, conducting the business himself and keeping all documents in a safe in his house. "It adds up to fifteen thousand one hundred and twenty dollars—no, it is fifteen thousand two hundred and twenty dollars. No—ach, I must get me a pencil. Are you sure this is so, mom?"

"Sure," answered Maggie. "The first date is January, 1890."

"Then was when he got the inheritance from his uncle. But I thought that was long since spent. And where did he get this other money?" Burkhalter's round face was crimson; he was trying to think and to ask questions and at the same time to divide three into fifteen thousand one hundred and twenty.

"Pop is not so dumb," declared Maggie proudly

From the elbow of Lizzie to the elbow of Neff coursed the same theme.

"Pop sent me to his bureau drawer and there lay his bank book," Lizzie had said with pride. Neff, too, distrusted banks. "It is of the Valley Bank. He has money there amounting to fifteen thousand one hundred and twenty dollars. I added everything up."

"And nothing checked out?"

"Not a penny."

"Does anyone else know this?"

"I can't tell."

"How did he get his money?"

Lizzie flushed red. Neff expected to add the homestead farm to his own, and through Peter's negligence it was shamefully run down.

"How do we know what pop has?"

Back and forth, back and forth, ran the happy current. Mrs. Eby had been desperately ill for six months and the doctor had prophesied years of acute suffering. Relief at her deliverance softened her daughters' mourning.

"*Lasset uns Lied numero vier hundert singen. Darnach gehen wir nach dem Gottesacker.*" It was customary at the Stone Church to make announcements in English as well as in German for the benefit of the few who understood no German. "Let us sing Number 400. Then we will go to the graveyard."

It was customary also to line out the hymns and to sing without accompaniment. The foresinger rose from his place across the aisle from Peter. He sounded the pitch on his little pipe, hummed the chord, then sang the first line of Hymn 400:

"*Oh, wie selig seid ihr doch, ihr Frommen!*"

He dragged the tune, and the mourners retarded it still more into an indescribably forlorn dirge:

"*Oh, wie selig seid ihr doch, ihr Frommen!*"

II

VENERABLE and beautiful, Peter Eby presided at the head of his table—or, rather, of what had been his table. The friends were gone, the minister was gone; there remained only Peter and his daughters and their husbands. The house was in order; there lingered no suggestion of a funeral, only the pleasant odors of good cooking.

The eyes of Mary sought the eyes of Grubb, the eyes of Maggie sought the eyes of Burkhalter, the eyes of Lizzie wandered about the large room and out the window to the glorious prospect. Shireman's Gass lay almost as high as the church, and beneath was the same vast spread of field and woodland, village and stream. The Eby house stood at the end of the street and its hundred and fifty acres of land lay beyond. The small Neff farm was next, on lower ground, and for twenty years Lizzie had looked up hungrily. In her the love of beauty was strong, though she would not have called it by that name. Attachment to the house she acknowledged.

"If we can't have the old place, then I want to sell out and move away."

"We can take a better place and I can buy you new furniture."

"I want the old things." Lizzie spoke with passion "I lost my children; if I must lose the old things, I shall die."

She gazed hungrily at the chairs and tables, the high mantel, the fine old cupboard.

Peter put his hand into his pocket and the eyes of his daughters leaped to wait for what it would bring forth. It was only a red silk handkerchief. His taste was flamboyant, his hats were wider brimmed, his clothes gayer than other people's. He pressed his handkerchief to his eyes.

"*Ich bin allein*," he mourned in his deep and rolling voice. "*Ganz, ganz, allein.*" One needed no German to understand this eloquent complaint.

In response to an admonitory gaze, Neff spoke up quickly. He rose and stepped back of his chair. He spoke as though he were reading a legal document:

"It is known to all that now that mom is gone the farm is the property of these sisters, Mary Grubb, Maggie Burkhalter and Lizzie Neff, willed them by their gran'pap Now I have a proposition to make. It is unlikely, Mary, that you will leave your fine home in Senseman's to come here. It is unlikely, Maggie, that you will leave your farm on bottom land. But since the adjoining land is mine, I will be glad to buy the farm at the appraised value, whatever that may be, and pay Mary and Maggie each their share. Then, since this is a better house than ours, we will come here to live. And we can also"—in spite of all his effort, there was a change of tone in William's voice—"we can also take care of pop."

Having finished, William slid into his chair from the side. The soft slipping of a piece of coal in the stove made more sound than his movement. The eyes of Mary sought those of Grubb, the eyes of Maggie met those of Burkhalter—clearly Lizzie, too, had found father's bank book! The prompt offer was explained! Yesterday it would have seemed generous; today it was simply greedy. Lizzie had been here steadily—there might be even more than they

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"He Started to Walk. I Had to Go After Him in the Sleigh or He Would Have Perished in the Drifts"

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

The Petticoat Seems to Figure Pretty Prominently in Every Artist's Life

Being the Confessions of an Author's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

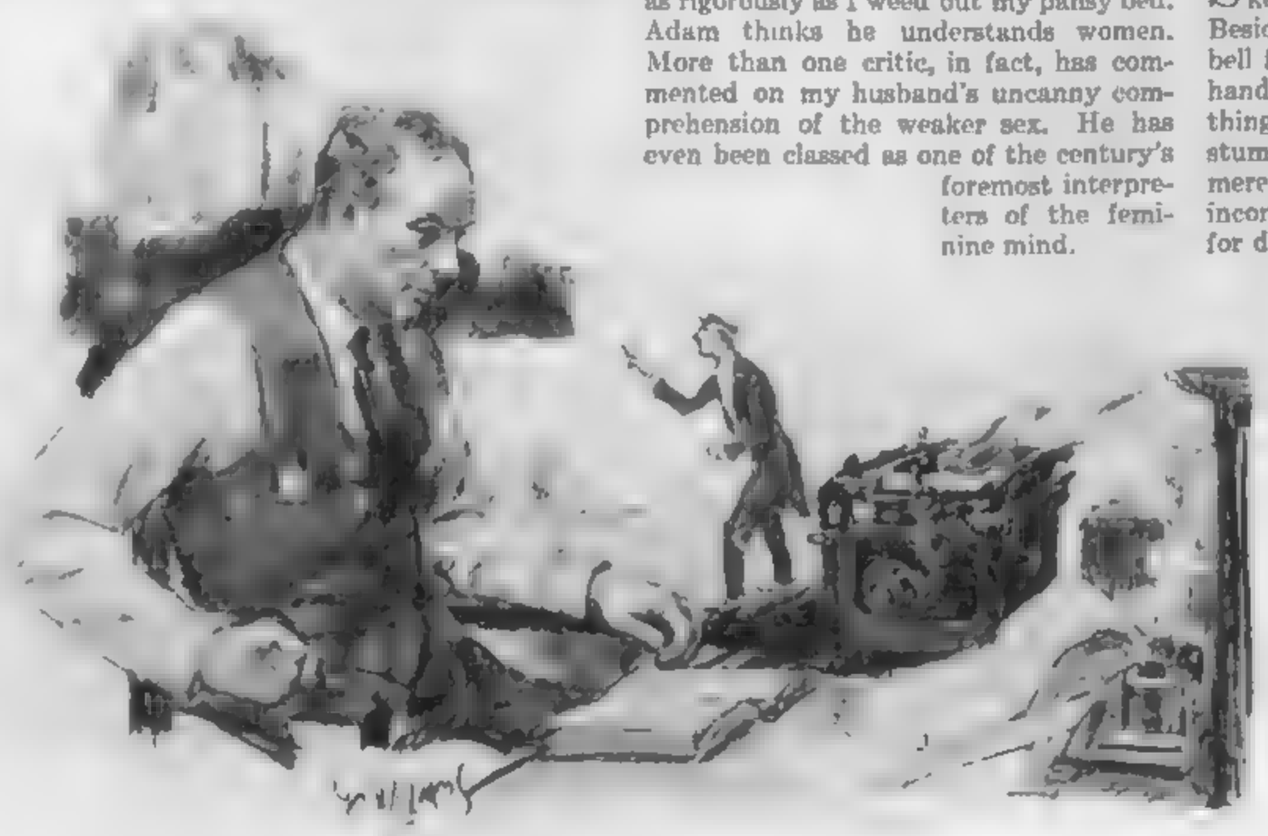
I'M NOT an author. I'm merely the wife of one. But I've the feeling at times that I'm linked a trifle closer to literature than the mere ties of matrimony might imply. I may be the silent partner in a firm whose only asset is a sort of organized loquacity and whose only excuse for living is public utterance, but I can't avoid the impression that I'm a trifle more than a petticoated dummy in this crazy business of bookmaking. And it's a highly adventurous avocation, this side job of being stable groom to a two-legged Pegasus who's forever kicking over the shafts of everyday respectability and bruising his shins on the astral bars of the spirit. It makes me feel sometimes that I'm a sort of sheep herder to a playful comet. There are other times when I rather resemble a Gatti-Casazza confronted with the absurdities of three dozen oversensitized operatic stars miraculously packed in one perverse body. And there are still other occasions when I feel I'm the guardian of a lonely spirit ill fortified against the roughness of a world that laughs at the eternal child in every artist.

Adam and the Weaker Sex

FOR my Adam—and Adam isn't his actual name, of course, though he has quite enough of our original ancestor about him to justify the refuge in such a pseudonym—may be a lion, in his way, but he is a lion very much in need of a keeper. And I'm something more than a keeper, although I don't participate in the performance under the big top. I can't, of course, any longer swallow the ancient and prenuptial sugar pill that I'm my husband's one and only inspiration. But I'm at least the chipped flint on whom he first tries the steel of his invention—and heaven knows I do my little best to shower sparks when and where the sustaining fire seems most needed. I'm also the policeman of his privacy, the liaison officer who keeps labor and society in qualified contact, and the custodian of his digestion. I can't travel with Adam on his wilder flights, but I'm the somewhat battered harbor tug who, after all the high-seas adventuring, warps the tired liner into his sheltering berth.

Yet I'm something more than the mere martinet who makes him put on his woolens and wear rubbers and avoid French pastry and fresh pork, and sleep with the windows open, and not smoke his empty old head off, just as I'm something more than the punching bag he practices on in private and the bouncer who keeps his Pierian dancing floor clear of annoying bounders. I carry tribute, in a much more active way, to this king of ink. For I happen to be the rennet that solidifies a good many of his half-curdled aims into the junket of earthly performance. And only the wife of a genius ever knows how many grand dreams can float up the fireplace chimney.

But besides dressing Adam's women characters as dutifully as I dress my three boys, I also go over those irresponsible ladies and weed out their more flagrant unrealities as rigorously as I weed out my pansy bed. Adam thinks he understands women. More than one critic, in fact, has commented on my husband's uncanny comprehension of the weaker sex. He has even been classed as one of the century's foremost interpreters of the feminine mind.



"The Best Character I Ever Had Just Wriggled Out Between the Type Bars"

But Adam understands women about as much as a sparrow on a telegraph wire understands Morse. If he had the God-given power of seeing through them a little more clearly, he wouldn't be so much like a ball of putty in their hands; and I'd lose at least one-half my worries in life, and I probably wouldn't love him as I do for his crazy, credulous, overchivalric softheartedness.

If Adam wasn't responsive to our approaches, if he wasn't sensitive to flattery and affection, he obviously wouldn't be sensitive to life, which means, of course, that he would never be an artist. And I love the eternal boy in Adam, even though it does get both of us into a good deal of hot water. It's embarrassing, for instance, to let a starry-eyed lady carry away the impression she was the source of your last magazine lyric and yet not be quite sure of her name.

It's equally embarrassing for a God-fearing wife and mother to be told that she has never understood the deeper and finer things in her husband's nature, capped by the naïve implication that a more ardent affiliation would both fan and refine the smothered flame of creation

He Laughs Best Who Laughs First

SO IT devolves on me to see that the sacred fire is not only kept burning but at the same time is kept under control. Besides being the target that must clang its jubilant little bell for Adam when he makes a bull's-eye, I must be on hand with a first-aid kit when he makes a faux pas. All things considered, I'm the bodyguard of a blundering and stumbling sun gazer who has to be reminded that he's not merely a voter and father and head of a family but an incomparably delicate instrument that must be conserved for delicate and far-off ends.

It's not an easy job. And Adam, of course, laughs at the solemnity with which I take it, for my husband never openly accepts my advice, even though he does obliquely and frequently follow my suggestions. For right here and now I may as well proclaim that Adam is a good deal of a humbug. But he knows it himself, luckily, and he generally gets his own laugh in at his own expense before the scoffing outsider can beat him to it. And that saves him, since it doesn't seem quite cricket to kick a man who's already busy kicking himself. He can screen himself behind the slightly apologetic manner of the modest Apollo who has learned that all pulchritude must pay its price. But salvaging as that sense of humor may be, there are times when it doesn't seem to work. And that is the moment when a life line has to be shot out.

"Has that twaddling fool gone?" Adam once shouted down the stairs when the victim of his contempt was still lingering to nibble cinnamon toast before my sewing-room fire.

"Yes, darling, an hour ago," I retorted, as I did a little fictioneering of my own "There's just charming Mrs. Coussens left for us to have a quiet cup of tea with." And Mrs. Coussens still collects Adam's first editions.

If there are times when Adam can delude me into suspecting that he's still an overgrown child, and I can even prettily proclaim to his anointed family of adoring sisters and cousins and aunts that I've really four boys to look after instead of three, the impression is about as unstable as March sunlight. For he has the trick of sandwiching unexpected sagacity between his slices of simple-mindedness.

And when I've accumulated the impression that I'm merely a Tinker Bell for an irresponsible Peter Pan of the inkpot, it's usually followed by the conviction that I'm the keeper of a black leopard that's grown a bit too big to handle.

At Work and Otherwise

THEN I'm secretly afraid of him. For now and then Adam takes off the lid of civilization, about the same as a small child slips off its April flannels. He laughs at the decencies of life and just lets himself go. He is rude to people he ought to respect. He avoids his own house guests and goes home from dinner parties where being a trifle bored after the coffee is both a demand of civilization and a test of character. He tells editors what he thinks of them and slams doors and lets the dogs in on the rugs and curses the phone and moans aloud when the local poet insists on reading a brand-new sonnet.

Adam Even Sat Propped Up in Bed, Turning It Over and Over. It Was His First Real Book

I've seen Adam so completely bowled over by the unnecessarily fulsome praise of a flagrantly attractive female that he's had to go out and walk it off, about the same as you'd walk off too much synthetic gin on the back piazza of the country club. I'll have more to say about these adoring ladies a little later on, for the petticoat seems to figure pretty prominently in every artist's life. Adam, however, has several other sources of intoxication. I've seen a spring day topped by an April shower go to his head as neatly as a Clover Club cocktail topped by a sprig of mint could. And I've seen him three sheets in the wind from the right sort of review by the right sort of paper, though, oddly enough, he coldly proclaims his disdain of all critics when the verdict chances to be adverse. And I've seen him half-seas over from a five-mile hike over frosty October hills, especially if there's a smell of wood smoke in the air.

But Adam, whatever his extramural weaknesses, is always normal enough when he gets back to his work. That's something he insists on keeping as clean and aseptic as an operating room. He intimidates me then, about the same as a surgeon in his gown intimidates the hospital visitor. I stumble across the discovery that the little hollow of playfulness is a gun pit holding a Big Bertha under its screen of inconsequentialities. I once more wake up to the fact that he knows a good deal more than I ever gave him credit for. So, still again, I have to remember that I'm merely the fussy little harbor tug and he's the intrepid big liner, the adventurer who has to do with powers and perils far beyond my little Sandy Hook of home life.

I try to forgive him, accordingly, for forgetting to speak to the plumber about fixing the front roof valley and for coming down to lunch as solemn faced and abstracted as the unlucky guest on the speaker's list who hasn't entirely worked out his after-dinner felicities. You can't go sun treading and then turn a cart wheel because you find the fish balls correctly browned. You can't volplane down through the stars and then become discursive over Philadelphia scrapple.

There is, in fact, a tremendous sort of frugality in Adam's make-up. He has the colossal economy of the true artist. Even when he seems most idle he can be most active. He often makes me think of a cliff swallow at feeding time, when what might seem to be the airiest of meandering is really a frantic search for flies. Yet he likes to pose as a lazy man. I've seen him lie in the sun for a whole June morning, apparently doing nothing. I've seen him sit for two hours at a time on top of a rail fence, whittling a dog's head out of a piece of cedar wood. But I've learned to leave His Majesty alone with his own meditations. For there's such a thing as fishing in the infinite for ideas. And many a stage castle goes up when the song-and-dance man is out front doing his turn.

Yet Adam always speaks of industry with a show of disdain. He always burns his laboriously interlined first drafts and quotes Whistler's phrase about the first duty of art being to erase the footsteps of art. You'd insult him if you called him a plodder. Enlarge on his improvidence, however, and he's as proud as Punch. But I've noticed that everything which isn't grist for Adam's busy mill is avoided as instinctively as a sheep avoids thistles. So successfully, however, has he implanted this tradition of indolence on his family and friends that when we bought our first little home on Long Island, his Uncle Jonas proclaimed: "Well, I'm mighty glad Adam's got a roof over his head at last, for there's a lad, mark you, who's never done an honest day's work in his life!"

An Author's Midchannel Despair

THAT, of course, is utterly false. Adam may not punch a clock or carry a pick; but I know no one who gives more of himself to his work, who carries his toil more continuously in his head, who mulls over it night and day, who answers more eagerly the little fire gong of creation that is forever ringing at the back of every author's brain cells. He does it all joyously enough, for it is the first law of art that the artist must rejoice in his work.

But there are days when his tired face fills me with a disturbing sort of pity and his frazzled nerves fill the house with a ghostly sort of tension. For, soul-kindling as the first conception of a book may be, joyous as the germ birth of a story may seem, there nearly always comes an era of midchannel despair, when the baffled swimmer feels he'll

(Continued on Page 209)

"I'm in Love With Your Husband," Calmly Announced That Brazen Young Thing With the Revolutionary Eyes. "What d' You Intend to Do About It?"

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. FLESYM

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

IT WAS, if I remember correctly, at 10:15 of a Friday evening that I seated myself in our library—or, more correctly speaking, Uncle Hilbert's library—placed the pencil loosely in my right hand and, relaxing, made my mind a blank.

Here let me preface my narrative by saying that my emotional attitude was one of utter skepticism, and that in following out the instructions read some hours earlier I was merely seeking pastime during Melba's absence at the History of Art Section of the Woman's Club.

"Make your mind a blank," the article had stated, "remain quietly seated in a comfortable position, and presently, independent of all will power, the hand holding the pencil will commence a series of jerky movements. Avoid all effort to check or direct these movements, as they are the signal that the automatic writing is about to begin. Soon the meaningless lines and scribbles will give place to letters and perhaps to a repeated word. This will mean that you have established communication with the unknown. Now you have only to ask what you will of your invisible guide and friend, and your hand, under his influence and without control on your part, will write the appropriate answers."

I cannot say that I succeeded in making my mind wholly a blank; but, in an idle way, I was wondering whether I had read this explanation of automatic writing in the Express or the Dispatch or the Evening News, when suddenly I became aware that my writing hand had fallen prey to a series of muscular reactions.

The pencil, between thumb and forefinger, quivered as the digits contracted; a tingling overspread the forearm; and without the slightest effort on my part, the hand darted forward and back in a series of convulsive jerks. Then while I stared, too astounded to interfere, even had I wished, the abrupt thrusts of the pencil developed into a circular motion such as certain persons affect when beginning to write.

"Do You Mean," I Asked, Horrified, "That I Wished Uncle Hilbert to Pass Into a Better World So That I Might Inherit His Property?"

I believe I am not exaggerating when I state that a man's first contact with powers beyond his ken invariably gives him pause. In my own case I may say that the unexpected result of the experiment caused a certain respiratory disturbance together with a sudden dropping of the lower jaw. Indeed, I am inclined to think I should have pursued the matter no further if at that moment the door had not opened to admit Melba.

"What is the matter, Jasper?" she said at once. "You are pale as a ghost. Do you feel a chill? Are you wearing your sheep-lined slippers or have you forgotten again?"

Having in a few brief words reassured her as to my physical condition, I explained my occupation—an explanation necessary, as the automatic movement of the hand had now ceased. Instead of displaying the apprehension which I had rather anticipated, Melba seemed to regard the affair with a curiosity amused and morbid at the same time.

"And really, Jasper, you're not doing it yourself—consciously, I mean?"

"It acts quite independently of my will power," I replied, a trifle nettled at the doubt cast on my integrity.

"And if you should ask him, or whatever it is, a question, you wouldn't have any idea of the answer until you saw the words written out?"

"Not the slightest."

"Then, Jasper, you mustn't dare to think of stopping now. This is better than a planchette or a ouija board. We'll find out all sorts of useful things we need to know. For instance ——"

Though I had all but determined to have nothing more to do with this invocation of the powers of darkness, Melba has a compelling way with her; and after a one-sided argument I arranged myself a second time and awaited results.

A slight pause followed; then the original phenomena reproduced themselves; but this time, in place of scribbling confusedly, the hand scrolled a series of O's that ran across the sheet of paper.

"Jasper," said Melba, her voice trembling slightly, "you're sure you're not doing this yourself?"

My answer, somewhat snappish, I regret to say, seemed to convince her of my sincerity.

"Then we must ask a question—right off—because there's one thing I must know. Let me ask it, please."

As I raised no objection, she faced the darkened corner of the room and in a firm voice demanded, "How will skirts be worn next season?"

I felt the arm halt suddenly in its O making. The hand switched back to the left edge of the paper, and in an angular style quite different from my own script, wrote laconically, "Shorter."

"Of all the ooftiest"—a favorite word—"things," said Melba, "this is certainly the ooftiest. Who do you suppose is sending the message?"

I had started a protest against any further dealings with the unseen when the hand once more set itself in motion, and this time with bold strokes printed a signature:

"Flesym."

"Melba," I said sternly, "enough! I refuse to continue. I do not know who Mr. Flesym is and I have no wish to know. Nor have I any desire to receive from this source information which Providence has neglected to send us by ordinary channels."

Melba was silent for a moment, apparently impressed by my resolute attitude. When she spoke again her voice was grave. "But, Jasper, suppose through this—this Mr. Flesym we should find out something that we really have the right to know."

"As for instance?" I remarked coldly, looking away from my right hand, which again had begun a series of O's.

"Your Uncle Hilbert, Jasper."

"What about him?"

"How long since we have heard from Uncle Hilbert?" I reflected. "Three months tomorrow."

"And when we cabled him at Bombay about the frozen water pipes there was no answer."

"None."

"It isn't natural, Jasper. Suppose—mind, I only say suppose—suppose something has happened to Uncle Hilbert in far-off India."

"What could happen?"

"That's the worst of it—we don't know. But from what I've read, I imagine almost anything could happen in that dreadful place."

"And just what do you expect me to do about it?"

"We might ask Mr. Flesym. Whoever he is, perhaps he has sources of knowledge not open to us. Perhaps he knows."

Melba had made up her mind. Thus, somewhat against my inclination, I put the question directly to our unseen guide and friend.

"What," I asked of the darkness—"what, if anything, has happened to Uncle Hilbert? If the news be grave, pray break it gently."

The hand hesitated, crossed to the left of the paper again and then dashed off the following response, which I copy verbatim from the original:

"The situation in the Middle West is more of a tangle than ever and daring would be the dopester who pretended

The Spectacle Stunned Me: But If Its Effect on Me Was Noticeable, I Seemed an Equal Cause of Astonishment to Uncle Hilbert

to forecast the results of the 1926 schedule. Wisconsin will have many veterans in her squad, but Minnesota's present sophomore bunch will come back primed for battle, which is more than can be said of Uncle Hilbert. "FLESYM"

Melba screamed. The pencil fell from the clenched fingers and my forearm tingled with a feeling which I can only describe as returning consciousness. In spite of the incoherent beginning and vague end of the message, I felt oppressed and full of foreboding. From a physical standpoint, it seemed as though an icy finger had been slithered along my spine.

II

SUCH was the insidious beginning of our commerce with the invisible; and if, against a certain disinclination, I continued, it was merely to ascertain our relative's fate as suggested by the sinister conclusion of Mr. Flesym's message.

To say that I felt a compelling affection for Uncle Hilbert would be to stretch the truth. His manners had always been painfully brusque, nor had he ever ceased to reproach me either for my method of gaining our daily bread or for our lack of children.

"But you have no children yourself, Uncle Hilbert," I ventured once to object.

"Because I wasn't fool enough to get married," he snorted with accustomed energy. "You were."

But it was when he touched on my position in the state civil service that he grew, as Melba disrespectfully expressed it, red about the wattles.

"Why don't you get your feet out of the public trough," he shouted when leaving for his tour of the world, "and hustle around until you find a nose bag of your own? While I'm away," he continued with profane eloquence, "I want you and your wife to come up and live in my place—see what it's like to park yourself in a regular house. Maybe it'll put enough stickum in your spine to make you want to take off your coat and sweat up a shack of your own."

This ungracious offer we had accepted less from any desire to prove his theory than because the local building costs had rendered flat rents almost unbelievably dear. And we had found the experience not unpleasant, since money which otherwise would have gone to a landlord was expended in the hire of a reliable maid of all work. Indeed, we had been occupying Uncle Hilbert's residence for the better part of a year when occurred the mysterious events just narrated.

But though it was patent that something had happened to Uncle Hilbert—his banker and his attorneys also reported a lapse of three months without news—I must admit that I approached the unseen with reluctance. I wished to know the truth about Uncle Hilbert, but the nature of the communications from our Mr. Flesym was not such as to encourage a person of my precise temperament.

A book found at the public library informed me that the phenomenon of automatic writing was not at all uncommon and cited several apparently well-known examples. The book also stated, as I was learning from my own experience, that the individual invoking the unseen was quite unable to foretell or even direct the trend of the messages received. I had no wish to demand too much, nor to hold my correspondent too strictly to the point; but I am speaking with moderation when I say that Mr. Flesym tried our patience to the utmost.

Let me outline our second attempt, made the evening which followed the first.

"What has happened to Uncle Hilbert?" I asked in a clear voice, and relaxing as before, waited.

The hand contracted; a tremor shook my entire arm; and then came the response, if so it may be called:

"There is nothing doing in the Dempsey-Wills imbroglio no matter what variously inspired press agents may say to the contrary. Jack is taking it easy and has no intention of risking his crown until this winter has become next winter, and maybe not then. Lots of things can happen in the cold winter months, and the stove leagues that have decided that the Pirates are going to repeat had better think twice, because your Uncle John McGraw generally has an ace or two up his sleeve no matter where his boys finished the season previous. "FLESYM."

When Melba had finished reading this she stood for a moment, silently thoughtful.

"It's all rather confused," she said. "Do you suppose it has a symbolic significance?"

Possessing a riper knowledge of the world of sport, I discarded the theory of symbols, as it seemed evident to me that either Mr. Flesym was marking time or that, previous to settling down to business, he preferred to talk over what he had on his mind.

"Let us not be discouraged," I said, and began the following dialogue, whose lack of conclusiveness will at once be evident to the thoughtful reader:

Q. When was Uncle Hilbert seen last?

A. It will hold you to the last, intriguing you with its skillfully arranged mystery, whose solution is as inevitable as it is unexpected.

Q. What address should I use in reaching Uncle Hilbert? How long will it take a letter to arrive? When may we expect a reply?

A. (1) Yes. (2) John G. Whittier. (3) In twenty-six rounds at Havana, Cuba.

Q. I demand an answer.

A. You have no business doing what you have been doing and you know it. The world is full of men like you who are fooled by the first pretty face they see off their home doorstep. Probably you think everything would be all right if you would simply get a divorce and then marry the other woman; but it is a hundred to one that she is simply stringing you, or at best is a gold digger, with her eye not on your happiness but on your pocketbook. Go home to the little woman whose confidence you have abused and whose heart you have broken and get down on your knees and ask her to forgive you, though you don't deserve it. That is my answer.

Those who are or have been married will understand me when I state that at this point the sitting was discontinued for the evening. Melba became hysterical and I had much difficulty in persuading her that the response had no reference whatever to me and was probably meant to be communicated to a neighbor across the street, a notorious profligate.

The attempts immediately following were hardly more successful. From time to time messages similarly irrelevant would wind up with a mysterious:

"Poor Uncle Hilbert! My, my, my!" Or "None of us can live forever—not even relatives." Or "Dry those tears. Uncle Hilbert wouldn't be dampening any handkerchiefs if what happened to him had happened to you."

But if rarely the communications bore on the subject nearest our hearts, from time to time they had an intrinsic interest, as witness the following example. A direct question as to the present whereabouts of Uncle Hilbert's letter

(Continued on Page 103)

"What is the Matter, Jasper?" She Said at Once. "You are Pale as a Ghost. Do You Feel a Chill? Are You Wearing Your Sheep-Lined Slippers or Have You Forgotten Again?"

THE CORRECTION OF FOOLS

"You're a Pretty Old Man to be Around Town This Time of Night." Shibles Grinned. "I Ain't Slept at Night for Twelve Years," He Reminded the Other

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

JEFFERSON DAY came in to see Wormell at a little before noon on Saturday. It may have been no later than half-past eleven. Day merely wished to arrange to cover certain drafts in payment for leather for the shoe factory; and Wormell thought with a nervous irritation that Day might as easily have spoken to the cashier, done his business at the window there. But he could not well refuse to see Day, so when the other knocked on his office door the banker impatiently thrust into the drawer of his desk the papers upon which he was at the moment engaged and bade Day come in.

Wormell was a man of some importance in town. The Morrill County Trust Company was the most prosperous of the three banks, and Wormell had made the trust company. In fact, he was the trust company. In this office of his, where Day now found him, a yellow-oak room the windows of which were frosted halfway up to bar the glances of the idly curious, a good deal of business had been transacted in the past, and would be again. The office was located at the street end of the banking floor, immediately above the vaults, and from it Wormell had ready access either to the lobby of the bank, to the inclosures behind the wicket, or to the vaults below. He had designed this building and he was proud of it, held it to be the model of what a small-town bank should be. But he did not air this opinion; for Wormell took care to be a modest man.

Day, Wormell's visitor this morning, though a fussy little old fellow, was nevertheless in his way as important as the banker. He had made the shoe factory and had kept it prosperous and growing thriftily, through bad times and good, for more than forty years. He had an enormous liking for Wormell; and he addressed the other now with a paternal familiarity.

"'Morning, Bill," he said. His voice was somewhat rusty, cracking with age.

Wormell did not like to be called "Bill"; his own manner was never familiar. But on the other hand he never ventured to make any open protest at others' familiarities.

"Good morning, Mr. Day," he rejoined.

"Fine day!" exclaimed the little man.

Wormell confirmed this by a glance through the window. "Yes," he agreed. He was twisting a fountain pen between his fingers. The drawer into which he had thrust the papers immediately under his eye at the other's arrival was slightly open, and he closed it with a touch.

"Fine day for golf," the old man continued, rubbing his hands together. "Yes, sir, fine. For this time of year! You'd better come out with me this afternoon, Bill."

"Rather busy just now," Wormell replied gravely. "I shall be engaged this afternoon."

"Pshaw, busy! Everybody's busy," Day retorted. "I'm busy, myself. But I don't let business interfere with golf, not on a Saturday afternoon. What have you got to do Saturday afternoon, Bill?"

Wormell's hand, under the desk, tightened into a fist, but his voice was calm enough.

"It's the end of the month," he reminded the other. "A number of things." He added, smiling faintly, "I'm too busy even to talk golf, Mr. Day."

The older man cackled. "Right you are, Bill! I heard you the first time. All right, I won't bother you." He spoke of the matter which had brought him, and Wormell nodded.

"We will take care of the drafts," he agreed.

But Day still lingered, speaking inconsequentially, and Wormell replied to him in monosyllables. His eye was upon the desk clock before him. In a few minutes now Craven would be closing the vaults. Wormell began to perspire faintly. There was a button on his desk, and he might summon Craven and bid him delay a little while, but this old parrot of a man would become curious, and Wormell wished to avoid provoking curiosity. He shifted restlessly in his chair.

He had not invited Day to sit down, and the old man, moving to and fro about the room, came to the window and looked out; and he chuckled at something he saw there, and swung back to Wormell.

"Here comes Mat," he said. "Popping up the street."

Wormell heard the staccato and uneven exhaust of some small motor outside. He knew what it was. Mat Shibles, the night watchman of the bank, rode an antiquated little bicycle with a worn-out detachable motor affixed to the rear wheel. He always came in at this time on Saturday for his week's pay. Everyone in town knew Mat and this machine of his; since he acquired it his life had been full of woes, which he took cheerfully and which afforded the bystanders immense amusement now.

Wormell said gravely, "That means it's closing time, Mr. Day."

Day nodded, cackling with amusement. "I know you want me to get out of here. Well, I'm going." He started toward the door, turned back to ask, "How's our speculation making out, Bill?"

Wormell did not answer for a moment. He was playing with the fountain pen which he held in his hands. By holding it firmly, he counteracted a tendency on the part of his fingers to tremble; and he twisted it this way and that, unconscious of what he did.

"We are doing well," he said at length.

Day cried sharply, "Hey, you're spilling the ink!" Wormell started to his feet. He had absently unscrewed the cap of the pen, and half a dozen drops had fallen on the trousers of his gray suit. Also his fingers were stained. He laid the pen in its tray and pressed his fingers on the blotter, and pressed the blotter against his trouser leg, and Day cackled in amusement, "I say, don't you ever get mad, Bill? Any man's entitled to cuss a little once in a while."

"We could close out now for a small profit," Wormell told him, continuing as though nothing had intervened. "I think it wise to wait for a larger gain. As I recall, you left it in my hands."

"Absolutely," Day agreed. "Don't even want to know what you're doing. If I did I'd be interfering. I'll back you, Bill." He added in a helpful way, "I can tell you how to take that ink out. Spread salt on the stains and wet the salt with lemon juice. Yes, sir, you'll never know it was there." He chuckled. "My mother used to have another recipe for it, but lemon juice and salt will take ink out all right."

"Thank you," Wormell told him dryly.

Day opened the door. "Right," he agreed. "Well, good-by, Bill. More power to you." He winked broadly, disappeared, left Wormell standing stiffly at his desk with eyes fixed upon the yellow panels of the closed door.

The banker stood thus for perhaps a full minute after Day was gone before he moved; and when he did move it was to take a handkerchief from his pocket and mop his forehead. Then he sat down again, and he slapped his open hand upon the desk top twice or thrice in a nervously thoughtful fashion. A moment later he pressed the button on his desk and sent for Craven.

"I'll want to put some papers in the safe, Craven," he told the cashier. "Don't close it yet."

Once more alone, he took from the drawer those matters which had engaged him before Day's coming, and gave them an absorbed attention. But he had many little distractions. His smudged fingers stained the sheets; when he sought to use the pen it leaked and formed a blot; and Craven came back to ask instructions on some minor affair. Then Wormell heard a shout of mirth on the sidewalk just outside his window and a jeering cry, "Wrench her good, Mat!"

The banker tried to concentrate upon the papers before him, but the laughter outside increased. It was apparent that a little crowd was gathering there; and at length he rose and crossed to the window, so that he could look out through the clear pane above the frosted glass. Mat Shibles was there, trying to start that broken-down motor bicycle which he habitually rode. A dozen passers had stopped to laugh at him, and Mat was playing up for their benefit. He was, Wormell thought furiously, fond of doing this; fond of making a show of himself. The man's deformity—he had a twisted foot which made walking a slow and painful matter—had not soured him; he was the most amiable person imaginable. Yet he had a certain alertness, and a ready wit and courage; and he had once or twice in the dozen years of his service demonstrated that he was by no means a useless figurehead as night watchman for the bank. Wormell was ordinarily fully conscious of the little man's work, but this confusion outside his window irritated him unspeakably today.

He watched Shibles balance the bicycle on the rest which held it erect and climb into the saddle and pedal desperately, to the amused cheers of the bystanders. The rear wheel spun madly; and Wormell, through a haze of anger,

got a confused impression of a flywheel no bigger than a saucer, a jumble of levers and wires, a pipe which occasionally spat blue smoke with a sound like rubbing sandpaper together. He tried to swing back to his desk, but a new burst of laughter drew him to the window again. Shibles had alighted and was gravely stirring the gasoline in the tank with a lead pencil. Then he mounted and pedaled, and dismounted and gripped the machine by handlebars and seat and shook it vigorously to and fro, bending an ear to listen now and then. In the process he overbalanced and fell across the bicycle, and made a long business of disentangling himself from the wheels. And the spectators shouted with amusement.

But Wormell was not amused. He went back toward his desk and sat down, and got up again at a new burst of popping outside, and saw the bicycle on its side, the engine going, Shibles trying gravely to get the machine erect. Wormell made a furious gesture with his clenched fist, and his face became congested.

So at length, in the flood tide of nervous wrath, he returned to his desk and pressed the button there, and when his stenographer answered he sent her to tell Shibles to come in.

He had put out of her sight the papers on his desk; he left them in the drawer till the watchman should have come and gone. If Mat had been slow in answering the summons Wormell's anger might have had time to cool; but the little man came hobbling as quickly as was possible for him, and he appeared in the doorway, his hat in his hand, his eyes smiling.

"You wanted to see me, did you?" he asked in the friendliest tone. Mat had been a trusted man for a good many years; he took pride in this trust, felt himself as much a part of the bank as Wormell was, met the president as it were on equal ground.

"Come in," Wormell told him harshly. "Shut the door!"

Shibles obeyed, but his smile faded. He faced the other, waiting for what was to come. The big man looked at the little watchman for a moment, then he made a quick, ruthless gesture.

"Shibles," he said, "you are discharged. Get a month's pay from Mr. Craven!"

Mat stared at him. "Fired?" he asked uncertainly.

"Exactly," Wormell retorted, assuming more firmness than he felt. He was already regretting his anger, regretting this episode. It would attract comment, create curiosity; and comment and curiosity were dangerous things. But he had by this time gone too far to retreat. "Exactly," he repeated.

"Why, Mr. Wormell," Mat protested, "I been working here a good many years. I ——"

"You're a comedian, Shibles," Wormell told him. "You need a larger stage. Your performances under my window distract me, and I am a busy man."

Mat eyed him doubtfully. "Why, say," he protested—"why, say, you ain't firing me just because that bike of mine acts up sometimes, are you?"

Wormell hesitated, hardened himself again. "That's all, Shibles," he replied, and took a sheaf of letters from his tray and gave them his attention.

The watchman did not at once depart: he stood there by the door for so long that Wormell looked at him, met the other's speculative eye.

"That's all, I said," he repeated, in a slightly louder tone.

"You must be a mighty nervous man," Mat commented. "I wouldn't wonder if something'd been worrying you." He was talking half to himself, not critically but sympathetically, as though willing to find excuses for the other's unreasonable wrath. But the effect of his remark was startling, for Wormell came out of his chair with a movement like a leap; he was half across the room toward the little man in his first bound, and he caught himself there with an effort, his face contorted and furious.

"That's all," he said again, his voice pent and low, his aspect terrifying. Shibles was brave, yet Wormell's movement and the ferocity in his countenance thrust the little man from the office like a blow, and the door clicked behind him.

Wormell, left alone, turned quickly back to his desk, moving jerkily. He dropped into his chair, and with the heel of his fist he pounded upon the chair arm, and then he wiped his brow again. He seemed in fact to be, as the watchman had suggested, an extremely nervous man. The fact that the little lame man had perceived his nervousness made Wormell more uneasy than ever now.

Mr. and Mrs. Wormell dined on Monday night with the Rands, Mrs. Wormell's father and mother. When Wormell married Anita Rand he assured himself it was a good stroke of business. This had proved to be true, but a marriage which is only a business success is something of a failure after all; and Wormell had had time to perceive this fact. He had understood quite well, for a number of years past, that Mrs. Wormell felt this as keenly as he, but there was a compact of silence between them, unspoken but binding. When they went to her father's home they presented a surface, tranquil and happy, for the inspection of the older people.

These dinners were routine. Tonight there was, as usual, more or less talk of business. Rand owned the largest industry in town, the glass works; and his wealth had its ramifications. He was, for instance, a director and the largest stockholder in the bank. He spoke of the affairs of the bank now, commented upon the discharge of Shibles.

"Too bad," he said thoughtfully. "He's been a loyal man. What was the trouble with him, William?"

Wormell said steadily, "Age, sir. He is not robust."

Rand smiled. "They say you fired him because that bicycle of his annoyed you."

"I gave him that explanation," Wormell agreed. "I did not wish to wound the old man by telling him the truth."

Rand nodded, and they spoke of other things. By and by the older man said casually, "By the way, William, Jeff Day tells me you're making some money for him."

Now Wormell had instructed Day to silence; he had a moment's fear that others might have violated their promise in this respect, as well as Day. And he took time to steady his tone before replying.

"Yes," he said at length. "Yes, that is true."

"What's the story?" Rand inquired.

As Wormell was about to answer he was checked by a sound, dimly heard. They were sitting in the living room on the lower floor of Rand's house, and Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Wormell were upstairs together. One of the windows was a little open, and through this opened window Wormell caught the staccato explosions of a weak and futile little motor approaching along the street in front of the house. That bicycle of Mat's, beyond a doubt. He listened in a curious rigidity as the sound drew near; sighed with faint relief when it had passed, and then realized that the explosions had ceased, that the bicycle had stopped before the house.

Rand seemed not to have heard. "What's the proposition?"

Wormell, listening, tried at the same time to reply. "I haven't even told Mr. Day that," he said with a faint smile. "He came to me ——"

They were interrupted by a ring at the door; and—the Rand ménage was an informal one—Rand himself rose to answer it. Wormell, listening, heard Mat's voice; and Rand came back into the room.

"It's Shibles," he said. "He wants me to give him a job. Want to talk to him, William?"

Wormell shook his head. "No, no," he said, too emphatically. "I've nothing to say to the man."

Rand hesitated, then went back to the door. When he returned to the room he made only one comment.

"Feel sorry for him," he remarked. "I'll have to find something for him to do." Wormell made no comment, and Rand thought the other seemed to be listening. "What are you and Day up to?" he repeated.

Wormell hesitated, thinking desperately. He had before this weighed the possibility of drawing upon Rand's wealth. Had even, in the beginning, contemplated coming to his father-in-law to make a clean breast of his difficulties. Too late for that now; he was committed so deeply that

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A New Burst of Laughter Drew Him to the Window Again. Shibles Had Alighted and Was Gravely Stirring the Gasoline in the Tank With a Lead Pencil

UNCONSCIOUS AMERICANS

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"Evolution is a great physician whose dealings with his patients are often obscure."

OUT of the port of New York, gateway of the New World civilization, streams a continuous procession of prosperous pilgrims, aliens, immigrants, who have made good financially in America and are returning joyfully once more to the native land where first they saw the light. By hundreds and by thousands they leave this country each year; some years more than others; but always a thin, steady tricklet of homesick Europeans, usually of peasant origin, who, though they have benefited pecuniarily from their sojourn, have found themselves unable or unwilling to adopt this strange new country and are trekking back to the dear familiar scenes of their youth.

Nearly every great liner which leaves the Statue of Liberty astern carries a few of these prosperous pilgrims who have shaken from their feet the dust of America—forever, as they think—and are turning yearningly back on the long home trail to some tiny Old World hamlet nestling close in the folds of the hills or set on the warm sun-kissed bosom of some great open plain; surrounded by kindly neighbors and kinsfolk who speak the same language, think the same thoughts and live the same lives without deviation by the breadth of a hair; enveloped by tradition which does their thinking and lapped all their days in the warm content of simple communal joys which they have remembered with a kind of passionate yearning through all the long years of exile.

They are not beggars, or sick, or rascally or racially unfit, these pilgrims; on the contrary, they are victors in a small way in life; they have succeeded in America; they have comfortable bank accounts; they wear good clothes, good shoes and overcoats, gold watches, gold rings, gold teeth; they speak English with slangy fluency and their movements are alert, supple, confident and free; they have no fear complexes; the very features of their faces have altered and are more expressive, mobile, intelligent and alive than when, years ago, as timorous, incoherent peasants in clumping bootsand clumsy garb, they landed at Ellis Island.

But of this outward Americanized metamorphosis these prosperous pilgrims are only dimly aware, and how deep the metamorphosis may reach in habits and soul ways they have not the remotest idea. To their own view they are still intensely loyal Italians, Poles, Frenchmen, Rumanians or Greeks, returning, after years of weary exile, with their hard-won gold to their native land.

Often a Poor Girl Fell in Love With a Garçon of Her Own Age. Some Neighbor's Lad

Jeanne's Little Dream House

AMERICA has quickened them, mobilized their powers, whipped up their drowsy blood, taught their sluggish limbs to move more swiftly, their slow brains to function more keenly; they have taken on new habits, new ways, become prosperous, comfortable, used to good clothes and good food, to spreading out a bit on pleasures and trinkets, but still cannily caching away the bulk of their earnings in safe American banks.

But despite all this quickening change within them—or perhaps because of it, since all discipline, growth, pays a heavy price in pain, and nobody loves to be hurt—they have grown more consciously antagonistic to America, more determined to return home and establish themselves among their Old World relations with their New World wealth. Change has been all about them, harrying them, and they hunger and thirst for the unchanging scene of their youth; they behold it across the vista of exiled years with a glamour that never was on sea or land. For Time, that arch romancer, has deftly blotted out the hardships, the bleak, hard, ugly realities of the past, leaving only a rosy, sentimental glow in which joyous impressions of childhood are magnified to heroic size. They are victims of homesickness, and the only sure cure for homesickness is to go home.

And so they go—Poles, Slovaks, Russians, Rumanians, Italians and French, from New York, San Francisco, Detroit, New Orleans and way stations in between, driven by the same strong urge. They have changed almost out of recognition from their former selves—but they do not know it; the fact is, evolution has them in its grip—but they will not have it so. And so the continuous procession sweeps on. The story which follows of one faithful, industrious couple is typical in essentials, though different in details, of thousands of these unconsciously Americanized pilgrims who each year leave our shores in search of their dream ideal.

This particular dream concerned itself with a house—a charming, quaint little French farmhouse with red-tiled roof, embowered in roses, with gay parterres of flowers before the low threshold, an acre or so of rich French soil—just enough for the fowls, the rabbits, the vegetables and fruit—the whole affair nestling cozily in the serene French landscape and bathed in the glowing, scented sunshine of the south.

"*Une jolie petite maison avec des fleurs tout autour*"—that was how Jeanne visualized her dream. That was how she always described it to *la patronne*. And as the years in alien America sped by and the precious bank account grew and the dream crept up closer and closer to realization, Jeanne in her mind's eye beheld that *jolie petite maison* as clearly and solidly as she beheld the casseroles in *la patronne's* cuisine or the toilet articles on *la table de toilette de la patronne*. She marched in and out of that little dream house; she clumped upstairs into the loft and downstairs into the *petit salon* with those heavy, solid peasant feet of hers, washed her vessels in the kitchen, stepped out into the back yard to feed the greedy *poules*, or the ducks or pigeons or rabbits, watered her flowers or tended her little herb plat of thyme and paraley and sage and mignonette and leeks and shallots. Over and over she described each minute detail of that little dream house of the future until *la patronne* knew it as well as Jeanne did.

Modernity

THERE were, of course, to be the animals, one big *cochon* to be called Kaiser Guillaume—or did *la patronne* prefer Charlie Chaplin, eh?—and rabbits, ducks, geese, pigeons and *poules*, a dog, a cat and a canary. In the rear would be a big vegetable garden. At the side of the house, *probablement*, the orchard, a few apple trees, peach trees, pear trees, and one must not forget *les cerisiers* or the strawberries, which in the season scent the whole countryside, and a grape arbor for the glass of after-dinner coffee with a dash of cognac.

Inside *la petite maison* of her dream Jeanne installed all the American conveniences which she adored—electricity, perhaps even an electric percolator like *la patronne's;* modern plumbing, a kitchen sink with running water and a bathtub. Mademoiselle doubtless knew that in France, in the villages, they had none of these little contrivances; the women still carried water from the village fountain in jars on their heads and washed their clothes on stones at the river in icy water with raw, bleeding hands. But Jeanne, in her *jolie petite* dream house, firmly intended to be the exponent of American standards, American comforts and ways. Perhaps she would even have linoleum on the kitchen floor; it was so easy to scrub.

Leaning pensively on her broom, she visualized with keen relish for *la patronne* the sensation, the scandal that would burst when her farmer kinsfolk came to see her American contrivances. How they would detest that bathtub! They would think she was stuck up, extravagant, above her class and without doubt slightly cracked. Prosperity had addled her brains. She pictured them coming to visit, shrewd, hard-eyed, horny-handed peasant farmers in decent black, fingering the curtains, sitting in the chairs, raising the blankets to feel the mattress, lifting their eyebrows over the newfangled American sink, nodding portentously over the bizarre bathtub—were these Americans so dirty, then, that it required an ocean to cleanse them?—buzzing, criticizing, laying their heads together to ferret out how much she and François were worth.

How much did the house cost? How much their transportation from New York? How much this *rigolo* machine for bathing the body? And did one climb into it in a chemise? Doubtless then François was a millionaire? And behind their backs, what a buzzing, like a swarm of excited bees!

Why waste good money in these wild, bizarre contrivances? Why not keep it in government bonds so that when they died the inheritance could be divided up respectably among the relatives? If they kept on at this rate, at their death the fortune, doubtless a handsome one, would be frittered away and the inheritors would not get a sou.

The Land of the Free and Generous

AH, THAT was the heart of the matter! *Si, si, mademoiselle,* 'twas exactly thus the kinsfolk would talk! For it was well known that there was a streak of avarice running through French families; it cropped out like bad blood in each generation. *Ah, si, si, mademoiselle!* She, Jeanne, knew; in truth, nobody knew better, for her oldest sister was a miser. In François' family, it was his uncle; each family had one. *Grâce à Dieu,* she and François had escaped the taint, but it was a taint to be reckoned with. For these avaricious ones would sit around like brooding and somber vultures, grudging each sou that was spent, waiting for them to be dead, waiting to pick the bones.

"Are you not a little severe on your relatives?" demanded *la patronne* one day when this particular aspect of the dream house came upon the tapis.

"*Mais non! Mais non!*" cried Jeanne passionately. "*C'est la vérité.* I myself have suffered from that avarice as a child. My papa and *maman* were gentle and good; they escaped the taint; but my oldest sister, no; avarice was in her blood; she had a heart of stone. My father was sick; we were poor; but my sister had married a farmer. She was rich—but grasping. She thought of nothing but work, work, work. She used to borrow me when I was a child—I was the youngest and she was the oldest—and she worked me like a slave. In the fields; tending the geese; turning the big *fromages;* feeding the stock; washing at the river; always on the go. It enraged her to see me sitting in a chair. I grew thin as a baton. *Maman* protested, but what would you? My sister was *très avare.*

"Finally I came to America. My sister told me I was an imbecile; she wanted me to stay with her; but I was driven to go. I knew life would be hard in America; life is hard everywhere when you are poor; but I would rather be a slave among strangers than for my own kin. For at least in America I would not be a slave for nothing. I would receive wages; I would be independent, free; I could buy a new gown, a fresh ribbon; I could laugh and go to a dance; I could sit down in a chair without black looks when I was fatigued; in any case, I belonged to myself. Slavery to your relatives, mademoiselle, is like bitter black war bread; it chokes in the *gorge* as it goes down. In effect, I came to America to be free, and when I return with François I shall still be free. I assure you I shall still be free. And that is why I will not live near my relatives. I have affection for my family—*beaucoup, même*—but I know them too well. Visit them? *Bien sûr!* But live with them in my lap after all these years? *Jamais!* And I shall have a bathtub and a sink with running water and every American contrivance for comfort that I please. François is agreed."

And having firmly shut out her relatives from participation in her dream, Jeanne resumed her sweeping, singing a song of François':

"On gagne sa vie en travaillant,
En travaillant tout doucement."

Which is to say, one earns one's living by working, by working very slowly; or, to put it differently, on a long march, one does not go on the double quick. So Jeanne and François marched slowly but surely toward their goal. There was not a lazy bone in their stout peasant bodies; they were the kind to prosper, to save, to succeed. And succeed they did in America, banking their earnings bit by bit. And Jeanne had a good French proverb for that also. *Petit à petit l'oiseau fait son nid.*

She had met François twenty years ago, when she was a thin little slip of a servant maid in a rich family on Long Island, where François was gardener. François was handsome, gay, rollicking and a tremendous kidder. He kidded Jeanne incessantly; he kidded her because she was thin as a string bean and flat as a fried egg so that a man might as well hold a darning needle in his arms; he kidded her because of her soft southern drawl, like that of a macaroni. But most of all he kidded her about her native *pays,* which he contended was so near the border it was scarcely French at all, and bragged about his own *pays,* Burgundy, in the very heart of France, celebrated for its fine wines and fine men. After twenty years of happy wedded life, they were still contending over the merits of their respective *pays.* But they loved; they prospered; they were free.

And that was another good thing about America, Jeanne confided to *la patronne*—one could marry without a dot. In France that was not the case, for even among the poor farmers, the *paysans,* marriage was arranged by the parents on strictly a money basis—no dot, no marriage. Often a poor girl fell in love with a *garçon* of her own age, some neighbor's lad, whom she desired to wed; but was forced by her parents to marry some rich old farmer, a widower generally, who offered more cash on account of her youth. Sold like a pig at market. Shameful, but there it was. Ah, how those poor girls wept! And some of them, naturally, followed their hearts and got into trouble.

The Girl Who Had No Dot

SHE remembered one girl—Gabrielle. Gabrielle was pretty, gay and sweet-tempered, with gold hair that swept past her knees and a smile for all children. Her parents had betrothed her to an old farmer, a miser who had already buried two wives. Gabrielle loved a young villager; but as he had no money, her parents drove him off and fixed up a deal with the farmer; the marriage was to be celebrated in the spring. Jeanne, at that time a child, said she would never forget the look on Gabrielle's face after the betrothal was announced.

It was the custom for the women to go to the village fountain for water. A few of the old, old houses, it was true, had open springs in the corner of the kitchen; but mostly the women had to go to the fountain for water, a big iron water jug under each crooked elbow, another of wood on the head, and knitting—always knitting. If a girl went to the fountain without her knitting the older women pointed their fingers at her and called out, "*Paresseuse!*" Lazybones! And now when Gabrielle went to the fountain she knitted and knitted without once looking up, and her face was pale as the sheets laid out to bleach on

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"She Used to Borrow Me When I Was a Child - I Was the Youngest and She Was the Oldest—and She Worked Me Like a Slave"

THEY ALSO EAT FISH

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

SCENE 102—EXTERIOR STREET:
Long shot. Crowd of small boys laughing and pointing off.
SCENE 103—EXTERIOR WALL:
Close-up. Bear teetering on top of wall, loses balance. Bear about to fall.
SCENE 104—EXTERIOR HOUSE:
Medium shot. Fat policeman stands below bear, wiping off his hat. Cop unconscious of bear.
SCENE 105—EXTERIOR WALL:
Close-up. Bear teeters farther. Looks down at cop.
SCENE 106—EXTERIOR HOUSE:
Close-up. Policeman puts on his hat and swings club nonchalantly. Looks everywhere except up.
SCENE 107—EXTERIOR WALL:
Medium shot. Bear falls off wall, landing upon policeman and squashing him to the ground. Policeman stunned. Hat rolls off. Bear mauls cop.
SCENE 108—EXTERIOR STREET:
Close-up. Boys laughing harder than ever. One boy ——

Others Spoke of Hallie's Rapid Advance and of How Much Better She Seemed to be Doing Her Work

MR. GILFILLAN, the comedy director and star, ceased reading from the script and scowled across the table at Mr. Biles McCracken, the brand-new scenario writer.

"Say," said Gil hoarsely, "did you ever see a bear? Have you got a good, clear idea in your head of what a bear is?"

"Certainly," answered Biles.

"Did you ever have a bear fall on you off a wall?" Gil demanded with increasing irritation. "What do you think it feels like to have an adult bear fall on you from a high wall? You sure you haven't got a bear confused in your mind with a chipmunk?"

At this, Mr. McCracken looked wounded. He was an astonished-looking man, about thirty, with a complexion like new dairy butter.

"Shorty's double will do that stunt," he remarked defensively. "Shorty don't have to do it."

"Sure," said Gil. "And I suppose it's all right with you if we kill a few stunt men, seeing it will only cost Grogan and O'Day sixty or seventy thousand dollars. You kinda run wild on this, didn't you?"

"No," said Biles. "They told me they wanted stunts, and that's a stunt."

"We don't want any funerals. The whole script is full of hospital bills. The bear we're going to use in this picture weighs four hundred pounds. So keep that in mind, will you, Mr. McCracken? If he has to fall on anybody, have him fall off something low, like a keg of beer, and not a high wall."

"Very well," Biles rejoined gloomily. "I'm trying to give you what you said you wanted. An animal picture without stunts isn't worth a whoop in Hades."

"Be reasonable," Gil urged. "Take this script away and soften it up. Make it brisk, but keep it somewhere this side of manslaughter."

Mr. McCracken murkily gathered up the yellow sheets and retired to his cubicle, there to patch up the procedure, and Gilfillan sent for a man from Pasadena, who was waiting in the corridor to see him about the rental on an elephant.

The cause of the particular activity of the moment in the studio of Messrs. O'Day and Grogan was that those executive gentlemen had determined to manufacture an animal picture with Gil and Shorty—a two-reeler featuring the star, Walter Wesley Gilfillan, supported by Shorty Hamp and made notable by the thrilling presence of wild animals of all kinds. No animal *opera* had been produced by the comedians for two years and the studio was in a state of pleasant ferment, with furry creatures running hither and yon, and startling odors permeating what would otherwise have been a quiet world.

O'Day in his enthusiasm had unearthed a new scenario writer, the Mr. McCracken mentioned, who was reputed to be unsurpassed as a gag man and peerless in the matter of stunts; and the enterprise was fretfully getting under way, besieged by the usual difficulties and regarded testily by Gilfillan, who was afraid of any animal that couldn't be eaten on toast.

There were other and sinister ingredients, too, that could not be observed upon the surface, and at the bottom of a strange conspiracy was the plump figure of Shorty Hamp. Usually a bland and careless soul, Shorty had been hit by circumstances and had concocted a scheme—a vengeful plan that had afforded him secret gloatings.

The truth is that Shorty Hamp was suffering again, jealous this time of Curley Stocker, the company stunt man. The lady in the case was none other than Miss Hallie Daboe, a charming young creature who had played opposite Gil in two pictures and had won Shorty's sentimental regard and caused him to spend money furiously for flowers, candy in silver boxes, motor-car hire, restaurant food, articles in drug-store windows and like extravagances.

Hallie had lovely brown eyes and a childish smile. She wore colorful clothes and was famous locally for inventing new and bizarre methods of arranging her hair. A certain friendly anxiety in her tone, when addressing a male, caused the man to be certain that she had been worrying over him extensively since their last meeting, and though she meant nothing sinister, this trait deceived person after person and made heartburnings in Hollywood. Gilfillan regarded Hallie as a mudding newcomer, who might be worth two hundred dollars a week as soon as she learned to stop looking at the camera.

During her first two engagements she tolerated Shorty Hamp, but now that she was getting along she perceived his relative unimportance and her thoughts fled lightly to others. When someone told her that Shorty earned only a miserable hundred dollars a week and was in reality only a promoted extra man in pictures, Hallie quietly shifted from friendly tolerance to the disinterested politeness that has chilled so many a romance and sent strong men out to find a half-inch rope.

Following the traditional inconsistency of her sex, Hallie turned, not to some prominent figure, but to Curley Stocker, who was the company stunt man and a mere nobody. Curley came from Arizona, and had pleasant blue eyes, wavy hair the color of corn, a rosy complexion and plenty of real nerve.

When the animal production was definitely announced and after the earnest Mr. McCracken had outlined his plan of action, Shorty saw that he was to be a policeman in the new job, and likewise perceived that the officer would have his hands full. The animals in prospect consisted of an elephant, six lions, a leopard and a bear, and the police character had tumultuous dealings with them all. Shorty displayed immediate interest in the story and its preparation, a matter with which he rarely concerned himself. Mr. McCracken was gratified and received Shorty in his writing office, pleased to see that actors really do take an interest in their work.

"Go right ahead," Shorty said disarmingly. "Put in all the rough stuff you can think of, because that's what makes a classy comedy."

"It does," Biles agreed.

"I play the cop, and they got one place where I battle the six lions. Make that a regular lion fight and no fake."

"Right," said Biles. "I intend to."

"In other words," said Shorty earnestly, "don't spare me. Make all the cop stunts real."

"I'll do so," replied McCracken, and he did so; one of his good ones being the scene wherein the bear falls off the wall and flattens the officer of the law.

It was Shorty's innocent theory that when a man is crossed in love he should do something about it, if the man who crossed him is at hand and can be reached. Curley Stocker was the object of Shorty's sulky reflections. Curley Stocker had come, as anyone could see, between Shorty and the temporary light of his life—Curley, with his laughing blue eyes and wavy hair; and though Curley was not a large man, being of Shorty's height, still Mr. Hamp realized that he would not be justified in walking up and smacking Curley. He knew instinctively that Curley would prove the better smacker.

"I'll get him," Shorty said to himself. "I'll show him if he's a lady killer just because he's got yellow hair and can ride a horse."

Subsequently, the disgruntled comedian spent his time devising outlandish episodes and suggesting them to Biles McCracken, who actually wrote some of them into the script. The purpose of all this enterprise was that though Shorty Hamp played the set-upon and abused police officer, it was not Shorty who would have bears fall upon him or fight off charging lions. It was Curley Stocker. Clad in a cop's uniform, and looking more or less like Shorty at a distance, Curley would double for the deeds of derring do, and take the burden from Shorty's timorous shoulders in all scenes where human life and limb might be threatened.

It was Shorty's villainous intent to remove Curley from the arena if it could be brought about by superior scheming.

"He's got it coming to him," Shorty reflected. "No he man can come busting in here from Arizona and interfere with my business."

In the course of time the script was finished, and Gilfillan oiled up his cameras and prepared to do a drama of thrills and action, interlarded with bits of pure comedy and horseplay wherever opportunity offered. There was a story in the script—the usual Gilfillan story that could be readily understood and digested by the most dyspeptic mentality. It was the tale of a circus coming to town, a crook engaged in pilfering the church funds, and a sexton who had fallen in love with the minister's daughter. Gil

was to be the sexton. Hallie was the daughter. Shorty was the town policeman.

Naturally the circus met with accident and some of the animals escaped, terrorized the residents, broke into the church, chased the sexton through his own graveyard and threw the town into panic, but eventually proved a blessing in disguise by uncovering the crook as he was about to pass on with the church money, which was kept in a large tin box under the pulpit.

Not the slightest trouble was encountered in putting the story together. No difficulty ever was experienced in knitting together the story for a Gil-and-Shorty comedy. It went together naturally, smoothly and of its own accord. If it did not, nobody cared or worried, especially if the scenes shot contained a fair modicum of mirth, a few bits with a garden hose, a character tossing pastry and some action with a partly dismantled automobile.

"Another lemon part for me," Shorty said at first, when the piece was contemplated.

"You'll have plenty to do," Gil responded. "If you had any brains, you could run away with this picture."

"Not while you are with us," said Shorty, who has held his job for years merely because Gil likes him and not because of his ability as a comedian.

The star began with his usual speed and enthusiasm, and the animal picture hummed along merrily for several days with no call upon the services of Curley Stocker. There arrived then the incident of the elephant seizing the cop in his trunk and holding him in a dangling position over the edge of a precipice. This brought Curley his first chance to earn his wage, and Shorty brightened perceptibly, for with reasonable luck, the elephant might drop Curley, and as it was a genuine precipice, with no nets, one could not foretell the future of the stunt man.

The elephant episode passed unmarked by incident. Curley, a duplicate of Shorty at a distance, did his job with workmanlike confidence, and the pachyderm, which had been rented from one of the leading elephant companies of Hollywood, lived up to his fair repute and obeyed orders. Hallie Daboe during the action hovered anxiously behind the cameras, and Shorty walked about nervously, a prey to his own spiteful reflections.

In the big scene, where the train wrecks the speeding automobile, Curley again covered himself with glory, provided Gilfillan with a useful smash-up and was complimented by everyone for his daring. Hallie's admiration increased and she informed several that of all the qualities a man can have she most adored physical courage and was willing to say so before the world.

"Yes," Gil admitted. "Curley's sure got it. There's nothing he's afraid of, and though we've had good stunt men before, we never had a Curley Stocker."

"He is the real type of dare-devil," said Hallie, her eyes sparkling. "He is so reckless it frightens me."

Later on she told Curley the same thing, which pleased him and annoyed Shorty, who was listening behind a newspaper. Mr. Stocker took Hallie to lunch, and they walked away together, chatting in the manner of two people between whom exists complete understanding

This Brought Curley His First Chance to Earn His Wage

Mr. Hamp petulantly contemplated his handiwork up to the moment and was forced to admit that as a plotter he was a shining failure. Curley Stocker, higher than ever in the graces of the lovely Hallie, pranced through each day's dangers with flying colors and suffered no reverse. More than before, Shorty loathed the sight of Mr. Stocker's tangled yellow mane with its wavy ringlets. It harrowed his soul to see Hallie take Curley's arm and walk with him, pride in her air and glowing affection in her bright eyes—affection strongly tinged with admiration for one of Nature's valiant men.

Shorty smoked cigarettes in his dingy dressing room on the alley, and stared at the framed portrait of Napoleon, who as usual was observing the retreat of his troops from Moscow. Shorty admired Napoleon. At times he seemed to perceive certain similarities.

"I don't want that egg anywhere around me," he said bitterly, referring to Curley. "Him and his hair."

He presently reached a major decision, emerged from his office and sought Gilfillan, who was preparing for the day's stint.

"Gil," he said, "I been thinking it over, and I don't need any double."

"Come again," said Gil, his astonishment showing.

"We don't need Curley any more on this job," Shorty continued innocently. "I can do whatever stunts we have lined up for the cop, and it's really better I should, because then there's no trouble matching the shots."

Gil replaced a handful of still pictures upon his desk.

"You're cuckoo," he observed.

"Not a bit."

"You want to get hurt?"

"I won't get hurt. Am I such a soft lump that I can't get out and do an ordinary picture stunt? Haven't I done a lot of them in my time?"

"What's the matter with the way Curley's doing it?" demanded the chief comedian.

"Nothing, only he's unnecessary. He has to be paid so much per stunt, and the thing to do is to save that money for O'Day and Grogan."

"Since when did you start worrying about them?" Gil asked. "If you want to do the rest of these stunts, it's all right with me, only it's hard to understand."

"There's a lot more to me than you think," said Shorty, departing in better spirits.

Mr. Stocker thereupon was notified that his services would not be needed further. If he was surprised by the

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"Whose Feet is What Lion Gonna Lick the 'Lasses Offen When?"

THE SPITE HOUSE

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

IT WAS perhaps because the picture hung opposite the stairs, and the low step was such a well-adapted seat for a very small boy, that Malcolm Perrinder came to feel it the most intimate of the inexplicable belongings of grown-up people

It was an engraving of a gentleman, in unbelievably small boots, rejecting the tearful entreaties of a buxom young female who wore pearls like a string of onions in a situation of storm-swept publicity. The yellowed lettering beneath stated that this erratic lady was Fair, But Frail—short, easy words for one to whom print was beginning to yield its secrets, and alluring to the eye with twin *F*'s and *ai*'s, but as an explanation very baffling to the immature social intelligence

Small Malcolm would sit pondering this drama, soft chin on chubby palm, shifting aside occasionally when his aunt passed up and down the narrow stairs. Like all grown people once they have hung a picture, she barely saw it and never connected his presence with the divagations of a maudlin engraver. Nor would it ever have occurred to her that there was a dangerous stage in development when a child ceased to take its world for granted and began to investigate and weigh adult affairs. She would merely wonder out loud why he did not go out and play.

Malcolm could not have told her. He had not yet come to the place where he could give reasons for things. The facts that he had no one to play with and no toys to make the barren solitude outside interesting to himself alone were not yet in his consciousness the explanation of his preference for a quiet observation of the Perrinder possessions. There were only two things in the house he would have loved to play with, but these were not possibly for him.

Malcolm Drew a Hard Breath. "You Got to Make Me Unnerstand," He Said

Both lay upon the narrow lid of a forbidding secretary in his grandfather's room—one a sort of glass muffin in which a snowstorm could be produced by turning the blob over, and the other a small bronze hand with a practical thumb to hold papers. This treasure had a real little gold ring on one finger, and there was nothing else in the wide world quite so desirable.

He did not see these things often. Grandfather's room was not in any way the sort of place one went into offhand.

Grandfather was a tall, very grim, terrestrial visitant indeed, and he could only whisper. For some reason, this harsh sibilance was quite terrifying to the child, far more so than the nagging audibility of his Aunt Carrie; but even that almost fascinating fear he would endure occasionally in a mixture of terror and appetite for information, because grandfather would answer questions. And when one is very small and the whole world is yet to be explained, there come times when questions will out, like murder.

One of the things that had newly struck Malcolm Perrinder was the extraordinary difference between his house and those he had seen in his short trips abroad. There was very little ground in front and none at the sides, though the strip of land ran back an immense distance to the woods; yet a high wooden fence closed in this scanty holding, as if it could possibly tempt a stranger to intrusion. On either side were two large houses with squat mansards, set more or less foursquare in spreading grounds; but his house was only one window wide and reared itself five stories above the street.

He had never thought it odd that the rooms in his home were long and narrow as a water pipe until he had speculated on the movements of people in these other houses, who could apparently go sidewise. He had seen a face pass from one window to another, a hand adjusting the shades, and it had suddenly been suggested to him that some residences had three dimensions.

Manifestly, he must lay this remarkable comparison before his grandfather, and intrepidly he did so. He knocked softly, but did not go into the room much farther than the threshold when he had opened the door. The knob was just at the level of his nose. He did not go in, because he felt it better to suggest that he had only come to disturb his grandfather for a moment. He stood looking at the tall figure which sat in a gaunt armchair watching him.

"The house is all up and down and goes out in back, but not along the front," he said bravely, trembling.

"Yes," whispered grandfather grimly.

"It's got no fatness. It's—it's like a slice of bread, stood up."

"It's a spite house," said grandfather, with a sudden grimace before which Malcolm turned and fled. The words conveyed nothing to his mind. It might, so far as he knew, be merely the accepted designation of a certain established style of architecture. But he had no more than reached the safe haven of the bottom stair when he regretted his lack of valor.

There had been other questions. But memory of that ghastly constriction in his grandfather's jaws deterred him from returning at once. He dreaded to see again that grinding of the mouth and wondered when he would be courageous enough to bear it. Perhaps when he wore pants, he thought.

On another day then he toiled up the stairs to that long thin room, and stole in his quaint silent way down the mere aisle that it was to the tall escritoire that seemed to have shrugged up its shoulders to get its substance wedged between the walls. He came to a stand there and looked at the little bronze hand and the glass paper weight. He thought he should not touch them, but he did, longingly and irresistibly.

Grandfather waited. Presently Malcolm's round eyes traveled slowly upward: "What is 'frail'?"

After a moment's wondering silence the whispering voice replied "Thin."

Thin? He strove to fit this into his vivid memory of the abundant curves that supported the globular pearls

Grandfather's eyes watched him. "Or perhaps sickly," came a second whisper.

Sickly? A sudden pity smote him. The woman in the picture was sick. He touched the little bronze hand blindly and went out again

Explorations in the early spring took him diffidently out through the door in the high fence to discover the source of a very interesting noise on the outside. He went the few steps to the corner of this barrier and saw a shirt-sleeved negro pushing a lawn mower to and fro across the newly green expanse of the broad shabby lawn. He liked both the color and the noise. When the man shoved the brightly painted thing at arm's length and paused, the blades spun musically. The darky paid no attention to him. But then Malcolm did not expect that he would.

Grass! He wished they had some. These houses on either side of his home were significantly run down, but not so in the eyes of Malcolm Perrinder. He thought them magnificent

He turned and went beyond the other end of their twelve feet of sidewalk to look at the other house through the gate in the hedge. Nobody was cutting grass there, but a young lady he had never seen before was sitting on her heels up near the porch, messing agreeably in the flower bed along its battered underpinning of lattice. She had on a blue dress and a pair of gloves, and the sun shone on the top of her hair where it had a part like his. He thought she looked lovely in back.

Would it do any harm to go and see what she was like in front? She had never been there before, he was sure of that; only old Mr. Wallace and old Mrs. Wallace. How he knew the name he could not have told. It was not one that was likely to cross his grandfather's lips, not even writhen in that terrifying rictus.

Malcolm's nose was just hesitating in the crack to which he had unconsciously pushed the gate, when the young lady rose from her heels and, turning, saw him. She waved a gloved hand at him blithely.

Nothing like it had ever happened to him in his life that he could remember. He was not conscious of any decision in the matter. Quite simply his legs ran with him up toward the house, toward this lovely lady. She was very nice in front. He ran right into her and she put an arm around him. It made her go down again on her heels to do this comfortably; but it was comfortable, and he laughed shyly.

"Well, honey, you didn't get here so soon as I expected." Her voice was perfectly delicious, talking into his neck What did she mean about expecting him? He was almost too happy to ask, but his eyes were so round that she thought they were like question marks. "Weren't you sent to tell me what that is?" She thrust forward a very dry-looking little fagot of twigs. "I said right out loud 'I wish somebody would tell me,' and then you came. It has no tag on it to say what its name is. If I plant it here, it might grow up to be a tree and tip the house over." She laid it down, slipped off her loose gloves by merely shaking her fingers, put her hands about his waist and turned him all the way around. "And I declare you haven't got any tag on either!"

Malcolm laughed because she did. The way she moved him was very different from the handling of Aunt Carrie when she bathed and dressed him. This lovely lady's hands were like friends.

"You're the cleanest boy I ever did see," she next remarked. "What is your name, honey?"

"Malcolm Perrinder," said he. "What's yours?"

She did not answer. "Perrinder," she repeated in a soft voice. Her face became grave, vaguely troubled, and her glance went involuntarily toward his home. Evidently she knew where he lived. After a moment the smile blossomed on her lips again. "Well, honey," she said, "my name is Cicely Wallace. I hope you like it."

"I think it's very pretty," said Malcolm truthfully.

"And tag or no tag, here I am planted, but I shall not tip the house over. I'm going to tell you something."

"What's it?"

"I just love having you come over here, but I want you to be sure to tell your—grandfather, isn't it? Isn't Gideon Perrinder your grandfather?" He nodded. "Well, I want you to be sure to tell him you came and what my name is Will you remember to do that?"

"I will," said Malcolm. "I'll go now."

She leaned to him and gave him a little kiss "Just in case," she said. He had no idea what she meant

He ran off down the path and the grim high fence swallowed him from her sight. She stood a moment looking at the still unplanted enigma at her feet, then absently she picked it up and carried it into the house. Mrs. Wallace was in the kitchen, a faded, shriveled woman who might have been fifty or seventy. She was making something none too appetizing in a double boiler; some sort of gruel for the sick man upstairs. Cicely was not unaware that her aunt's information was not dependable; still, she presented the leafless shrub for her inspection.

"What's it?" she demanded, quoting her recent visitor with a reminiscent smile

Mrs. Wallace gave it a vague look. "I don't know," she said. "It looks to me like one of them things that ought to be planted in the fall."

"Well, to me," said Cicely judicially, "it looks like a thing that ought to be grateful for being planted any old time. What do you think? I have had my first caller. The little Perrinder boy ran in to see me."

"He did!" Mrs. Wallace seemed amazed. "I never!"

"He is the dearest scrap of humanity, in the cleanest white piqué pinafore."

"I've seen him. But he's never been in here before."

"Well" Cicely paused "he may never come again. I told him to tell his grandfather It is probable the old ogre will forbid him."

"Pity you said anything."

"No; I'll not have Perrinder think we would do anything petty just to annoy him. I may have come here to visit in the heart of an ancient feud, but I do not intend to feed his spitefulness."

"It don't need food," said Mrs. Wallace, which reminded her that her husband did. "I'll be taking this up to Henry," she said, spooning some of the porridge into a dish. "And if you'd just wait around and let the doctor up." She put the saucer apathetically upon a tray. "Not that he can do Henry any good," she added dully.

Cicely gave her a little hug. "You mustn't say so," she remonstrated. "Keep up your fighting spirit, Aunt Mary."

Mrs. Wallace had none, as Cicely well knew. But her fresh young vigor could not believe that confidence could not be attained as necessity arose. She herself felt that Henry Wallace was very near the end of his existence—it could scarcely be called life. So had he withered with his declining fortunes that he was now very nearly at as low an ebb as they.

But youth has an unconquerable conviction that death can be kept at bay.

As Mrs. Wallace carried away her tray, Cicely went back to the front yard. She knew she was not what she would call presentable, not nearly so as that overly clean little Malcolm; but what was a doctor that she should consider her appearance—a country doctor, at that? Probably old enough to remember horse cars. She decided on planting the nameless shrub near the gate.

"And then it can't matter much what you turn out to be, my dear," she said as she dug a hole for its mummified root, "unless it's carrots."

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"As if"—He Knew This Voice Too, Did Malcolm. It Called Him Honey—"as if Lee Wing Didn't Feed You to Within an Inch of Your Life!"

Burbank in Your Back Garden

By WILBUR HALL

Melons in the Sutter Basin District, Sacramento Valley, California

FOLKS agreed that the farm would go to pot. It was in a New England neighborhood where everyone knew everyone else, and the local news was disseminated from the circle around the stove in the grocery store in winter and from the front porch of the Bunker Hill House in summer.

They cal'lated that the Burbank boy was honest and smart, but experience had taught them that you couldn't force a paying crop from the niggardly and rocky soil of the region by mooning around and speculating.

There was a little flurry of interest one night when it was reported that young Lute had found a seed ball on an Early Rose potato. The interest was not due to the discovery entirely, though only a few of them could ever remember having noticed a potato plant produce seed. What caused them to prick up their ears was the statement that the young farmer planned to plant the seed the next spring.

To Find a Way or Make One

THEY discussed this foolishness. Several old-timers asserted that the seed wouldn't grow; those who thought it might or were sure it would went on to add, however, that it wouldn't set the world on fire if it did. Anyway, someone observed, the only thing the potato seed would produce would be potatoes; and why go to all the bother of raising seedlings when even a fool knew that the accepted method was to cut up a few spuds with an eye or two to each cut and drop them into a furrow and cover them up and let Nature do the rest?

Later, they heard that the youth had lost his seed ball.

"He was leaving it till it was dead ripe," the news gatherer reported, "and then the other morning he went out and found it was gone. Spent all day looking for it, too, by jerry, on his hands and knees!"

"Humph! Boy like that won't come to any good. Just wasting his time."

They made this verdict unanimous; there was a story later that the seed ball had been found at last, a dozen feet away from the Early Rose plant that had violated the usual rule and borne it, and that Burbank had put it away carefully against the coming of spring. This news was discussed spiritlessly, and presently Burbank and his potato seeds were forgotten.

"For five or six years then," Luther Burbank says, recalling those days of his beginnings in plant breeding, "I had been thinking about trying to improve the potato, because it was an important farm crop and always would be, and because it was a staple article of food more or less all over the world. Maybe I was influenced also by the fact that the problem was a difficult one. How could a plant be improved that was grown from cuttings of the roots—for the potato is part of the root of the plant—and that was never grown from seed where crossbreeding might be done to give the experimenter a foundation on which to build for a better variety? I had made up my mind to find a way.

"I had tried selection of seedlings before, but they were all so nearly like the parent plant that there was no perceptible progress. I had to have a more variable stock on which to experiment. I knew that I had to keep on until I found seed that would grow into plants with a variation in their characteristics, and when I found this fine Early Rose seed ball I saw another chance.

"At that time the potato was small, unsightly, knobby and dark colored; the few that developed into a fair size or good appearance had no keeping qualities. I planted my seed that spring and my heart comes up into my throat now when I look back and remember the chances I took because of my lack of proper equipment for the cultivating of precious plants from the seed. But I was fortunate, for each of the twenty-three seeds in that capsule grew.

"The vines were sturdy and thrifty. I watched them as jealously as though they had been children in a nursery, and when fall came and I was sure the potatoes were ready to be harvested, I went at the job like a treasure hunter who feels he has found the right spot to dig but isn't sure whether the treasure will be a chestful of gold or an old boxful of horseshoes. What would I find?"

Forcing Only the Best to Survive

"I WAS prepared for surprises, but not for the variety of potatoes that were there. Each hill revealed a different type of tuber. There were small, curious-looking potatoes, large ones with eyes set very deep, red potatoes, rough white potatoes, smooth pink potatoes—an amazing lot!

"But two of the vines had produced potatoes that were immediately seen to be an improvement on any potato I had ever known that had practically all the qualities that were desirable. They were large, smooth skinned, white, meaty, healthy and of excellent texture. One of the two hills was a little superior to the other, but not much. Both of them were a distinct step forward. Here was something new in a potato, and in that minute I knew that my life work had been found.

"Even at that early day it was apparent to me that, in plant improving, 'good enough' or 'almost perfect' wasn't sufficient. There were several hills of potatoes that were above the average of that day, and that might have been marketed eventually as something to brag about. But I selected only the tubers from the two fine hills and sent the rest of them to the cellar for eating. I wanted to test them for quality while I was at it; but, oddly enough, some of them didn't even pass muster there, for

Miles of Potatoes From the Rich Bottom Lands of the San Joaquin Valley

they rotted before they got to the kitchen. You can see from that how many weak hereditary strains there were in the potatoes of that day, all showing up, in one form or another, in the harvest of those twenty-three hills.

"The potatoes from the two prize hills were carefully saved and next spring were cut up and planted. That crop was again sowed in the following year, and that fall I had positive proof that the new traits of my potato were not accidental, but fixed and permanent, for every plant produced a uniformly high-grade potato of this new type. My next thought was how to market the discovery, and as I had little capital and no organization, I took the potatoes to a successful seed house of that day and offered them for sale. They were refused. No, sir, the seed house wouldn't touch them. When I pressed them for the reason, one of their experts said that the quality of my potato was so high that they suspected the whole crop had been frozen, because freezing was the only thing that could give a potato that texture and mildness! There was no arguing with them. They knew their business and they didn't know me, so I sent samples of the potatoes to J. H. Gregory, a seedsman in Marblehead, Massachusetts, and he accepted them and offered me a hundred and fifty dollars for my find."

That very potato, almost without change or improvement, is now the world's staple and standard. There are whole communities that live and prosper by raising it as an exclusive product. In one small section in California the growers ship thousands and thousands of carloads of it every season. Burbank produced it, and it bears his name. But he received one hundred and fifty dollars for this priceless treasure!

"A hundred and fifty dollars," he said whimsically, "and a generous allowance of ten potatoes for my own use! And with those ten potatoes and the proceeds of the sale of my small farm, I came to California to begin the work that has been mine ever since."

Riches

MR. BURBANK seemed more amused than concerned about that early financial transaction. You never knew a man who cared less about money than he does. If all the fruits, shrubs, grains, flowers and vegetables that he has given the world, many of them the leading standard varieties in their respective lines today, had been marketed on a purely commercial basis, he would undoubtedly be one of America's wealthiest men. Instead he has a simple home, a few acres for his work, the income of a fairly successful small-business man—and a heart more rich in contentment, peace, satisfaction and freedom from anxiety than some millionaires of the world could show if they pooled their assets in those lines and made them all into one lump.

Mr. Burbank brightens up when he gets to talking about vegetables and fruits, because, though he is a lover of beauty, his work with flowers has never had the appeal for him that is made by those products which add to the wealth of the farmer and orchardist and kitchen gardener, and that enrich the tables of the people throughout the world.

"To the American man who happens to have a little plot of ground out back of the house, I have a suggestion to make," remarked Mr. Burbank in his abrupt fashion.

"Let him buy himself half a wagonload of fertilizer, a spade, a hoe, a rake and a length of garden hose and start a vegetable garden.

"First place, it will do him a world of good; more good than any daily dozen or rest cure or diet or gymnasium course; it will get him out into the air and give him something to worry about besides the price of raw materials or the new tariff on rat traps. It will pull on muscles he didn't know he had; it will blow some of the tobacco smoke out of his lungs and clean up his alimentary tract and give him an appetite and make him much easier to live with in home or office or shop or store, and it will increase his earning capacity right away. That would be a total net gain to America, say, of five dollars a month to the man, or sixty dollars a year; and if you figure that the prescription is taken by thirty million men ——" He waved his hands in a comic gesture of despair. "You know, I never could figure," he said, "but I think we'd have pretty near money enough in a few years to pay off the national debt.

"I don't think there is a normal woman alive," he proceeded, "who could resist fresh vegetables and fruit brought from the garden directly into her kitchen, whether it is in a three-room apartment or in a thirty-room mansion all cluttered up with servants. Stale vegetables—carrots with their fernlike tops wilting, cabbage that looks as though it had been taking a hammam bath, spinach that has seen better days, peas with their pods all wrinkled and shrunken—well, they are enough to discourage any woman. But just bring her Simon-pure fresh vegetables from your own garden and then go out and listen, and pretty soon you'll hear her begin to hum, and then to sing. It's simply irresistible. That's my theory anyway.

"Now how are you going about this vegetable-garden business? Let's see. Let's see.

"In the first place I don't know why a kitchen garden—your back garden—shouldn't be as attractive as a flower bed. Honestly! I've known folks who studied it out with that in mind and who made a treat to the eye. Of course, you probably have to economize as to space, in most cases, and you have to have straight rows and paths between to make it easy to get at the plants—all that. But if you make a plan and keep appearance in mind, you can have a vegetable plot that will be a highly pleasing addition to your place.

"The primary essential to a good garden is good soil. Vegetables came originally from many kinds of soil, and there are a few varieties that demand certain characteristics in the ground. Potatoes prosper best in a light, sandy loam; artichokes and those big fellows have to have a strong soil, even though it's a little heavy, and so on. But if we are trying to grow a good variety for the table in a limited space, the general rule is that the soil should be strong enough to give plenty of nourishment and light enough to be easily worked. If you are in any doubt about your land, ask any good gardener, or even have a soil analysis."

A Girl and a Potato From Central California

Giving Plants Their Staff of Life

"LEAF mold—the staff of life to growing plants—may be impossible for you to get, but you can make a substitute for it yourself. Get half a load of coarse sand, half a load of stable manure, and all the rakings and leaves and vegetable stalks you have, and mix them thoroughly in a

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This Experimental Plot of Corn in Luther Burbank's Garden Contains Twenty-One Varieties. Mr. Burbank's Home is in the Background. Above—Corn in Multnomah County, Oregon

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 17, 1926

Protection in Great Britain

THE gradual trend to a protective tariff in Great Britain is in some respects the most notable of the postwar developments in economic policy. Protection has come into Great Britain through the back door of Safeguarding the Industries, but it has made entrance just the same. Each industry must prove its case, but apparently the appeal is made to a sympathetic bench. The debates in Parliament and the controversies in the public press are illuminating and sometimes astounding. The protestant language employed by free traders is sometimes unrestrained to the point of insult. When so highly developed a British industry as cutlery seeks and obtains a high protective tariff, it is time to sit up and take notice, for something unusual is going on.

Taking cutlery as an illustration, the British goods are not only losing out in foreign markets but the foreign goods are invading the home market. Confessedly less durable than the British goods, the invading foreign goods look as good and sell for less. Is this high price of British goods due to low productivity of overorganized labor? Is it the result of antiquated equipment and methods? Is it the consequence of poor enterprise? These are all suggested as explanations, and indignantly repudiated by the classes concerned. Is it the result of underpaid labor in the countries from which the cheap competing goods come? Is it the result of depreciated currencies in competing countries? Is the Dawes Plan responsible? Or debt payments? These are all offered in explanation. Finally, quite a large group hold the gold standard responsible at once for the loss of foreign markets and for the invasion of the home market by cheap foreign goods. And, of course, the successfully competing countries, ourselves included, flatter themselves that they have achieved a technical superiority over the British.

It is too early in the process to determine the truth. Time would make the facts clear if the course of events were to continue undisturbed. But political action will intervene. The Liberal Party has been the party of free trade. The Liberal Party is breaking up. The two-party system will persist in Great Britain, but the two parties will be the Conservative and the Labor Parties. The left wing of the Liberal Party will go over to Labor, the right wing will join the Conservatives. A few outstanding figures among the Liberals will stand aloof, faithful to their creed and protestant without avail. Both the Conservative and the Labor Parties lean toward protection, but for different reasons. With the dissolution of the Liberal Party, free trade will pass into history. The doctrine of protection will take on an imperial complexion. There will be empire preferences, with higher duties against the outside world. It will be a strange sight to see the British Empire, whose foreign investments and positive balance of international trade rest on free trade, undertake to deal as of old in her capacity of banker and shipper for other trading countries while setting up tariff duties at the briny borders of the United Kingdom. In the view of the traditional Liberal, it will be protection for senile, not for infant industries. In the view of the protectionists, it is an inevitable adaptation to a fundamentally changed world condition.

The Roosevelt Park Project

EVERY public-spirited effort to increase our national-park areas and to set apart for common enjoyment regions rich in scenic beauty seems to be blocked and hampered year after year by petty local interests. A current instance of effective private opposition is found in the case of the projected Roosevelt Park, an addition of a thousand square miles to the Sequoia National Park in California.

The latter reservation was created in 1890 just in time to prevent the destruction of the big trees, those great ancients of the Giant Forest whose like does not exist on the face of the earth. The delimiting of this park was based upon early imperfect surveys and upon inadequate knowledge of the importance and scenic grandeur of the country which lies to the north and east of it. This is a region of imposing gorges, waterfalls and canyons and of magnificent peaks and domes. It is said to include the most sublime scenery in all the high Sierra country. For campers and mountaineers, for fishermen and naturalists, it is almost without parallel.

Ten years ago the proposal to enlarge Sequoia Park to include this magnificent region of the Kings and Kern rivers and the high Sierras was presented to Congress. Later it was urged that the projected park be created as a memorial to Colonel Roosevelt. Bills which would have given effect to the plan were speedily passed in the Senate several years ago, but session after session they have been blocked in the House. The matter is likely to come up again at this session. The project deserves the earnest support of all who are interested in the rounding out of an adequate national-park system. Private opposition should no longer be permitted to control the situation. The Roosevelt National Park should be definitely and irrevocably created at the present session of Congress.

American Art

THE artists of America, painters of landscapes, seascapes and portraits, mural decorators, water-colorists and sculptors, are not receiving half the encouragement they deserve, nor a quarter as much patronage as they would get if the actual and potential value of their best work were generally realized and appreciated.

Three hundred years ago we had, perforce, to look to Europe for all that was worthy and authoritative in the fine arts. The majority of us still cling to the old habit of mind, though there is no longer any earthly reason for its existence. Many of our most liberal art patrons still keep their eyes so firmly fixed upon the Old World that they have no proper appreciation of the genius for painting and sculpture that now flourishes on our own soil. And yet it is an incontrovertible fact that in the year 1926 no nation on the globe can point to a more gifted body of artists than those of the United States; and it is no less true that the work which the best of them have been turning out will compare favorably with that of any other country in the world. Discerning European connoisseurs have their eyes upon America. They, at least, are aware of the vigor and sanity and genius of the art which is bursting into flower in America.

Our patriotism has not measurably extended to the adequate encouragement of American art, though the West has set an example which the East might well follow. Four out of five wealthy picture buyers would rather risk a large check upon a dubious Corot or upon a second-rate painting attributed to a second-rate Old Master than spend the same sum in gathering together from studios and public exhibitions twenty or thirty authentic examples of the work of the most brilliant of our own younger men, painters who have but to live and labor and exhibit for a few years to win world-wide reputations.

As their art matures and their fame widens, the value of their canvases will leap skyward, just as those of their predecessors have been doing ever since Gilbert Stuart stopped turning out portraits of George Washington for a hundred dollars.

The hope of sometime realizing a cash profit is the lowest motive an amateur collector of paintings can have in buying them. It should not, however, be held against him if he tries to select his pictures with the most careful discrimination and to assure himself that they are works of sound merit and permanent value. Any collector who does so and exercises an informed good taste or is guided by the authoritative advice to be had from museums, art organizations and other noncommercial sources may hope to do quite as well with paintings as with stocks.

It is high time that art in America be democratized. It should become less and less a monopoly in the hands of a comparatively small group of rich men and women. What is good for the wealthy is good for persons of less ample means; and in this instance there is no reason why they should not have it. Painting, sculpture and, indeed, all the fine arts afford admirable intellectual playgrounds for tired business men. When novels and theaters pall, when golf courses and tennis courts are buried under ice and snow, when business cares harass, the lure of the arts is as refreshing and as restful a stimulant as there is. Moreover, it is a noteworthy fact that middle-aged men of affairs, keen lawyers, bankers, merchants and successful executives, who have taken up the study of painting as a relaxation have often developed an extraordinarily correct taste and powers of discernment and appraisal which have been the outspoken envy of professional critics. Those who make a living by art criticism are so often so right in little things and so very wrong in great ones that they can claim no inborn authority for their calling. Men they look down upon as mere moneygrubbers may presently be found doing for fun what the critics do for pay, and doing it better and with clearer insight.

The practical way to encourage American art is to buy sound examples for the lasting pleasure they will give. There is plenty of wall space for them. There are plenty of chances to invest in them. All over the land banking institutions, public libraries, clubhouses and theaters are going up. A large proportion of them would take on added distinction if they were adorned with appropriate and inspiring mural decorations. Indeed, this fact is so fully realized by architects that more and more they are including provisions for these embellishments in their original estimates.

Most of the new houses of the well-to-do have panels over the fireplaces in living and dining rooms. Decorators delight in filling them with meaningless old paintings they have picked up cheap at city auctions. Why not adorn these salient spaces with canvases painted to the owner's order, paintings he will really care for, such as family portraits, well-remembered scenes, boyhood haunts or, indeed, anything that expresses his personal tastes and interests? After all, it is his house and not the decorator's.

Young artists can encourage collection by pricing their paintings modestly. In the long run it pays better to sell many pictures rather reasonably than to dispose of a few at inflated figures, whatever may be the methods of artistic neighbors. Contented clients are as good an asset for a painter as for a lawyer.

It is time for those who boast that they will try anything once, and that they are always ready to take a chance, to scout about among the picture shows and take a chance on American art. They take longer chances in business every day.

DEFLATED

As Told to William A. McGarry

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

"WE'LL give you ninety a week to start and 5 per cent on the net sales," said my friend, the president. "That's only chicken feed to what you had, but, after all, it's a gamble. Two years ago——"

"Yes," I cut in hastily, "I know. Two years ago you offered me $15,000 a year on the same gamble and I didn't have the sense to snap it up. Perhaps that was a good thing for both of us. I had some expensive things to learn."

Gratefully I shook hands. I was really glad my friend hadn't paid for the lessons I had been taking in how to do business after a boom. If he had, he might not have been able to give me my first job in ten years.

Nobody ever needed a job more than I did when, finally, I succeeded in swallowing my pride a year ago, and hunted him up. He is the manufacturer of a staple steel product which had always enjoyed a nice domestic business. I met him first in Paris during the war, searching the hospitals for his son. It was his first trip, while I had made a dozen and was dealing with high officials.

You can imagine how he felt about it when I dropped a word in the right place. We became good friends. I convinced him that he ought to build up an export business. But when the tide turned against me he saw what I couldn't see and offered me a good salary to establish his line abroad.

"Fifteen thousand," I laughed. "I've made that many a day before lunch, and I'll do it again when business picks up and I get going."

"I hope you do," he said. He meant it, too, but it only made me mad. Before I could appreciate the soundness of his advice I had to bring my losses to $200,000 and get down to my last nickel.

The Old Urge for Independence

BUT let's start at the beginning. I went to work at fourteen as an office boy in one of the seaboard-city headquarters of a big steel corporation at $2.50 a week. By the time I was twenty-eight my salary had increased to $150 a month. I can see now it was a pretty fair measure of what I was worth to that company, but at the time I thought I was underpaid.

My title was manager of structural-steel sales, but actually I was a sort of sublimated clerk. In my spare time I had studied quite a lot about metallurgy. I knew more than the average salesman needs to know about manufacturing methods in steel mills. Maybe that gave me a superior air, which didn't help any in my advancement. At any rate I was full of grievances.

I wasn't the only one, however, and in January of 1916, the chief salesman—who headed the office clique of which I was a member—was dropped. For some months I had been urging him to quit, take me along and start our own brokerage business, but he was too cautious to take the plunge until he was pushed overboard. His entire capital was $2600—the savings of nearly thirty years—and naturally he refused to risk any of that as salary to me until he could get going.

The idea of being in business for myself became so thoroughly rooted, however, that I began to get busy. You see, the war was then in full swing, and American manufacturers were getting the first trickle of the avalanche of orders that came in later. In 1915 I had become convinced that this activity would extend to shipbuilding sooner or later, and I had made a study of our facilities—those of the whole country—to supply a demand for ships.

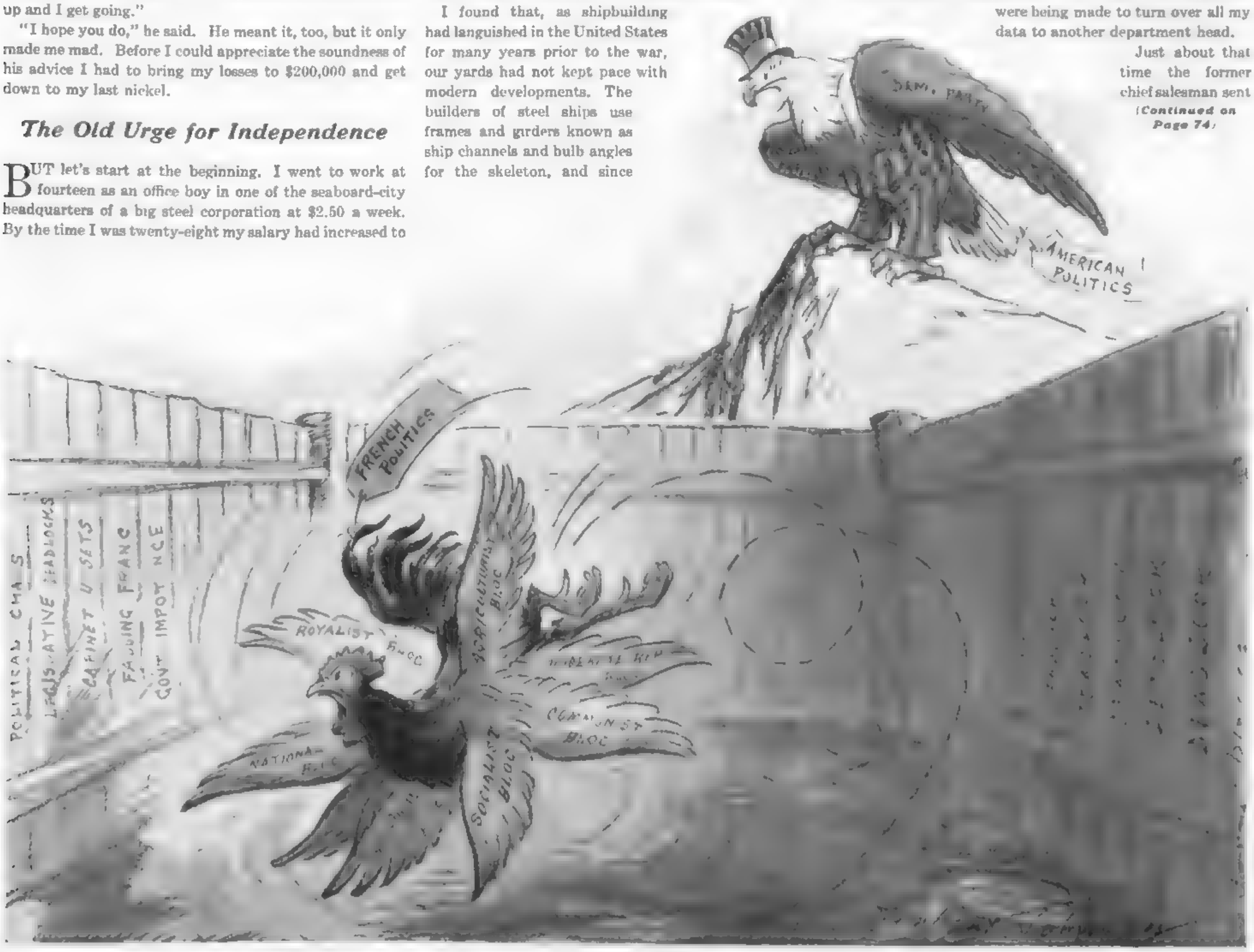
I found that, as shipbuilding had languished in the United States for many years prior to the war, our yards had not kept pace with modern developments. The builders of steel ships use frames and girders known as ship channels and bulb angles for the skeleton, and since the tonnage had not justified new sections the out-of-date ones were still in use. When you design a new section you must also have a new set of rolls in the steel mill. Rolls are so expensive that the practice was to make a new set only for an initial order of 500 tons or more, with more to come. I had some talks with my shipbuilding friends, and suggested to them that if we could agree privately on a new list of sections at that time we would be all ready for the day when the change could be made. They liked the idea, and suggested the British standard sections. These were so numerous, however, that I knew it would be useless to ask American yards to adopt them. So I suggested that each yard submit a minimum number of sections to start. Out of these lists I made up a composite list to which the yards agreed.

When Praise is Not Enough

A FEW months later the boss started to turn the office upside down in a search for information on shipbuilding requirements. The president of our company had had an export inquiry. Quite casually I told the manager what I had, and we spent the next three hours going over the details at luncheon. Two days later I was called to New York and informed that the company had taken an order for 16,000 tons on the strength of my information. But even while the compliments were flying, arrangements were being made to turn over all my data to another department head.

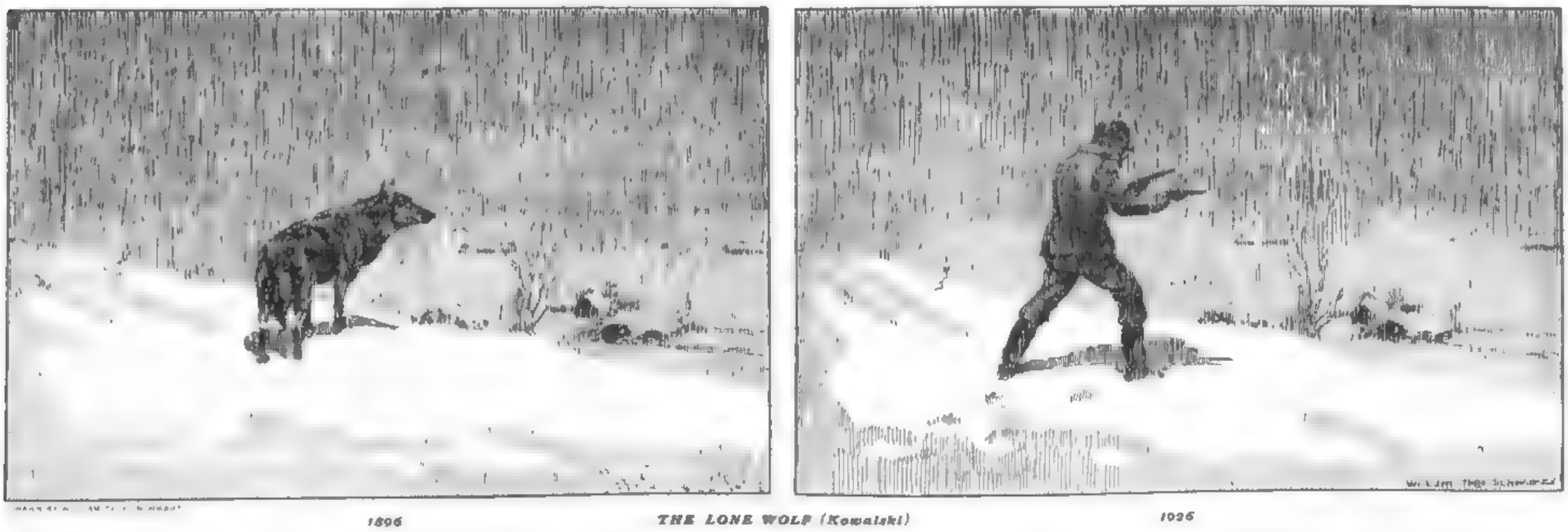
Just about that time the former chief salesman sent

(Continued on Page 74)



TOO MANY WINGS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



1896 THE LONE WOLF (Kowalski) 1926

Future States

WHATEVER played its part shall rise
In other forms for other uses:
All blown-out flames as fireflies
Go lightly flitting through the spruces.

Forgotten pins are turned to gold
Or silver—here opinion varies;
While faithful dolls, the learned hold,
Resume their work as elves and fairies.

Old, truthful mirrors reach the sky
To serve as cherubs' looking-glasses,
And rubber tires when they die
Are changed to swings for little lasses.

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Shirt Waist

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Here are some statistics that might interest you. I have spent twenty-five long, hard years compiling them, and if they don't do something to remedy the smoke nuisance now, there is no hope for any of us.

In 1900 I bought myself a new shirt waist. It was a gorgeous affair—high collar, frilly jabot, shiny cuffs and pillow sleeves. Do you remember the pillow sleeves, Mr. Editor? They were the shortest road to hell and damnation extant, according to the ecclesiasts, and a tough proposition to launder. I managed to get along nicely, however, by doing it once a week. On Friday one noticed a little gray on the cozy side of the pillows and a slight line at the cuffs and neck. I washed it Saturday, ironed it Sunday and had it ready to wear again Monday morning. Curiously enough, I found an analogous condition in my person. On Fridays I began to show signs of wear; I bathed Saturday night, basked Sunday and was ready to meet the world again Monday morning.

In 1905 the shirt waist was still going strong. Slight repair work was once necessary on the left pillow, and on Friday nights the evidences of gray were a little more pronounced. But I managed to continue respectable.

The end of the next five years marked the death of a time-honored institution—the Saturday Night Bath. It was now considered indecent to bathe less than twice a week. In 1910, too, I sewed velvet bands around the neck and cuffs of the shirt waist. Less sanitary, of course, but was I not already laundering it three times in a period of two weeks? It became a pleasant little jest among my friends that I was seriously considering a laundress.

In 1915 the wash lady was no longer a joke, and she has never been particularly humorous since. I also installed a shower bath. Not for the wash lady—originally, that is—but for myself. I thought it would save time, and as I was bathing four times a week instead of twice, the factor of time was important. I was soon disillusioned, however. It took all the time I saved by the shower, to get the wash lady started, and more to get her stopped. Between times I counted the silver spoons. It was my laundress, by the way, who suggested the removal of the jabot and the toning down of the pillows. She termed them, in the jocose vernacular of the time, "damfooldustcatchers."

1920 saw the entire removal of the damfooldustcatchers under pressure. The left one was converted into half a dozen doilies for my brother's wife, and the right made an excellent tea cloth. In spite of this elimination, however, the shirt waist had to be laundered three times a week, and worn inside out on Sundays. And only with great difficulty did I persuade my wash lady not to commit suicide over the income tax. Meantime I bathed twice a day.

In 1925, things reached a critical point. My laundress left for Florida in November. The air is so thick with smoke that when I am not swallowing soot I am washing the shirt waist. I do that twice a day. My face, in the little space of mirror that I rub off every morning, is the color of Barnum's first elephant; and I bathe faithfully, three times daily. My employer says that if my appearance is not improved I shall be fired. He also says that if I don't spend more time at the office I shall be fired. All that in the same breath. Is there any justice?

I have only the satisfaction of knowing that if I am fired I can at least launder shirt waists. And if I launder enough shirt waists I, too, can go to Florida. Better still, to the Fijis, where shirt waists aren't worn.

But, Mr. Editor, the situation is desperate. I have limited my wardrobe to one shirt waist for the sake of the experiment. Now I am too poor to buy another. That, however, is a minor point. Think what the figures mean! If the smoke nuisance continues to increase as it has in the past twenty-five years, in 1950 I shall be laundering my shirt waist four times a day and bathing six; in 1975, laundering six and bathing nine; in 2000, laundering eight and bathing twelve; and in 2025, laundering ten and bathing fifteen. I shall spend seventeen and one-half hours on sanitation alone. When, then, shall I eat, drink and go to the movies?

I have a hankering feeling that these figures should have been derived by some sort of fancy progression, but I have refrained because the results would be too ghastly.

But figures don't lie. Something must be done. You will probably be so cynical as to remark that in 2025 I shall be dead. True, but what good will that do me if there is no smoke ordinance in hell? *—Dorothy E. McCullough.*

She: "Baby is Awake, I Guess. I Hear Him Playing With His Rattle"

Efficiency's Foe

EFFICIENCY, we love it,
System we adore,
Statistics most men study
Craving scientific lore.

Business could be
business
Cold to the bone,
If woman, pretty
woman,
Would leave our
men alone.

The Local Freight slows
down and stops—
At last! At last!
A brakey from a box car
pops,
The fireman from the ten-
der drops,
The whole train crew with
hasty hops
Fly past! Fly past!
You'd think the boiler 'bout
to burst,
To see those trainmen so dis-
persed,
But they all want to reach
her first—
The new Lunch-Counter
lass!

Fast Mail's late,
Limited must wait,
While Katy gets acquainted
with the Local
Freight;

(Continued on Page 169)

The delicious flavor you get only in this TOMATO SOUP!

TEMPTING TOMATOES sun-sweetened on the vines! Every tomato washed five times in running water of crystal PURITY! Cooked and strained through mesh as fine as pin-points retaining only the rich, wholesome parts—the tonic juices and LUSCIOUS TOMATO "MEAT"—in a smooth puree.

Still more enriched with nourishing country butter, parsley brought fresh every day from our own farms, other herbs and dainty seasoning. Blended and cooked in great tureens of pure nickel by Campbell's FAMOUS FRENCH CHEFS with life-long experience in producing soups of HIGHEST QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

Such a tomato soup is bound to be a treat to your appetite—refreshing, invigorating, wholesome! See how DELIGHTFUL it is—TODAY!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

O O - H O O S K - A H

VII

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IN THE elevator, Stella, appraising this charming girl and more and more approving, admitted that her freakish mother had scored. The position was piquant, interesting She murmured her first greeting over again: "At last, Katinka." She was justly proud of that quick achievement. How perversely foolish of her mother to run such a risk. Suppose she had said: "And who the devil are you?" A jolly greeting to a guest who came to stay, and believed herself an accepted and familiar friend. A contributing guest? Of course, heavily contributing; and such arrangements were not made to continue for a week or a month. Stella's chuckle was all but audible

What wise and seasoned brain had selected her mother for the post of permanent paid chaperon for this subtle and supremely elegant young person? She had got thus far in her deductions by the time the lift stopped. In the hall she reflected that the girl had never seen her mother until this afternoon. "Oh, but she is charming!" These were words referring to a stranger. Crossing the dining room, Stella came behind that she might see who spoke to the girl; but no one bowed. She admired the straight flat back, the distinguished carriage, the absolute unconsciousness.

Stella Saw the Reading of the Little Note Behind the Shelter of a Fan

"But how gracious," said the girl as she sat; "a little feast of greeting for me." She looked with pleasure over the table set for three, with its special decorations of orchids.

She darted quick eyes about, seeing everything, yet apparently seeing no individual. These eyes, lively, intelligent, seemed black at first to Stella, but presently she saw them very deep blue, unusual with a skin too dark for perfect beauty.

"I am so glad you like my mother, Katinka," Stella said.

Katinka laughed. "Who could help it?" she asked. "And the contrast—ah, but Lady Warmley is very conscientious"—her eyes twinkled—"and evangelical. She was so good. The Christmas clubs, and the clothing sales and the medicines for the sick and the advice for those unhappy peasants who would be so happy if they were let alone. I—I, Stella—I was bored to tears. I ——" She stopped short as the orchestra played the opening bars of a merry tune. Her eyes drooped, her fingers trembled slightly. "The composer," she said, "played it in our home in brighter days."

Austrian, thought Stella, and chattered over the music about Lady Warmley, watching keenly for resemblances. Presently she was sure that she detected a vague likeness to her late stepfather. That was the explanation then. Guardians had searched out the widow of a family connection to find a home for the gilded waif; an absurd, a ridiculous choice, a farcical situation—for all but the lonely girl. Stella pictured a once-great family, war ruined, its members killed or so utterly dispersed that none was left to shelter this helpless banished daughter of luxury. Her sympathy was keen.

"Pardon; you said?"

"That Lady Warmley is punished for my crime—while I—I am rewarded." She smiled and humor shone from the dark eyes.

"Your crime, Katinka?"

"Is it not a crime to go through two seasons in London and remain unmarried?"

"A fault," Stella laughed, "but yours entirely not the men's."

"Is it, Stella?" The girl shook her head. "They placed me wrongly. How should they know English life? Lady Warmley is—well, I stretch a point when I say she is of the *haute bourgeoisie*. She is good and kind, but her father was in commerce." The charming shoulders were so expressively shrugged that Stella feared she would break a strap. "Her husband is only of the second generation of the peerage and can remember his grandfather's brewery."

The calm contempt of these utterances astonished and amused the American girl. "My dear Katinka," she cried, "you are still living in a dead world."

"I choose that, then, rather than to die in a live world. It is the only world I know. It is not dead, Stella. It will come again." She leaned back and lifted her proud chin. "Aristocracy will always rule," she announced. "It is under the heel of the canaille, but that is only for the moment."

"Eat your dinner, you dear little die-hard."

Katinka laughed. "I argue, I discuss," she said: "it is not for the dinner table."

"You spoke of marriage," came as a reminder from Stella. She was intensely interested in this lonely standard bearer, gallantly waving her oriflamme over a lost battlefield.

"Yes, how could I marry in England? I am an alien enemy, remember. Who would marry an Austrian? There were some however. I look in Burke. In the shield of one there was no quartering. So I snub him before he knows that he intends to become interested in me."

"How did you know?" Stella, hiding mirth, looked across with solemn eyes.

"Perhaps I was wrong, Stella, but I was safe. It is very hard for a girl in England. Lady Warmley knew nothing of a mother's duties. She talked about my heart and about love ——"

"Surely, Katinka, you believe in love?"

"Oh, yes, yes. We are romantic, we Austrians. All the world knows that; but I was speaking of marriage. That is serious; that is different. I perceive I must manage my own affairs, so I withdraw my confidence from this dear lady. I wished to spare the young gentleman any pain, so I carefully gave him the left shoulder."

"But, Katinka—didn't you like him?"

"Oh, very much. That is why I wished to spare him. He was highly eligible in all but family. I was grateful too."

"Grateful, why?"

"Because he was going to be willing to marry me even if I was an Austrian. He overcame the prejudices of his class, you see. *La haute noblesse* have no prejudices. They are international. They do not cherish hatreds. But Lady Warmley was not of the higher circle and I could not meet then often ——"

A light smash of glass behind, a muffled cry. Stella seized a cruet of salad oil and poured it over the hand of a waiter scalded by boiling coffee.

"You are very quick—and very kind," Katinka said.

"I fear," Stella answered as she watched the man supported away, "that he is badly scalded."

"That class are not sensitive; he will soon recover." She turned indifferently from so slight an incident. "I could never tell," she ran on, smiling, "what happened to other suitors. I am sure that some made proposals, some of those who were above prejudices, whose family trees justified an alliance with mine; but nothing happened. You can guess why."

Stella shook her head.

Katinka smiled. "I would not accuse Lady Warmley of being mercenary," she explained, "but she was poor. If, then, these intelligent people who arranged my life for me so made it come out that Lady Warmley lost a considerable income when I married, how should the chance come?"

"Cynic," Stella laughed. "This is nonsense. A girl like you—who needs to make chances for you?"

"Yes, yes, but then come the details. The women of the Winneburgs do not discuss money." Her jolly little laugh tinkled. "They only spend it. It was so easy for Lady Warmley to say 'But you are not rich enough for her,' or 'Her dot is not large,' and, of course, the proposals are dropped. I suppose my trustees perceived this, for a thunderbolt falls. I am transferred—yes, like my trunks upstairs, to an American lady of high position. And I find this lady young and gay at heart and that she has a girl who is chic, of my own age, who receives me as a sister. Do you think I am like a prisoner who comes out of a dark cell into joy and sunshine? Oh, yes, I am that. Stella, I could jump up on this table and yodel like the herdsmen in Tyrol."

(Continued on Page 38)

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

The new 90-degree eight-cylinder Cadillac eagerly assumes all the obligations to an owner which rightfully attach to the purchase of the very finest car procurable.

The Cadillac Company, speaking from the experience of a quarter-century, invites you to expect of the new Cadillac a measure of performance supremacy, a degree of superiority in body-work, a soundness of investment that can be found in no other car.

On that high principle, with a profound sense of every engineering, manufacturing and service responsibility which it assumes, you are invited to give your most serious investigation and consideration of the new Cadillac.

A thorough trial of the 90-degree eight-cylinder Cadillac is available to you through any Cadillac dealer.

Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

(Continued from Page 36)

Stella, charmed by the engaging frankness, intensely sympathetic, was almost affectionate in manner.

"We shall try and make you happy, my dear Katinka," she said. "It seems so hard that you should not have been consulted. You have friends of course. You should have been placed with them."

"Who knows or cares about my friends?" asked the girl. "My two brothers killed, my father dead, I in a Vienna convent. They smuggled me to Paris, to the sister convent, in 1917, these dear sisters, and there I stay. Presently comes a notary. He has secret instructions and money; the wreck of the estate, they say; and after that I have a franc or two to spend. And then with the Armistice comes Lady Warmley and I am brought to London. There are cousins in Nice, starving; cousins in Berlin, very poor. That's all—all the rest gone. Now I have made you sad. That is not fair. Remember, it is years ago for me."

A waiter receiving orders, speaking to Katinka in French, addressed her as *comtesse*. The title did not so much surprise Stella as that Katinka was known at the Carlton. She had inferred that Lady Warmley lived very quietly. The trifling incident would have been forgotten had not Katinka, a little later, said that she had not been in the hotel once that season. Even then, what matter? Waiters changed about; but the callous remark about the scalded man and this slight happening brought some reserve to Stella's judgment of her new friend.

"Surely, Katinka," said the practical American girl, "you know something more than this about your affairs."

Again that high disdainful shrug. "I starve in Paris," Katinka said with her attractive smile, "I am wrapped in luxury in London. I take one or the other, but I do not question."

"What long miles between your ideas and mine," Stella commented, wondering. "I should go crazy."

"It is far apart, your world and mine," Katinka agreed, "but you and I, we are near. I have seen some of your men. They are not subtle, your American men, and they do not understand women; but some of your women—they are wonderful. You are not of the Old World. You are not expected to be. You are tried in Europe by your own standards, not by ours. You pretend that you have no caste and we laugh and pick out your upper classes for our friends. I have heard that everybody has a family tree in your United States of North America and we smile at this widespreading tree which has a branch for everybody——"

And then came Mrs. Benson, strolling across the room as though it was hers, assured before she was seen that the two young people were getting on very well.

"Your Lady Warmley," she drawled, "has much to say about nothing, my dear Katinka."

"My faults are many," laughed the girl, "and you must be warned. I am *difficile*. I am arrogant. I have a shocking temper. I am not adaptable. I am intractable. Oh, I have heard it all."

"I heard pleasant things, too," said Mrs. Benson. "I made a guess that the Countess Katinka von Winneburg-Wolfsegg zu Raab was considered a little pupil who should learn gladly at the feet of Lady Warmley——"

Katinka pealed laughter, for the imitation of Lady Warmley's manner was excellent. It is not to be denied that this long name for one girl was delivered with a certain air, but the main intention was to tell Stella with whom she was talking.

"But I am Miss Winneburg now—except to my fellow country people," the girl said. She shrugged, smiled. "It is the time, you know, for aristocracy to recline low."

"The only mistake in English you have made," Stella said, "and that is slang. How so perfect?"

"The English governess——"

Obviously came thoughts of happy childhood and with them silence.

"Coffee beneath the palms," Mrs. Benson said at length and led the way. Stella promised to join them later and excused herself.

"She is a dear, your girl, Mrs. Benson——"

"I told you——"

"Jane, then. It is so friendly of you. Stella has a beautiful dress; oh, it suits her—and she throws it away on a waiter. I do not understand this."

"It is an unusual tip, I must admit," Mrs. Benson commented as she found a table on the edge of the crowd. "Did she promise to hand it over tonight?"

This form of humor was entirely lost on the Austrian girl. She explained how Stella had splashed her front with coffee and oil merely because a waiter had blistered his hand and presumed to cry out. "She has gone to change, I am sure. All that trouble and a ruined dress; the man should be sacked, Jane."

"Tell Stella that."

Mrs. Benson had no wish that the two girls should be too friendly nor that the party should be a quartet. Country houses, where people would gather for the pheasant shooting, were open to Stella and could be opened to that young friend of the family, Paul Neale. That was the natural division, leading to desired ends. For herself and this Austrian girl of distinguished family—well, there was time to plan.

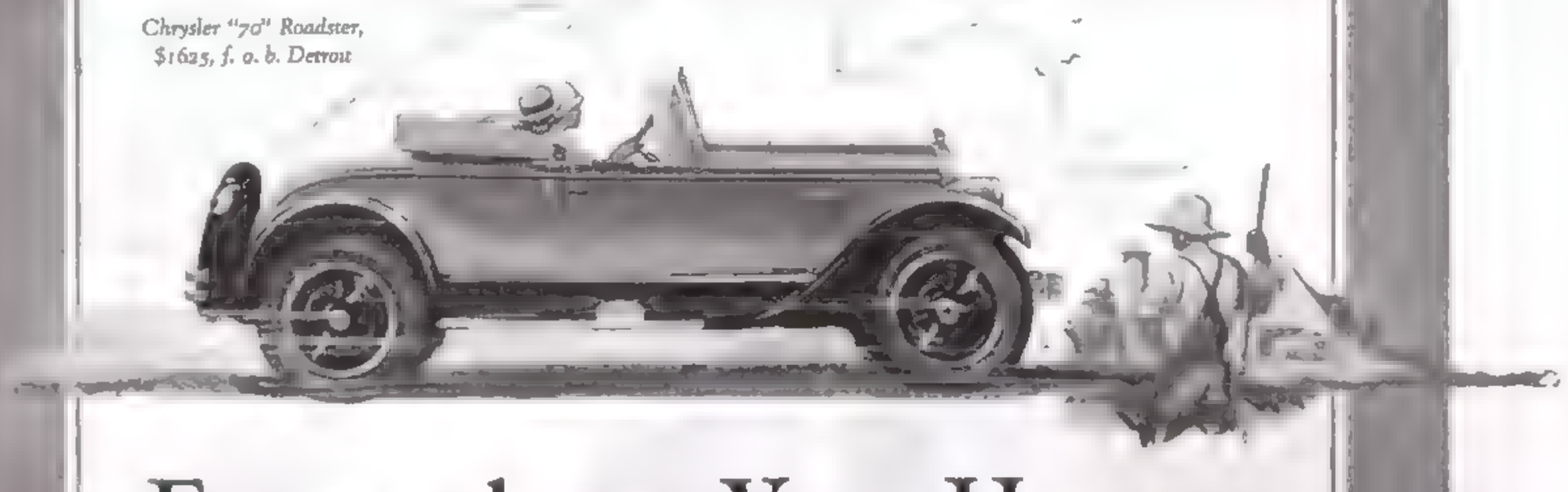
Near by in the palm court, she saw the Dorringtons, noisy friends, but her cool greeting checked their obvious intention of rushing over to her; they were not the kind to be presented to the young countess. She saw the Nugents of Baltimore and Newport, all that could be asked in family and wealth, but they had a party; she marked the couple down for the future.

She chattered all the time, but she was always on the watch. Her restless busy eyes kept to the seated parties and she did not see Paul Neale, standing behind a palm, intently inspecting the girl by her side. But Stella, returning, almost touching him, was about to express her surprise and pleasure when she was checked by his expression. She drew back, interested in his absorption. His concentrated gaze led direct to the girl in pink sitting beside Mrs. Benson. Stella knew that he could be blind and deaf, but no girl had ever made him either. She had seen him like that over a problem to be solved, but never over a girl. So impressive was his isolation from that crowd that Stella felt a sudden chill. She tossed her head slightly as though to free her eyes from an overhanging lock; the movement was made to clear her brain from fantasy, but it was no fantasy. Curiosity? She shook her head. Her mother knew many people; it was no cause of surprise that a stranger sat intimately there. She turned to the girl Striking, very attractive—so much must be admitted; different from American women, of course, suggesting subtle refinements and the charm of mystery. What more? What more could a man see?

She glanced about. Nobody else was staring like that. The girl was no magnet for everybody. Why for him? She remembered the little French girl in the country house.

(Continued on Page 90)

Her Look to Right and Left, Hastily Seen Beneath the Street Light, Said Just That



Everywhere You Hear—Chrysler

Let a Chrysler "70" enter a home operating two or more cars and the others rapidly fall into dis-use. The Chrysler, on the other hand, is constantly in use—because the others cannot compare with Chrysler. In due time—through sheer logic—it replaces the rest.

Who would choose sluggishness against Chrysler snap and dash? Who would choose the cumbersome and the costly as against the convenient and the economical?

Chrysler is virile, awake, alive. In and out, and around the others, it darts—circling them on the hills, passing them on the highways.

Height, weight, balance, space, acceleration, power, appearance—these are some of the things Chrysler has revolutionized.

Make no mistake—you have witnessed the rise of new principles in motor manufacture which are still profoundly affecting *all* motor car design.

No car is immune to the irresistible attractions of the Chrysler—it continues to invade all classes of ownership, beginning with the highest.

Watch the city streets, the country club, the fine homes, the country roads and above all—*listen to the enthusiasm everywhere.*

One dominant universal note in motor car conversation—the incomparable Chrysler.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER "70"

CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1445. Roadster $1625; Sedan $1695; Royal Coupe, $1795; Brougham $1850; Royal Sedan, $1995; Crown Sedan, $2095. Disc wheels optional.*

CHRYSLER "58"—*Touring Car, $845; Roadster Special $895; Club Coupe $895; Coach $925; Sedan, $995. Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four wheel brakes at slight extra cost.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton, $2645. Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment, wood wheels optional), $2685; Coupe, four-passenger, $3195; Sedan, five-passenger, $3395. Sedan, seven-passenger, $3595; Sedan-limousine, $3695.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XXXI

WELL, there was nothing practical about Rita del Valle. She had seen me fence with Rufo; she knew I was a clumsy swordsman. She knew that Ramon Zuñiga, trained in the arts of a Latin gentleman, was a skilled fencer and had fought successful duels. She knew I had no reasonable chance; knew, too, that her own case would be worse if I were killed.

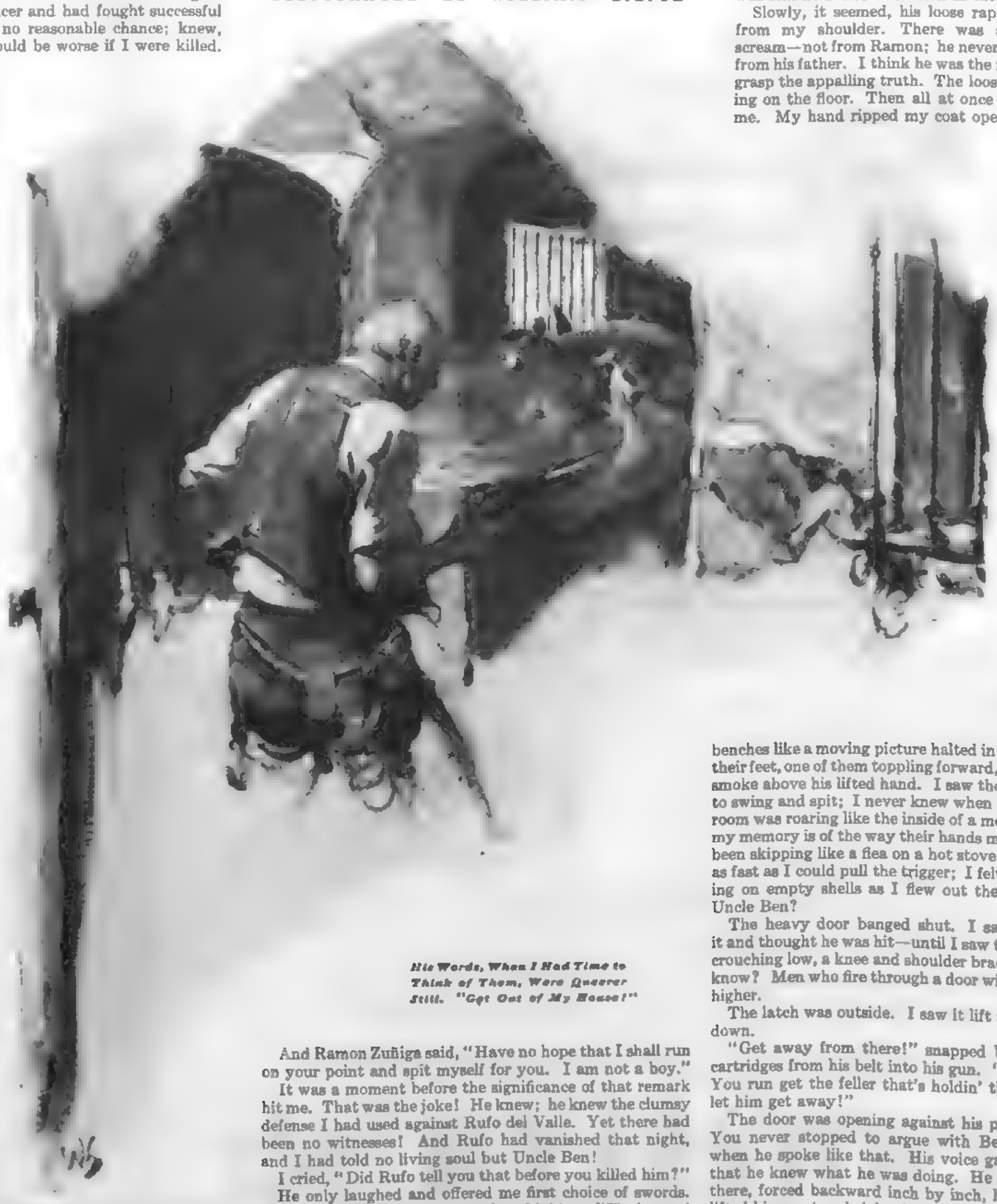
True, there were a few men about the place, and others at the coffee *finca* on the seaward slope—laborers, humble fellows like the porter there. Even if they came in time, they wouldn't last long against Zuñiga's professionals.

Yet did she beg me not to fight? She did not. She walked beside me to the *sala de armas*, and when I begged her to go back, she touched my hand and stood a moment looking up at me. Without a word.

Words are no use sometimes. That moment is one of the clearest and most vivid in my memory, yet there is nothing I can say about it. Maybe the sense of life grows keener near the boundaries of the mystery that envelops life. Something like that; it's hard to put a name to. The man who lives too safely, moderately, practically, will never see pure courage in a woman's eyes.

Then she went back.

They placed Teófilo Zuñiga by a wide barred window where the light was good; ranged themselves on the rest benches like spectators at a cockfight—a bullfight, rather, with myself in the title rôle. Ramon peeled off his jacket, took a rapier from the rack and loosened his shoulders with swift easy lunges at a target on the wall, testing his eye. I only stood heavily and waited. I couldn't limber up a skill I didn't have, and I had a good reason for not taking off my coat. My gun was under it.



His Words, When I Had Time to Think of Them, Were Queerer Still. "Get Out of My House!"

He was a beautiful animal, I won't deny. Heavily, watching him, I knew the farce would last exactly as long as he wished. I couldn't hold him off as I had held Rufo off, with rigidly presented point. His wrist was as strong, his reach as long as mine. He would wear down my arm and get me as he pleased. Yet it was the only defense an unskilled man could use.

He said with mocking politeness, "Will you not take off your coat? You may grow warm before you grow cold."

"Thanks," I said stolidly. "I intend to finish with you before the sweat rises. I have no curiosity about Latin blood."

It isn't hard to bluff when there is nothing else you can do. You may as well. He knew it was a bluff; he grinned and tossed his rapier to the man who was to carry the farce of judging. This happened to be the spokesman of the guard who had halted Gabriel and me before Zuñiga's carriage on the mesa. He murmured humorously, "So my master was to pay you for my insolence, Señor High-and-Mighty?"

I said, "His son shall be the price."

They laughed.

And Ramon Zuñiga said, "Have no hope that I shall run on your point and spit myself for you. I am not a boy."

It was a moment before the significance of that remark hit me. That was the joke! He knew; he knew the clumsy defense I had used against Rufo del Valle. Yet there had been no witnesses! And Rufo had vanished that night, and I had told no living soul but Uncle Ben!

I cried, "Did Rufo tell you that before you killed him?"

He only laughed and offered me first choice of swords. I moved sluggishly, uncertainly, thinking, "He knows! Who told him?" I saw his handsome eyes, glowing, mocking and assured. With a third rapier the judge held up our blades, said "Guard, señores!" and slipped his own blade down.

Subconsciously, I guess, I knew it was no use to try to defend myself. Vaguely I had meant to taunt him, try to make him lunge before he could wear down my rigid arm. No use! He'd take his time; he meant to play with me, make a joke of me before he killed me. He could do it, too. Subconsciously I knew it—with my nerves, I mean. All my brain had to do with it was to remember—afterward.

No use to defend myself. My hand felt the blade free and my nerves cried "Now!" Not a single feint or parry; only the light, instant slither of steel on steel, a light jar of the pommel as the needle point glanced on bone. Queerly his eyeballs quivered and their luster dimmed. Queerly his blade was on my shoulder and my hand was at his chest. There was no shock to speak of; it seemed a long time before his poised left arm began to fall.

As if time had slowed into split seconds, lagging behind a swift unreasoning consciousness. That desperate unexpected lunge had run him through; but there was still no sound or motion in the room.

Slowly, it seemed, his loose rapier began to topple from my shoulder. There was a hoarse inhuman scream—not from Ramon; he never made a sound; but from his father. I think he was the first among us all to grasp the appalling truth. The loose rapier fell clattering on the floor. Then all at once Ramon fell toward me. My hand ripped my coat open and snatched for my gun as I leaped for the open door. His body struck my heels and tripped me. A sharp report burst in the room as I went down.

Like an echo, another answered from the door. Then into deafening silence whipped the voice of old Ben Murchison, not mild and leisurely as I was used to it, but ringing cold and hard. That tone was strange to me; his military days were long before my time. And his words, when I had time to think of them, were queerer still.

"Get out of my house!"

XXXII

ROLLING to my feet I saw the men on the benches like a moving picture halted in midaction—half on their feet, one of them toppling forward, a motionless puff of smoke above his lifted hand. I saw their gun points begin to swing and spit; I never knew when I began to fire; the room was roaring like the inside of a monstrous drum. All my memory is of the way their hands moved—I must have been skipping like a flea on a hot stove. I must have fired as fast as I could pull the trigger; I felt the hammer clicking on empty shells as I flew out the door. Where was Uncle Ben?

The heavy door banged shut. I saw him fall against it and thought he was hit—until I saw the way he stopped, crouching low, a knee and shoulder braced against it. You know? Men who fire through a door will aim waist high or higher.

The latch was outside. I saw it lift and tried to hold it down.

"Get away from there!" snapped Uncle Ben, feeding cartridges from his belt into his gun. "Want to get shot? You run get the feller that's holdin' their horses. Don't let him get away!"

The door was opening against his pressure, but I ran. You never stopped to argue with Ben Murchison—not when he spoke like that. His voice gave you the feeling that he knew what he was doing. He did, too. Kneeling there, forced backward inch by inch, he finished loading, lifted his gun to a height that would suggest a man standing, set the muzzle to the crack and fired.

The door went shut.

Watching him as I ran, I almost banged into Don Fernando coming out a door with his shotgun; and I remember how I blamed him for being so slow to take a hand. Even a sick man, I thought, might have risen more quickly to such an emergency. It seemed a long time to me; this must have been about fifteen seconds after the racket started. And I wronged him, even so. He had been busy—I know now—and he had stayed on the job till he finished it, in case he might not live to come back to it. That's what I call a man.

Whirling out into the entryway, grabbing a bar of the iron grating to help me turn, I saw Rita coming and yelled to her, "Get back!" The man who held the horses wasn't holding them; he was coming in. I snapped my gun uselessly at him. That's one argument against the underarm holster; it carries no spare cartridges. I saw his arm go

(Continued on Page 42)

SWIFT
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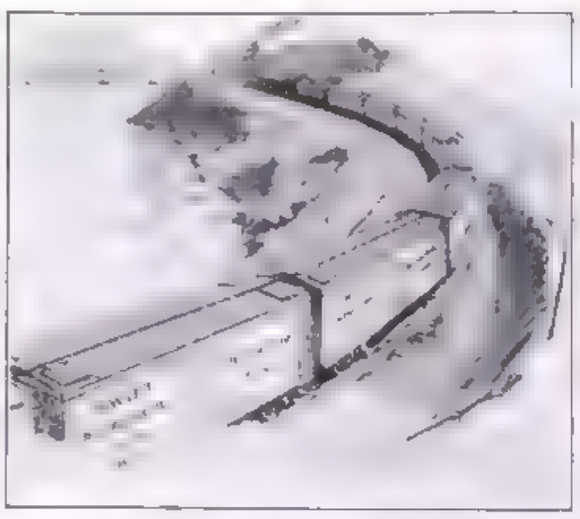
DIRECT from the farm, Brookfield Eggs come to you—perfect eggs, delivered in cartons, in perfect condition.

1 Right where the finest eggs are produced, gathering depots known as "produce plants" have been established by Swift & Company.



2 After they are inspected at the produce plant, the eggs are packed and shipped in refrigerator cars direct to Swift branch houses.

3 At the branch houses they are again inspected, i. e., tested for quality by looking through them against a strong light. They are then packed in cartons and delivered to the store from which you buy them.

4 Brookfield Eggs are packed in easily recognizable cartons. Uniform fineness of quality is assured by careful selection, rapid delivery and the most rigid care in handling.

ELEVEN Mid-Western States produce twice the quantity of eggs, poultry, and butter they use.

This surplus is all necessary to supply the deficiency in seven Eastern States.

Swift & Company performs an important service in gathering and transporting the surplus product from the region of plenty to the distant region of scarcity.

A reliable, continuous market is thus insured for mid-western farmers, and a constant supply for eastern consumers.

The distribution of these products is handled with such directness, efficiency, and economy that the farmer receives the maximum return and the consumer the highest quality at the lowest possible price.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

(Continued from Page 40

up—lucky for me that natives nearly always aim at a man's head—ducked and dived at him. The entryway boomed to a noise like a Big Bertha going off, or maybe that was my head hitting the cobblestones outside the door as we went down.

It knocked me cold. I remember sitting up, wondering vaguely what that fellow was doing in my lap. As a matter of fact he wasn't doing anything. He was just lying there.

"He was going to shoot you!" said Rita del Valle, panting.

She stood over us with my empty gun held grimly by the barrel. Horses danced all about the open space. Men rounded the corner of the house at a high run, and suddenly I remembered. It's a good thing I had nothing to shoot with, groggy as I was. They were Don Fernando's own men just coming from the corral.

I shoveled Rita's victim out of my lap, shouted "Guard this man!" picked up his gun and galloped into the patio.

Nothing was happening. Ben Murchison and Don Fernando weren't even braced against the door; they only watched it, talking in low tones. And the men inside knew they were watching it. You could hear one of them groaning close against it now. That was the one who had been next to it when they had pushed it open.

Uncle Ben asked me, "How many'd you get?"

"Get?" I said groggily, my head still addled from that thump.

"Besides Ramon."

"Oh," I said. "I don't know. If any."

"I never saw you drop but one. And I missed," he said ruefully, "twice that I know of; maybe three. Gettin' old, that's what. I got excited. Come pretty near hittin' you, the way you bounced around. But I hit three of 'em pretty solid. Count one you got, and Ramon, and the feller that pushed the door, and another one maybe; can't be more'n five or six of 'em in any shape to fight. Did you catch the feller outside all right?"

"I caught him all right," I admitted, "and Rita took him off me. Don Fernando's men have got him."

"That's good. Don't want him bringin' another bunch in here on us. We got plenty on our hands already."

It seemed a conservative estimate.

Nothing held that door shut but a bronze latch, useful only to warn us if they tried to open it by stealth; any sudden impact from the inside would break it off.

The wood was marred, breast high, with little splintered places. That door was thick; their bullets didn't quite come through; but three or four in the same place, if they should think of it, would drill a loophole. And what if that squad of cavalry should give up the chase of Johnny Hecht—or catch him—and come back? They'd rescue Zuñiga, not us. They knew which side their bread was buttered on. Had they been near enough to hear the firing in that room?

There was nothing for it but to wait and see.

Don Fernando's men were edging into the patio, cautiously; all their lives they'd feared the name of Zuñiga. Of course, they congregated exactly where they'd catch the first volley from the door if it burst open. Ben Murchison told them so and they almost leaped out of their sandals in their stampede. You couldn't blame them; they were just laborers, not fighting men.

You could hear the hoarse voice of that pitiful, terrible old paralytic howling. Like a maniac. Well, maybe he was. He said he'd have me crucified. He said he'd have Don Fernando stripped naked and flogged and given to his dogs alive. And he kept talking to his son. As if he could hear, telling him how his death should be avenged. He said Rita and Doña Constanza should be —— Things no sane man could have thought of. You thought he didn't know what he was saying. But I've heard a few things about Teòfilo Zuñiga since then.

I can't tell you how a thing like that gets on your nerves. To me, who had grown up in Milo, Indiana, it was grotesque, unreal. Yet in a general way I knew his power. For thirty years nobody had successfully opposed him; not since Ben Murchison himself had done it—for a minute.

No help could come to us; only to him.

It was Ben Murchison who stood against him now. Not I; I had no idea what to do. Not Don Fernando, master of the house. Curious how Don Fernando's eyes depended on him—this shabby, steady, unspectacular old stranger. Well, not quite a stranger; he remembered Don Fernando as a bookish youth, a cousin of the gallant Luis, King of Vizcaya once. And Don Fernando knew him as the bold, quick-witted soldier of fortune who had seized the moment for Luis on that night of flaming memory. A tragic memory, yes; but there was splendor in it too.

That was when I had time to remember.

"Wha'd'ye mean," I said to Uncle Ben—"your house?"

He set his gun hand on the latch, putting the sense of touch on guard before his blue gaze came to me—mild, showing the strain a little, but faintly whimsical even then.

"That's right, Buck. I bought it."

XXXIII

IT ISN'T easy to be practical when your blood is drugged with violence. I heard what he said, but it didn't make sense. With his left hand, after a struggle because of his crippled shoulder, he reached his pocket and gave me a folded paper; and that didn't make sense either. Oh, it was legible enough, its Latin script a little shaky, but quite clear except toward the end; here the pen had jerked and the lines gone ragged; but you could read it at a glance. Maybe that was it—the words were too few, too simple.

"I, Fernando Fernandez del Valle, of the hacienda of La Caoba, Department of Toloba, Republic of Vizcaya, this

(Continued on Page 178)

Toward Sundown Rita Came Out and Sat Beside Me in the Colonnade, Pale, Somber-Eyed, Staring Out Into the Patio

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

$100 Reward!

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As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

An attractive rug that's play-proof!

Their very own room! A place where they can play any game they like—and no one ever says, "Don't do that, you'll ruin the rug!" For this rug is Congoleum—so sturdy that it stands the scuffing of tireless little feet without a sign of wear.

Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are sanitary—and that's another important point for rooms where children spend much of their time. The surface is smooth, waterproof, and seamless—no place for crumbs or germs to lurk.

Dust can't sift under the edges of these rugs for they hug the floor yet do not require fastening of any kind. And a few strokes of a damp mop make them spotless.

Then, cheerful beauty! All children love color. And the designs in Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are marvels of artistic color combinations.

You must see these rugs to appreciate them fully. Just visit your dealer's and look over the many patterns. There are sizes for every room—from small mats to large room-sized rugs. And prices have never been as low as they are today.

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Its soft rose and delicate blues make the "Venetian" design, shown above, extremely popular. It's Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 532.

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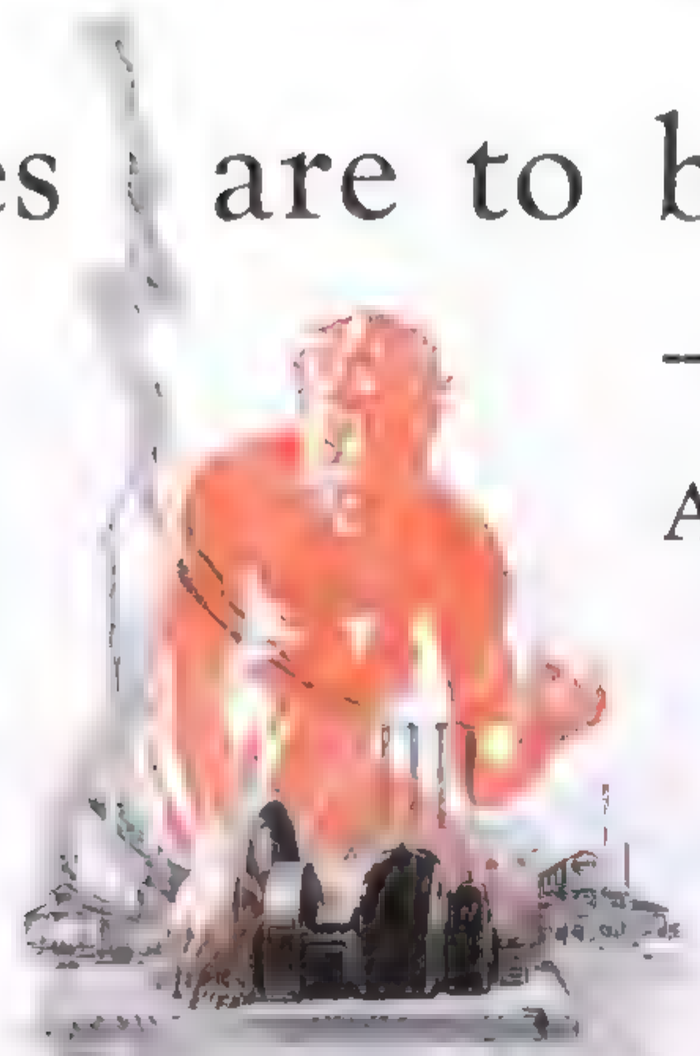
"Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs," is an interesting illustrated little booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce. It shows all the beautiful patterns in their full colors and contains more detailed information regarding these labor-saving floor-coverings. A copy will be sent free on request.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

If wages are to be kept up
—costs must be cut
A voice of authority points a way



FRICTION—*the unseen waster of horsepower*

"The 29,000,000 horsepower established in American factories, equivalent to 290,000,000 workers, places each American workman in a position to command 33 slaves."

"If wage scales are to be maintained in this country, we must put more power back of the individual worker, and see that the supply is ample and the cost low."

This is the considered utterance of
OWEN D YOUNG
great industrial leader

Industrial experts say that 50% of the power generated in industry is wasted—that is, 2 horsepower are created, but do the work of but one.

Power that drives machines against needless frictional resistance is worse than wasted; it is diverted to destroy the very machine it drives, for it multiplies wear as it overrides the resistance.

Fortunately it is possible to eliminate this waste and this destruction by removing the drag that slows production. Effective lubrication will do it.

In our experience in many plants 3% to 30% power has been saved through changes effected in lubrication.

Simply buying good oil will not solve the problem. The oil must exactly fit the needs of the machinery for which it is designed. Individual operating conditions must be studied.

In fact, lubrication is so technical a subject that only specialists can properly survey the needs of individual plants and accurately prescribe correct lubrication for them.

As the world's leading specialists in the manufacture and application of lubricants, the Vacuum Oil Company offers you results of its ripe knowledge and experience. We invite you to get in touch with us.

A few cases in point—

FROM OUR FILES OF REPORTS OF PERFORMANCE RESULTS.

Recommendations of the Vacuum Oil Company engineers have effected important power savings in every industry throughout the world. A few examples:

FILE NO 1125—$2,400 saved in purchased power bills of a Wisconsin lumber mill, with increased running time.

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All these savings were attended by smoother production flow.

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WOLFIE LOVES THE LAMBS

By DeWolf Hopper and Wesley W. Stout

I DO not tremble for the old age of Fred Stone, Frank Tinney and Sir Harry Lauder, nor have I ever seen Al Jolson or Ed Wynne dropping five-dollar gold pieces in the nickel slots in the telephone booths and the Subway turnstiles. Yet everyone knows, of course, that actors have no business sense and that managers and producers are notoriously shrewd business men.

Oddly, however, these canny producers and managers never have been able to maintain a club of their own in New York, though their heedless charges support four or five flourishing institutions, among them The Lambs, probably the most successful club in the world, and one of the most distinctive. I say most successful, because no other club is used so intensively by its members, is given such a collegiate loyalty, or is so literally the home, hearth and headquarters of its personnel, as the six-story building in West Forty-fourth Street, just around the corner from Broadway. House Rule Number One reads: "The clubhouse shall never be closed." And it never has been.

As its poet laureate sang on the occasion of the club's golden jubilee:

"Hardly a man is alive no more
Who remembers that day in '74
When five performers, none of them hams,
Got together and formed The Lambs."

About Christmastime of 1874, George H. McLean, a layman, invited Harry Montague, Harry Beckett, Edward Arnott and Arthur Wallack, all members of the cast of The Shaughruan, then playing at the old Wallack Theater, to a supper in the Blue Room of Delmonico's Fourteenth Street restaurant after the show.

There were no actors' clubs then and these five had no thought, at the time, of founding one. Actors, when not acting, were accustomed to loiter on the benches and sidewalks of Union Square, talking shop. If the weather was forbidding it never was more than seventeen steps to a bar—every man's club.

In February of '75 the original five and two recruits to the circle gave a supper at the Maison Dorée. Plates were laid for fourteen, each member to bring a guest. Only two of the guests appeared. George Fawcett Rowe, who lived at the hotel, was routed out of bed and ten sat down to what the 70's called a repast. Someone suggested that the organization be made permanent and Harry Montague gave it its name—The Lambs.

The name, as not even all its members know, came in a roundabout way from Charles and Mary Lamb. Montague had come from England in 1874 to be leading man at Wallack's. In London he had been a member of a convivial dinner club of twelve, the traditional round-table number. Sir John Hare had formed the circle and christened it The Lambs in 1869, when the hospitality and good talk that had reigned in the home of Charles and Mary Lamb still were green in the memories of Bohemian Londoners. In the early decades of the century, "Let's go to the Lambs'" was the answer to any dull evening.

The Lambs Cross the Ocean

THE president was known as the Shepherd, the vice president as the Boy. There were twelve Lambkins, from amongst whom any vacancies in the round table were filled. Occasional outings in the country were called Washings, and dinners known as Gambols were held weekly for a time at the Gayety Restaurant, then irregularly until the circle died of inanition about 1879. It had lived long enough to plant a seed across the Atlantic, though unwittingly. Montague had borrowed the name and the terminology, apparently, without consulting his London confreres, and it is doubtful if the twelve diners at the Gayety knew of the existence of the American offshoot. All seems to have been forgiven, however, for in 1896 the crook, bell, badge of office and other ritualistic paraphernalia were presented to the New York Lambs, and the few surviving members of the long-dissolved London club were elected honorary life members. One of them, Sir Squire Bancroft, still lives.

The orphaned flock of muttons, bleating very softly, wandered on wabbly young legs from the Union Square Hotel to the Matchbox, to Wallack's Theater, to the Monument House, to 19 East Sixteenth Street, in the next few years, still only a supper club. In 1877 it was incorporated. When Montague died in San Francisco the following year, its numbers had grown to sixty. Another year later, when Harry Beckett retired as treasurer, he turned over to E. M. Holland, his successor, $80.40, the entire assets. Yet, in a year more, the club had moved into its first home, rented quarters at 34 West Twenty-sixth Street, where I joined in 1887. I am, I believe, the third or fourth oldest member now, and I have been both Boy and Shepherd.

The Lambs included many excellent actors in the 80's, but it was far from being representative of the profession. The members were fewer than 100, its finances hand to mouth, like those of the actor of the time, and its permanence doubtful. So when The Players was launched in 1888 by Edwin Booth, who gave his home in Gramercy Park as a clubhouse, the enormous prestige of Booth, and such men as Lawrence Barrett, Mark Twain, Joseph Jefferson, Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer, Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, John Drew, Stephen H. Olin and Brander Matthews on the board of directors, shoved The Lambs back into the chorus, so to speak, for a time.

Booth had seen the American actor lounging in Union Square, mingling only with his own kind and handicapped very often in competition with British actors by lack of equal social graces and cultural background, and had given his home and founded The Players to augment both their comfort and their dignity. Here was to be a place where the younger American actor might make himself at home with books, pictures, relics of great players of the past; find intellectual contact with the best minds of his own profession and with men of achievement in other walks of life, refinement of thought and manner, and ennobling associations. In his business the actor was called upon to personate artists, business men, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, men of inherited wealth. In The Players he was to be brought among such men and to see at first hand how they comported themselves, for it was part of Booth's plan that any male more than twenty-one years old in any way connected with artistic life, if only as a patron or connoisseur, be eligible. Professional theatrical critics, only, were barred.

The N. V. A. Club, New York City

In Great Britain, where trade was infra dig for gentlemen, the stage was peopled with Oxford and Cambridge graduates. The choice of a career for a younger son virtually was restricted to the navy, the army, church or stage, and many found the latter most attractive. In increasing numbers these British actors brought to America that poise born of easy association with all the elements of society. In comparison, the American actor, usually the product of a hard and rough school, often suffered. He was, in fact, being crowded out of the dress-suit and the drawing-room drama by the suaver alien, to whom evening clothes were not a costume.

In addition, the British actor, playing much of his season in London and never more than a few hundred miles distant from the metropolis, was permitted a home life known to few American players. Thirty years and more ago the native actor spent so large a part of his time on the road, as many as 3000 miles from Broadway, that he could not maintain a home. The Players was to be such.

Gambols and Washings Galore

PARENTHETICALLY, our stage today is recruited quite as much as the British theater from the schools and the best homes, yet, curiously, the drama has not benefited as largely as might have been expected. Hand these young men and women a ade of Shakspere and they are dumb, but ask them to sing, dance or stand on their heads and they oblige instantly and with professional skill.

Booth had reserved a suite on the third floor of the club as a residence, and there he passed the last four years of his life and died June 7, 1893. Numbers of notable actors continue to be members of The Players, but Booth's gift had fixed the club in Gramercy Park and the theatrical district steadily moved northwestward, until today its center is forty blocks away. It is a taxicab journey to The Players; neither bus, street car nor subway passes near by. The name of Booth alone is sufficient to endear this quiet club forever to actors, and at least five of its directors always must be actors, managers or dramatists, but because of its relative inaccessibility the profession frequents it less and less. Meanwhile the more agile Lambs were following the Rialto up Broadway, and The Lambs has come, in my opinion, more nearly to fulfilling Booth's ideal than the club he founded.

The Lambs' first outing or Washing was held on Wallack's Island, Lester Wallack's summer home near Stamford, and it is recorded that three carriages held all the participants. By the time I joined, the Washings were taking place on Clay Greene's country estate, at Bayside, Long Island. They lapsed about 1899, to be revived in 1922 by John Golden, the present owner of the former Greene estate. Greene, who now lives in California, returns each year to act as Colbe. But the actor is such an urbanite that he is awkward in the country. Charley Hoyt, the playwright, bequeathed his pleasant country estate at Charlestown, New Hampshire, to The Lambs, intending it to be a restful resort for the members. No one, however, could be induced to get that far from Broadway except on pay; the club sold the New Hampshire property and invested it in the present building.

The Lambs are at their most frolicsome at the Gambols. The first Gambol was held a year after I became one of them. The club had been indulging in occasional windy banquets, and Thomas Manning, who was treasurer, led a revolt. "I grow weary of these feasts of dearly bought eloquence which cost so much and return so little," he protested. Clay Greene advanced the suggestion that a mimic theater be built in the dining room of the Twenty-sixth Street house, to pay the back rent of which, by the way, he shortly before had advanced $1000, one-third of all the money he possessed. A makeshift stage was thrown together and we began giving occasional entertainments, usually burlesques on current successes. There were but

two that year. Otis Skinner, Joseph Holland, Kyrle Bellew and Thomas Whiffen, whose widow has become the grand old lady of our stage, were on the first program. Digby Bell and I were on the second.

But it was the third, held on May 1, 1889, which is remembered. Out of it grew a tragedy as strange as some of the macabre flights of Poe's imagination. That night, Washington Irving Bishop, a professional mind reader, exposer of spiritualism and former associate of Anna Eva Fay, was a guest of Henry E. Dixey and volunteered on the program. Clay Greene offered himself as a subject. Bishop asked Greene to think of a name, and the first that came to Greene was that of a guest whose signature he had noticed on the club register earlier in the evening.

Blindfolded, Bishop led Greene directly to the register, ran a finger down the page and stopped at the signature of the man of whom Greene had thought. Several moments later Bishop apparently fainted. Physicians in the audience examined him, pronounced it catalepsy and restored the mind reader. Some in the club were skeptical and were at no pains to conceal their suspicions of a hoax. Piqued by these doubts, Bishop began another demonstration. In the midst of it he fell in a second faint. Unable to revive him, the doctors present had him carried to a room in the clubhouse, where he died the following noon.

The attending physicians called in consultants, and eventually the coroner, and an autopsy was performed. Several days later Bishop's mother brought a criminal action against the doctors who had taken part in the autopsy, charging that her son was not dead but in a state of suspended animation common to him. He always had carried a written warning on his person, she said, addressed to "doctors and friends," forbidding an autopsy or any violent means of resuscitation. No such paper had been found on him, however, and a coroner's jury absolved the officiating surgeons from all blame.

Eventually these Gambols were the salvation of the club and created its lasting prosperity. Originally they had been private affairs to which each Lamb was entitled to bring one guest. In 1891, Augustus Thomas suggested that the best of the acts be grouped into a public Gambol to which admission would be charged, a variation of the time-honored benefit performance. It was done and Robert G. Ingersoll, who had become a member in 1889, made the opening address. The receipts and the business sense of Greene as Shepherd and Thomas as Boy began to pull the club out of debt. They compromised with our creditors and the membership began to leap. In 1895 it was 272, and when Greene and Thomas stepped down in 1899, after seven years in office, the club had a waiting list for the first time.

Furthermore, it occupied a home of its own. Thomas B. Clarke, the art connoisseur, first suggested that the club buy and build. In 1896, a house at 70 West Thirty-sixth Street was purchased with money produced by the public Gambols, remodeled on plans of Stanford White and occupied in May, 1897. It became a famous chophouse when we crossed Forty-second Street in pursuit of the still-shifting theatrical district; but in 1897 Herald Square was the Rialto's heart, just as Twenty-third Street had been when we were in Twenty-sixth Street.

Carefully Planned Gambols

AGAIN it was Thomas who pointed the way to the present club building. The carpets hardly were down in Thirty-sixth Street when he broached the plan of an annual All Star Gambol tour of the larger cities. Nat Goodwin was the first to volunteer, and William H. Crane, Stuart Robson, Wilton Lackaye, Henry M. Woodruff, Clay Greene, T. Daniel Frawley, E. W. Kemble, Joseph Holland, Fritz Williams, Vincent Serrano, Charles Klein, Burr McIntosh, Chauncey Olcott, George Barnum, E. J. Kellard, Jefferson de Angelis, Alfred Klein, Digby Bell and myself were among the members who followed his lead. We opened at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 24, 1898, in the midst of the Spanish-American War, to a gala audience, and set out by special train with Boston our first stop. There was a minstrel first part, with myself as interlocutor, and in every city we paraded minstrel fashion in frock coats and high hats, headed by a band of fifty led by the late Victor Herbert.

The net proceeds of the week's tour was $62,000, sufficient to pay off both mortgages on the new club, all other debts and leave a little in the treasury. The tour became an annual event and accumulated a surplus so rapidly that we bought the site, built our present home and occupied it in 1905. Ten years later we doubled the building.

Rising transportation costs, the increasing disinclination of actors to leave New York and the dwindling novelty of the tours, put an end to them before the war, but the annual public Gambol continues to be given in New York. Its proceeds and the income from the dormitories, the restaurant, and the moderate dues from the 1600 members, what with a rent and mortgage free property, suffice to keep the club self-sustaining.

The public Gambol is held in the largest theater obtainable, usually the Metropolitan, the Century or the Hippodrome, but the more frequent private Gambols take place in the theater in the club building, the most completely equipped little theater I know of. Members still are entitled to bring one guest each, but to discourage the practice, because of the limited capacity of the theater, ten dollars is charged for each nonmember attending.

I hope the reader has not formed a mental picture of a Gambol as a sort of Mulligan stew to which members contribute bits from their repertoire. It is not, neither is it actors' horseplay, nor even excerpts from current plays or burlesques upon them, nor a tryout for new plays and vaudeville acts. The boys do not gather in the grill and say: "Let's get up a show a week from Tuesday night. Will Rogers can do his rope stuff; Dave Warfield might recite Good-by Jim, Take Keer of Yerself; Robert Mantell can do something from Shakspere; Raymond Hitchcock might imitate Elsie Janis imitating Eddie Foy; Giovanni Martinelli sing all six parts of the Lucia sextette; and Hopper recite Casey."

That program, deleted of my Casey, might do for a benefit, but it would be a cab-driver's vacation for The Lambs. Long ago the club demanded the new and the unusual in its theater, and enforced the demand. The Collie and the members he drafts for the program are on their mettle, and as the membership includes famous artists, musicians, dramatists, novelists, cartoonists and the like, as well as the run of the stage, there is no lack of material. The programs run the gamut from farce and burlesque to tragedy.

More than one young man has won his first hearing on Broadway through his contributions to a Gambol. Hazzard Short is an example. Three famous plays grew out of sketches written for our shows—Edward Milton Royce's The Squaw Man and Augustus Thomas' The Witching Hour, and The Copperhead. That uproarious skit, The Lady in Red, made famous by Clark and McCullough, and pretending to be the opening performance of an English melodrama by a stock company in Winniepasooga, Wisconsin, was part of one Gambol, Walter Catlett playing Mahomet Mahoney, the eminent detective, with his "Damned clever, these Chinese!" If there ever has been anything funnier, it was the sketch entitled At the Grand-Guignol—in which Frank McCormack, as the guide-interpreter, sat in a stage box and explained, in broken and ecstatic English, the story of a typical Guignol comedy to two male American tourists—which has twice been on a Gambol program, the only act, I believe, that ever was repeated, and that by vociferous demand. Both of these skits, though convulsive to any audience, were peculiarly hilarious to actors, but the latter was too broad in its situations for the commercial stage. Other sketches that have made particular Gambols memorable never have passed beyond the club stage, because they were too professional in their appeal or otherwise unsuited for box-office patronage.

The Lambs Club, in Forty-fourth Street

Playing the Squaw Man's Squaw

BECAUSE women never are admitted to the club—there never has been a Ladies' Day—all feminine parts must be played by men. This is simple enough in farce and comedy; often adds to the risibilities, as many a college dramatic club has demonstrated, but in serious drama there is no more severe test of an actor's ability. He begins with the enormous handicap of his audience's knowledge that he is a man masquerading as a woman, a basically ludicrous situation. Yet, again and again on Gambol nights, I have seen women's rôles in drama and tragedy played by men so extraordinarily well that I could think of few actresses who might have done the parts better.

The most memorable of all, it seems to me, was Ed S. Abeles' playing of the squaw in the sketch that became The Squaw Man. The story was that of an English younger son who had settled on a Wyoming ranch in the 80's and, with no thought ever of returning home, had become the father of a half-breed son. When the child is some six years old, a barrister arrives from England with word that the squaw man's father and elder brothers all are dead, and that he has come into the title and the estate. The squaw man, sincerely devoted to the mother of his child, rejects both title and estate, but the lawyer pleads *noblesse oblige*. The squaw man must, he argues, be true to his blood and return to his own; the Indian mother must be bought off and the child reared commensurately with his station in life. The invoking of the boy's future wins the father reluctantly to the lawyer's plea, and he breaks the decision to the squaw as kindly as possible.

A stolid savage, knowing only a dozen words of English, and her native speech unintelligible to the man, she cannot convey her grief, despair and ravished mother love by impassioned rhetoric or gestures. Whoever plays the part is restricted to little more than grunts. The squaw grasps the situation slowly, consents with a nod, almost as if it were a commonplace for a woman to surrender her child and mate to an abstraction of which she understands nothing, and leaves the stage. She is not seen again, but a moment later the single bark of a pistol tells her fate. As the play is written, the whole burden of this climactic scene is left to the skill of the actress, and more than one, when the play became a popular success, was found unequal to it. But long before the renunciation scene this night, all had forgotten that Abeles was not really an Indian mother, and I rarely have seen a more spontaneous or a more emotional response, even in The Lambs' theater, where, with sympathetic and play-wise audiences, good work always is rewarded.

Another performance that sticks in my memory was that of Byron Ongley's The Model, in the Gambol of April 10, 1910. The action took place in the Paris studio of a young English artist. The young man's mother visits him in an effort to dissuade him from his Latin Quarter life. He smiles at her solicitude and sends her away affectionately. I do not remember the name of the young actor who played the gray-haired mother, but he gave a performance of which Mrs. Thomas Whiffen need not have been ashamed. The artist is painting a Biblical scene, and unable to find among the professional models a face that suggests the spiritual demands of the Christ, he sends his servant out to scour the streets. The servant is long on the quest but returns at last with a splendid young peasant with a natural blond beard. The artist instructs the servant to show the peasant into

(Continued on Page 141)

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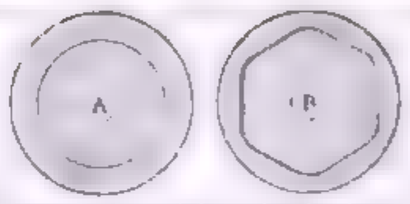

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WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

AT THE SIGN OF THE JADE FISH

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

Fifty Yards up the Street She Stepped Into a Large Car. It Carried Her Away

THERE runs from Regent's Park to Camden Town Tube Station a street called Park Street, one of those elderly streets in which little Georgian houses are dreadfully jostled by the latest designs in ferro-concrete. It is a dingy street, but something of a thoroughfare. Busses run along it, and the wealthy dwellers in the district at the northeast corner of Regent's Park use it when they motor to the north by way of Haverstock Hill. Also there are in it an old bookshop, three curiosity shops and the shops of two bird fanciers, who also sell tortoises; shops which draw to themselves wealthier customers than does the six-storied emporium in Camden Town High Street.

It was in Park Street that the young but large Doctor Hassendean established his surgery, on the first floor of a small house not far from the Labor Exchange. On that floor, besides his surgery and his waiting room, were his bed-sitting room and kitchen-bathroom. A staircase, for the exclusive use of himself and his visitors, ran down from them to the street.

Young Doctor Hassendean had set up in practice on that first floor with great hopes but small capital, and things were not going well. Nevertheless, he was paying his way. At the end of sixteen weeks he was as well off as when he started; on every day of the past ten weeks he had been confident that his luck was about to change. His luck had not justified that confidence. But his admirable cheerfulness remained unabated by this churlishness; and when, at half-past nine that Thursday night, he shut up his surgery and made ready to enjoy himself after his day's work, he was in as good spirits as if he had been earning ten guineas an hour.

It was his habit to betake himself, after working hours, to the bright but decorous Mirandola Club, the younger members of which danced while the older discussed the last thing in culture. There he would find his favorite dancing partner, the young and beautiful sister of John Walton, a cultivated young stockbroker who lived on the nearer slope of the northern heights. Miss Mary Walton and young Doctor Hassendean danced together admirably, and they were interested in much the same things—lawn tennis, musical comedy and the films. She displayed a pleasing interest in his fortunes, and being seven years younger than he, frequently gave him excellent advice.

He found her at the Mirandola, to which she had been brought by her brother, to whom also she frequently gave excellent advice, which, alas, was too seldom taken, and invited her to dance. They slipped into a fox trot, and Mary Walton thoughtfully asked how much he had made that day.

"Eighteen shillings," said young Doctor Hassendean with a dauntless air.

"It seems to go on and on and on," she said sadly.

"It does," he said.

"I've been wondering whether John could do anything," she said, frowning thoughtfully.

Young Doctor Hassendean shook his head.

"The people John knows don't go to surgeries for their doctoring," he said.

"I wasn't thinking so much of patients, but of changing your luck," said Mary gravely. "John often has very good amulets among his jade—love charms and money charms and charms that give you good health or long life. Last Christmas we gave a money charm to a girl who was rather hard up and she has done quite well ever since."

Young Doctor Hassendean jerked a trifle restively and not in time with the music. He knew that, as a doctor, he was a scientific man. Was this talk of charms and amulets, he asked himself, the kind of talk for a scientific man? The answer was no. Then he remembered that Mary often gave him good advice. After all, there might be something in it.

"I wish he could find one for me," he said in a rather indulgent tone.

"I'll talk to him about it. You come to tea on Sunday," Mary Walton said.

They danced together for most of the evening, talking with enthusiasm, as the young will, of Charlie Chaplin and Hobbs, the leviathan of cricket; and at the end of the evening she reminded him that he was to come on Sunday for the jade amulet which should mend his fortunes. At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, therefore, he arrived, rather doubtful, but resolved to let Mary have her way. After tea, John Walton unlocked the cabinet in which he kept small pieces of Chinese hard stone, jade, agate, crystal and lapis lazuli.

"You've come to me at a bad time," he said thoughtfully, as he drew open the top drawer. "I have three excellent jade love charms and a very powerful agate charm against glanders. But you are not, I trust, in love and you have no horses."

"No, I haven't any horses," said young Doctor Hassendean hastily, and he blushed.

"At the moment I haven't a wealth charm of any kind," said John, closing the top drawer. He opened the second and went on: "But, of course, jade is of itself a very lucky stone and any piece of it brings luck. I've a piece here which may be of some use to you."

He took from the drawer an oblong piece of milky jade about four inches long and two broad, carved into the shape of a rather cubist fish; on it were engraved eyes, a mouth, fins, spines and a tail; the carving and engraving were rough. John Walton rubbed it almost affectionately with the palm of his hand.

"This should be useful," he said. "It was used by the priest of some very poor little Shintoist temple as a gong to summon up spirits, probably devils. Juju doesn't soak into jade, you know; so you needn't worry about that. Certainly I haven't come to any extra grief since it has been in the house. It should turn out to be quite powerful."

He spoke with a conviction that impressed young Doctor Hassendean, who took the fish with an almost reverent air, put it in his waistcoat pocket and thanked him warmly.

"Of course I can only lend it to you, for it is of the Yuan period, an uncommonly rare piece and evidently the source of the cubist inspiration in modern art," said John Walton.

"Of course," said young Doctor Hassendean gravely. "How shall I use it?"

John hesitated; then he said: "It wouldn't be a bad thing to nail it on your front door above the knocker. It is pierced with two holes for the cord by which it was suspended from the top of its frame. Drive the longest steel pins through them that they'll take, so that it can't be easily stolen. What you want is patients, and patients are outside your flat. On your door, it will catch their eye as they pass and, at any rate, if it doesn't actually bring you luck, act as a bit of an advertisement. If the Medical Council interfere, that will be between them and their consciences."

When, later, he had gone, Mary asked her brother if the fish would really work.

John's face became the face of the accomplished poker player he was, and he said, "It ought to. Why not? He believes quite a lot that it will."

Doctor Hassendean went home uncommonly pleased with his mascot. He set it on his mantelpiece, and many times that evening, as he studied the batting and bowling averages for the week in his Sunday paper, his rather ox-like brown eyes rose to dwell on it with an air of satisfaction. For the time being he had forgotten that, as a doctor, he was a scientific man. The next morning he was still pleased with it, and hopeful; and as soon as he had finished his breakfast, he went to an ironmonger's and bought the largest steel pins that the holes in the fish would take, came back and nailed it to his door.

He stepped onto the pavement, drew the door to and observed the result. He was a little surprised. The fish was not large; it was not bright; but it was so incongruous with its surroundings that it caught the eye as a larger, brighter object might not have done. It even caught the eye from the other side of the street. Passers-by stopped to look at it more closely. He went up to the surgery to await the stream of patients it should set pouring in.

No stream poured in, but the usual trickle

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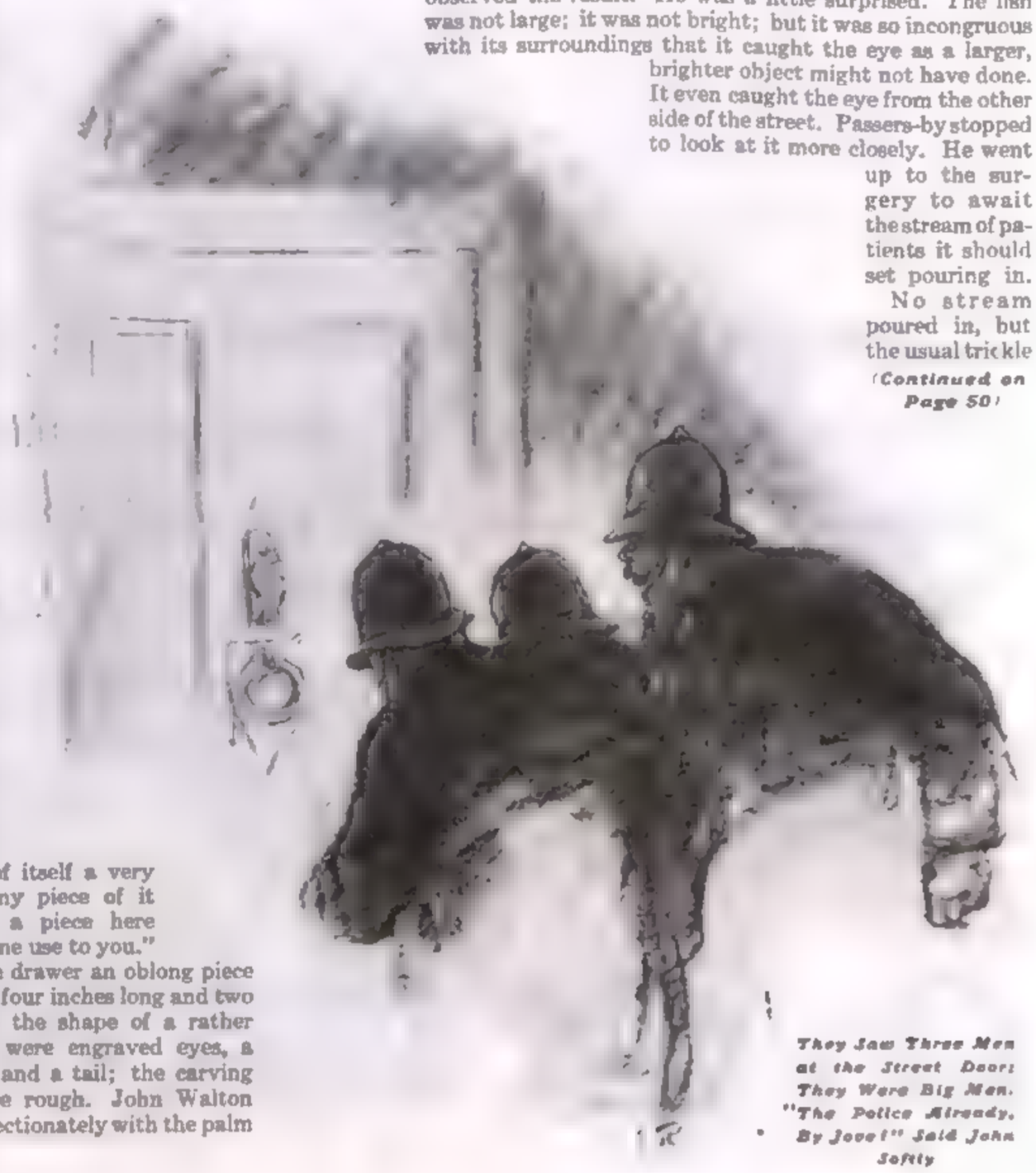

They Saw Three Men at the Street Door: They Were Big Men. "The Police Already. By Jove!" Said John Softly

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OLDSMOBILE SIX

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Continued from Page 48

was undoubtedly not so thin. At four o'clock in the afternoon his fees, for consultations and medicine, amounted to eighteen shillings. With the evening hours to come, it looked likely to be a thirty-shilling day

He made himself tea, and as he sat at his sitting-room window drinking it, he watched the seedy passers-by. A large limousine came slowly down the street. As it passed, the face of an old man, wrinkled and cadaverous, was framed in the window. He appeared to be staring at the jade fish. The car went on down the street. In about four minutes it came slowly back, drew up to the curb and stopped before his door.

Young Doctor Hassendean could not think that it brought a patient; but he could hear rather jerky feet mounting the stairs, and there came a knock at the waiting-room door. He rather hurried to it, and opened it to be confronted by the cadaverous old gentleman who had stared from the car. On the instant Doctor Hassendean perceived that here was a patient who needed treatment; but he could not for the life of him diagnose his complaint.

"You Doctor Hassendean?" said the old gentleman, pushing past him and walking shakily into the surgery.

"Yes," said young Doctor Hassendean in rather astonished accents, and followed him.

The old gentleman stared at him. He seemed to consider young Doctor Hassendean, with his round, pink, boyish face and big, broad, thick body, not quite the kind of person he had expected to find.

Then he muttered, "Oh, well, the sign's the sign." He raised his voice and added, "I've got indigestion—rabid indigestion. I want some bicarbonate of soda. How much can you let me have?"

"Bicarbonate of soda?" said young Doctor Hassendean, a trifle taken aback by the simplicity of the treatment of the complaint he had failed to diagnose. "Of course I can. How much do you want?"

"Can you let me have an ounce—a whole ounce?" said the old gentleman with considerable eagerness.

Young Doctor Hassendean grasped the situation; the perplexity cleared from his face. There was no doubt whatever about the mental condition of an old gentleman who grew so excited about twopenn'orth of bicarbonate of soda. He would humor him.

"Of course I can," he said in his kindest voice. "I'll get it for you."

He went behind the screen, which hid from the common eye the bottles of drugs and the narrow table on which he made them up, weighed out an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, giving good measure, made it up into a neat little packet, sealed the ends, came from behind the screen and held it out.

The way in which the trembling hand of the cadaverous old gentleman snatched it from him left no doubt in his mind that a passion for bicarbonate of soda was an integral part of his affliction. The packet disappeared into the old gentleman's left-hand breast pocket. From the right-hand breast pocket he drew an envelope.

"You'll find it right," he said, handing it to young Doctor Hassendean. Then he scowled at him horribly and snarled, "You've got that sign too large—a damn sight too large! You'll be shut up in a week, you silly young jackass! Get a smaller!"

With these kind words, he turned on his heel, bustled jerkily out of the surgery, through the waiting room, down the stairs. Young Doctor Hassendean, in a natural boyish wrath, stepped to the window and threw it up with the intention of shouting down at the old gentleman a few kind words of his own. He remembered in time his professional dignity and refrained.

He turned his attention to the envelope. It was rather thick, as if it held several folded sheets of paper. He opened it and drew out ten five-pound notes.

He stared at them and gasped; his oxlike eyes grew rounder and larger; his mouth opened a little and stayed open. Slowly he grasped what had happened—the jade fish had caught the afflicted old gentleman's eye, and instead of giving ten five-pound notes for an ounce of bicarbonate of soda to some chemist, he had given them to him. Then he sighed—of course he would have to give them back.

A moment's thought showed him that that would not be easy. He did not know the old gentleman's name or address. Oh, well, his relations would learn what had become of the fifty pounds and call for it. He locked up the notes in the cash box he had bought to keep his fees in.

Recovering from the confusion into which the ten five-pound notes had plunged his mind, he bethought himself of the fact that his surgery was closed till 7:30. He would go and tell John Walton of this odd incident. It was true that he was not likely to find that industrious man at home, for it was his habit in the afternoons to relax his mind by playing games of chance at his club. But he would probably find Mary Walton at home. She was. Over a second and richer tea, he told his story. At once she agreed with him that the incident must be ascribed to the mysterious and magical workings of the jade fish, because there was no other way of accounting for it.

"No one ever will come for those ten five-pound notes. You'll see," she said confidently

He lingered on, talking of their subjects; he dwelt at length on the latest exploit of Hobbs, the leviathan of cricket. When Mary opened the front door to let him out, John Walton was mounting the steps. Also he was smiling the faint smile, reminiscent of the Mona Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci, which wreathed his lips when members of his club had been pushing money at him across the poker table. He listened to the story of the cadaverous old gentleman with earnest attention and a rather puzzled air Mary contributed the explanation that it was the work of the jade fish. John seemed to receive enlightenment suddenly. He chuckled.

He bent forward, laid a hand on young Doctor Hassendean's thick forearm and said earnestly, "Just what I expected of that jade fish. Bank those notes at once—by post. And if you sell any more bicarbonate of soda, bank the money at once, if you have to go down to the all-night post office at Charing Cross to post it to your bank."

With that he shook young Doctor Hassendean warmly by the hand, bade him good night, walked briskly up the steps into the house. He liked young Doctor Hassendean, but he did not seek close intimacy with him. He left that to Mary. He was a thundering good doctor; but outside his job, like so many other men, he was uninspiring. Simplicity, indeed, could go very little further.

Young Doctor Hassendean mounted the bus to Camden Town rather mystified. Why should John Walton have expected the jade fish to act in just that way and cause an insane old gentleman to pay him ten five-pound notes for an ounce of bicarbonate of soda?

At dinner Mary asked her brother what he thought of the incident.

He said somewhat cryptically, "I fancy that the explanation is that some diseases are so expensive that they rarely get treated in the public hospitals. And Hassendean is fresh from St. Thomas' and has no experience of the expensive ailments of the rich."

(Continued on Page 52

Young Doctor Hassendean Again Stared at Her. Indeed, He Almost Glared. He Said Faintly, "Bicarbonate of Soda?"

The Packard Eight Seven-passenger Sedan-limousine is shown. Its price is $5100 at Detroit, tax added

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Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

CARL LAEMMLE

Write Me a Letter

The purpose of this column is not alone to keep you posted on coming Universal Pictures, but also to keep Universal in close touch with public opinion and desire.

I am sincere in wishing your criticisms, comments and ideas. They are helpful and encouraging, and have often led to the making of splendid pictures which otherwise might not have been made.

From all over the world, I have received countless letters suggesting fine stories, long forgotten, which were later produced successfully, and I can't begin to express my gratitude.

These letters have taught me many things. They have given me an excellent idea of the kind of pictures the people want, and the types of dramas and stars they like.

Naturally they have encouraged me to seek the best stories from the best authors—to seek directors who are best qualified to produce them—to cast these plays with the types of actors and actresses thoroughly suitable for the principal rôles.

You will find that all of REGINALD DENNY'S plays and HOOT GIBSON'S Western dramas were chosen from authors of renown and produced by directors of known artistic ability. It is rarely that a mediocre story finds its way into the Universal list.

Universal's fine American drama, *"The Flaming Frontier,"* recreating Custer's Last Stand against the Sioux, opened at the Colony Theatre on Broadway, April 4th, to a tremendous crowd and has played to capacity ever since.

I wish you would discuss Universal pictures and stars with me by mail. Write when the inclination strikes you. It is as much to your interest as mine. Don't you think so?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

We will be pleased to send you an autographed photograph of Reginald Denny for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 50)

That night young Doctor Hassendean treated eight more patients. It was a thirty-two shilling day. The jade fish was working in a small way as well as in a large.

The next day was uneventful. But the fish was still getting in good work. When, at a few minutes to ten that night, he turned the last and most querulous patient out of the surgery, he found that it had been a thirty-six shilling day. He opened the windows wide, swept out the surgery and waiting room, then went into his sitting room and settled down on the divan, which would later be his comfortable bed, with a whisky and soda and a detective story. He was halfway down the tenth page when there came a knock at the street door.

It was an uncertain, shaky knock. He was on his feet at once; it looked like a thirty-shilling fee. He was halfway down the stairs when there came another knock—louder, urgent, imperative. It was a thirty-shilling fee! He opened the door quickly. At the threshold stood a lady.

She was not the kind of lady he expected to come to summon him. She was dark and pretty; her face was pale; her hair was shingled; her dark eyes looked uncommonly large. An evening cloak, Chinese and finely embroidered, covered her frock, and on her head sparkled the diamonds in a coronet. It was not a thirty-shilling fee.

"Are you Doctor Hassendean?" she said.

"Yes," he said, staring at her.

In the same brusque and jerky fashion as the cadaverous old gentleman, she pushed past him and went up the stairs straight into his sitting room. He shut the front door and followed her. In the sitting room she turned to face him, fumbling the honey-colored jade buckle of her cloak with small dirty fingers on which were five rings set with large sapphires.

On the instant Doctor Hassendean perceived that here was a patient who needed treatment, but he could not for the life of him diagnose her complaint.

"I've got indigestion—rabid indigestion. I want some bicarbonate of soda. How much can you let me have?" she said quickly, in rather shrill and importunate accents.

Young Doctor Hassendean again stared at her. Indeed, he almost glared.

He said faintly, "Bicarbonate of soda?"

"Yes. I've got rabid indigestion. How much can you let me have? Can you let me have an ounce?" she said, with the same almost clamorous eagerness, twisting her fingers in a fold of her cloak.

"Hysterical," he thought; and said aloud, "Yes, I can let you have an ounce. I'll get it."

He went into the surgery quickly. He wished to be alone with his thoughts. What on earth did it mean—these rich people with rabid indigestion, coming to him for bicarbonate of soda? He had evidently been wrong in believing the cadaverous old gentleman to be mad. Or was this lady also mad? He heard her moving in the sitting room. It seemed improbable that two persons so unlike should suffer from the same delusion. He could not make up his mind about it. He sealed the packet of bicarbonate of soda, brought it into the sitting room, held it out to her.

Even as the cadaverous old gentleman had done, she fairly snatched it from his fingers, and said in a tone of immense relief, "Thank you—good night—the tobacco jar."

She went through the door; her high heels clattered on the uncarpeted stairs as she ran down them; the street door banged. Young Doctor Hassendean hurried to the surgery window and put his head out. He watched her hurry along toward Regent's Park. Fifty yards up the street she stepped into a large car. It carried her away.

He scratched his head; she was indeed a sudden lady. Then he walked into his sitting room and opened his tobacco jar. He had more than an inkling of what he would find in it; he knew. He found them—ten five-pound notes.

He gazed at them with troubled eyes. It was all very well, but with the pleasure they gave him was mingled a certain compunction. Fifty pounds was fifty pounds; but was it quite fair to have a jade fish which compelled absolute strangers to buy bicarbonate of soda from him for fifty pounds an ounce? Was it cricket?

He broke from these speculations to follow Mr. Walton's curious advice. He went down to Charing Cross post office, registered and insured the ten five-pound notes and posted them to his bank.

The next morning he felt easier in mind about having a jade fish which compelled wealthy strangers to buy bicarbonate of soda from him at an extravagant price; but he was now a little troubled by the difficulty of adjusting modern science to this odd fact. Modern science would also, he thought, need adjusting to the less important fact that since he had had that sign on his door his patients had doubled in number and were still increasing. That night he found that he had had a forty-four shilling day.

The next day, at intervals, five motor cars stopped at his door. From them four men and one woman went up the stairs to the waiting room and passed into the surgery. Two of them were young men of a type unpleasing to the robust young doctor; they were effeminate, yellowish, admirably dressed, with ties, socks and handkerchiefs that matched; they were jerky, supercilious and affected. They also were suffering from the complaint he could not diagnose; they also asserted that it was rabid indigestion and asked for bicarbonate of soda. He gave them an ounce apiece. Each of them handed ten five-pound notes to him. He took them with a warm satisfaction. These were the kind of people on whom the fish should work.

The third man was about fifty years old, with an uncommonly able face, rather spoiled by the weakness of the mouth and chin. Young Doctor Hassendean knew that he ought to recognize him, that he had seen his portrait in the illustrated weeklies—a well-known actor, or politician, or K. C. The lady was about the same age and had plainly been a beauty. She looked to be ravaged by discontent. Like those of the lady who wore the coronet, her hands needed to be manicured. All these four came before three o'clock in the afternoon, and young Doctor Hassendean paid two hundred pounds into his account just before the bank closed.

He had not been back at the surgery ten minutes before the fourth man came. He was plainly a war wreck; his left arm was twisted, his left leg crippled, his lined face incredibly haggard from long endurance of pain. He said that he was suffering from rabid indigestion and wanted bicarbonate of soda.

But here young Doctor Hassendean drew the line. He had made no bones about humoring the other patients to the tune of fifty pounds apiece, but not this war wreck. He would save him from the compelling influence of the jade fish.

He said firmly, "But it's all nonsense, sir. Why do you come to me for bicarbonate of soda when you can get all you want from any chemist for tuppence an ounce?"

The war wreck seemed considerably taken aback. His sunken eyes stared at the doctor in manifest amazement.

He stammered, "B-b-but it isn't the same th-th-thing!"

"It's exactly the same thing and the same quality," protested young Doctor Hassendean. "I don't know why all you people should be suffering from this delusion. At least I do know why, but I can't understand how it works." He paused; a happy thought came to him; he added, "I tell you what—I'll give you half a pound of it, just to show you."

The shattered man's eyes opened wider.

"Do you mean to tell me that what you sold Sir George—that that white powder an old gentleman showed me at my club on Monday afternoon was really bicarbonate of soda?" he said in a hushed voice.

"It certainly was. That was what he asked for," said young Doctor Hassendean coldly.

The shattered man's eyes grew a trifle less incredulous; then he cried, "But what about the fish?"

"Well, I can't help the fish. I nailed it on my door for luck. If it gives people these delusions, all I can say is they must be mad already," said young Doctor Hassendean with an even colder dignity.

"He's speaking the truth—he's really speaking the truth," said the shattered man; and his voice was again hushed. He paused, then said, "Well, it doesn't matter. I've plenty to go on with." Then he broke into a harsh cackle of laughter as he turned to leave the room, and on the threshold he murmured, "And, oh, what a sell for old Georgy-porgy! What a sell!"

He cackled harshly halfway down the stairs.

Young Doctor Hassendean looked out of the window and watched him hobble across the pavement into his car.

The shattered man looked up and saw him, waved his right hand and cried, "Good-by, baby bumpkin! Good-by!"

Young Doctor Hassendean, deeply offended, drew in his head. It was quite clear to him that adversity had not improved the manners of the shattered man. It was also quite clear to him that these people were mad, or on the borderland; the shattered man had been incomprehensible. He felt uncomfortable; the business was confusing. But he realized that a man fresh from walking the hospitals could not expect to make two hundred pounds in a day with any real comfort. That was the prerogative of the heads of the profession.

During the next two days the effect on Park Street of five motor cars standing before his door in one day became manifest. Very few of the adult inhabitants of Park Street are happy without a bottle of medicine; most of them were on the panel. But it was plain that a doctor whose patients came to him in large motor cars must sell a much superior bottle of medicine to that sold by their doctors in other parts of Camden Town. At any rate it was well worth two shillings to test it.

The next day was an eighty-eight shilling day. On the morning after, twenty-seven inhabitants of Park Street, having already taken two doses of young Doctor Hassendean's medicine, felt better than they had felt for years. The good news spread; his surgery became the most fashionable surgery north of Mornington Crescent. The fish was indeed getting in its work.

Then his eyes were opened to the true character of that fish in a very startling fashion. He had danced at the Mirandola with Mary Walton, had brought her home, and a few yards from her door had caught the last bus to Camden Town. A man had followed him up the steps to the top of the bus, and though two seats were empty, sat down beside him. He was wearing a bowler hat, and since he was much shorter, the doctor, looking down, could not see his face for its brim.

Then he perceived that he had an odd musky smell. Many of his patients had a musky smell, but this was a different muskiness. Then he saw his hands, resting on his knees, in the moonlight. They were small, yellow hands, and the nail of the right little finger was uncommonly long.

Then, looking straight ahead of him and scarcely moving his lips, the man said in a whisper nicely pitched to reach Doctor Hassendean's ear: "You vantee more dope? Not? You come my housee; me sellee velly good dope."

"What the devil are you talking about?" snarled young Doctor Hassendean in an immense and shocked surprise.

The Chinaman's quiet chuckle conveyed a complete disbelief in that surprise. He said in the same whisper: "Me see cars. Me know fish. Allee same saloon sign—snow not whiskee. Velly bad fish—too big—see um too muchee. Fly cops know fish on door. Take um away tonight."

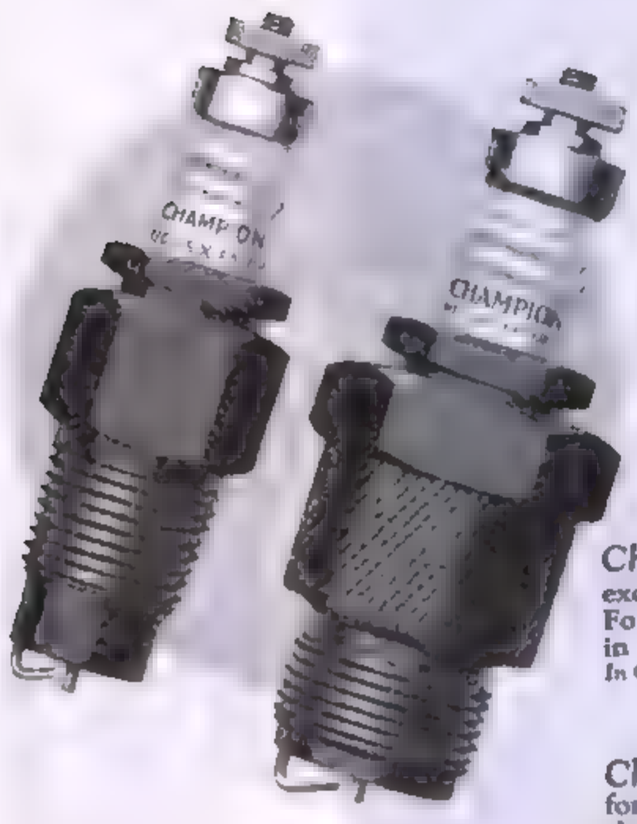
(Continued on Page 54)

The Hot Spark Fires the Gas Mixture
The Weak Spark Fails to Properly Fire the Gas
Combustion is Practically Complete
Combustion is not Complete
Only Burned Gas Passes Through the Exhaust
Good Gas is Wasted—Passing Out the Exhaust
SPARK PLUG
PISTON

These pictures are from the film "The Story of the Spark Plug," produced under the supervision of the U. S. Bureau of Mines as an aid to the conservation of gasoline

PERFORMANCE

You not only bring back the power and speed of your engine and greatly improve its performance if you install new spark plugs at least once a year but you will actually save the cost of the new plugs many times over in less gas and oil used. Study these pictures which show the necessity for properly firing spark plugs. Then, if your plugs have been used 10,000 miles or more, install a complete set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs.



Champion X— exclusively for Fords—packed in the Red Box *In Canada 80 cents* 60¢

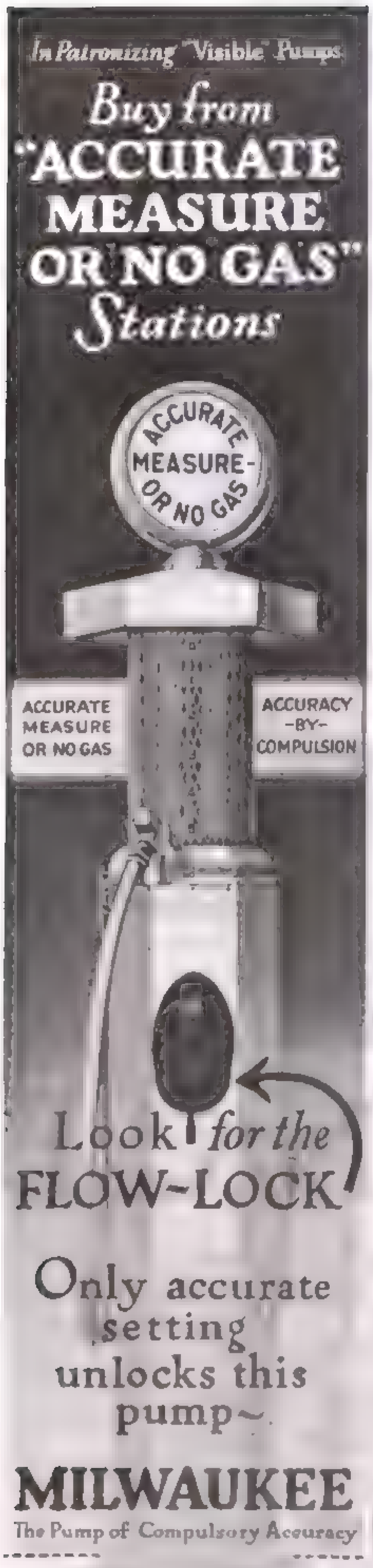
Champion— for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box *In Canada 90 cents* 75¢

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo. Ohio

Champion is outselling two to one throughout the world because motorists everywhere recognize that it is the better spark plug.



(Filling Station or Garage Owners Clip and Mail)

MILWAUKEE TANK WORKS
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Describe your Plan that has increased station gallonage up to 300%.

Firm Name

Address

Copyright, 1926, M T W

(Continued from Page 52)

Slowly enlightenment came to young Doctor Hassendean. So that was the kind of mascot the fish was! That was the sign on his door—Cocaine Sold Here! That was the disease that had baffled his diagnosis dope fiends! Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Nice for a young practitioner! Oh, very nice!

The whisper came again, "You vantee more snow? Come my housee—Pennyfields. Here!"

The hand moved so quickly that young Doctor Hassendean did not see it move. He felt it brush his hand; he felt the scrap of paper in his palm.

Again the whisper came, "No lookee now. Knockee door allee same this."

The hand rested on young Doctor Hassendean's knee; a finger tapped out three light double knocks and a heavy single knock. It repeated the taps to get the knock clearly into young Doctor Hassendean's head.

"Got um?" came the whisper. "Comee soon—velly good stock."

The bus was drawing to the curb at Chalk Farm Station. It stopped. The Chinaman rose, went down the steps with smooth swiftness and slipped into the station. Young Doctor Hassendean hesitated. Then he put the tiny slip of paper into his waistcoat pocket, bundled himself heavily off the bus and hurried back up the hill. A light was still burning in John Walton's study; John himself opened the front door.

"Hullo!" he said at the sight of young Doctor Hassendean's startled face. "Have the police got onto it already?"

His voice was cheerful and so was his face.

"The police haven't got onto it yet, but I have!" said young Doctor Hassendean with some vehemence. "I came to ask you what I'd better do about it."

John led the way into his study, mixed his guest a whisky and soda and listened to his story of the Chinaman on the bus.

Then he said cheerfully, "Yes, that was bound to happen. But the odd thing is that, though I know a good deal about China, I never knew till you told me what the old gentleman who gave you fifty pounds for an ounce of bicarbonate of soda said about the jade fish I lent you, that the fish is the sign which the itinerant dope sellers in China chalk on their door. I've been making inquiries about it. The regular dope sellers don't use it—don't need to. But when one of these other fellows gets a stock of dope, he goes to a town, hires a small house, chalks the sign on the door and sells his stock. Of course he never uses anything so blatant as a jade fish. He just chalks on the door the fish symbol or a line that suggests a fish's back—spiny, you know—or just a fin or a fish's tail; and he chalks it faint and small. When the word has gone round that he has dope to sell, he rubs it out. Sometimes a policeman sees it before it is rubbed out. Then he is blackmailed."

"But how on earth did these English dope fiends learn about it?" said young Doctor Hassendean.

"That is what is called the freemasonry of vice," said John cheerfully. "The meaning of the sign has passed, along with the sign itself, I suppose, round the world."

"You don't suppose that the police know what that fish means?" said young Doctor Hassendean in a scared voice.

"Your Chinaman said that they did—fly cops are detectives," said John Walton with unabated cheerfulness.

"Confound it! The sooner I get that fish off the door the better!" cried young Doctor Hassendean in a thoroughly scared voice.

"It might be as well," said John carelessly. "I'll come along with you. Have you got any tools?"

"Oh, I can prize it up with my knife."

"Oh, no! I don't want that fish chipping," said John quickly and firmly. "I'll find a small pair of pincers and take it off myself."

He found a small pair of pincers and they set out. They walked up the Primrose Hill Road and came into Park Street from the Regent's Park end. When they were rather more than thirty yards from the surgery, a loud knock rang out on the air, and they saw three men at the street door; they were big men.

"The police already, By Jove!" said John softly, and stopped short.

He hesitated a few seconds, then gripped young Doctor Hassendean's arm and led him across the road.

"It's no use turning tail. They may have noticed us," he said, and walked quietly along the opposite pavement.

As they came opposite the surgery a louder and more imperative knocking rang out.

Young Doctor Hassendean's heart sank like lead; that knocking was the knell of his career. John Walton did not quicken his steps. They came to the cab rank at the end of the street; John opened the door of the nearest taxi and said to the driver, "Scotland Yard."

As the taxi started he breathed a sigh of relief and said, "The thing you've got to do is to put yourself right with the police without any police-court proceedings. I think myself they'll be so delighted to have that address in Pennyfields and the knock that opens the door that they'll think the fish a godsend. You'd better let me do the talking."

Young Doctor Hassendean was still scared stiff by the sight of those three big men sounding the knell of his career on his front door. He was only too ready to let anyone who would prevent police-court proceedings do the talking. He said so, with unaffected sincerity.

At the Yard, John said that they had brought important information and sent his card to the chief inspector on duty. They were taken to him.

When John said that his companion was Doctor Hassendean of Camden Town, the inspector said sharply, "Oh, is he?" and stared at him with a hostile air.

But as John unfolded the story of the jade fish, how it came to be nailed on the door and how it brought curious people to the surgery and how their strange behavior had puzzled young Doctor Hassendean, the inspector's air of hostility became slowly an air of indulgence almost pitying. But when John came to the incident of the Chinaman on the bus and his offer, the inspector became all keen alertness. He read the address, then smelled the scrap of paper. He said that it was quite all right. He made young Doctor Hassendean repeat the Chinaman's knock three times.

Then he said, "That'll be all right, gentlemen. As a matter of fact, doctor, I was trying to get into touch with you this very night. I'll call my men off."

"And I'll go and get that damned fish off my door at once!" cried young Doctor Hassendean with immense heat and ingratitude.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! You leave it where it is!" said the inspector. "You'll get some more of these Chinese dope sellers, and we can do with every one you get!"

Young Doctor Hassendean came away greatly relieved; there would be no police-court proceedings; his career was unharmed.

A less rare and curious jade fish adorns his door today. But it very rarely attracts a patient in a car. Those who know its significance know also that his bicarbonate of soda, excellent as it is, is no real substitute for cocaine. This again is the freemasonry of vice. But the trickle of genuine patients has become a broad and deep and steady stream. They are assured that he gives them the best bottle of medicine north of the Thames. It cures them by the score. On that stream young Doctor Hassendean has floated into matrimony; but John Walton does not often visit his brother-in-law.

Neither matrimony nor prosperity has sufficiently sharpened his wits.

Silvery Sisters

Those many extra miles at no extra cost.

Happy Umpire

THE only happy umpire is the unconscious one.

The public unconsciously, and therefore happily, umpires the great commercial game.

Sooner or later the public decides that this or that is most for the money of its kind.

Just now, at a faster and faster rate, more and more people are deciding that Mansfields are most for the money in tires.

Most for the money in tires means, not lowest cost per *wheel*, but lowest cost per *mile*.

It is the thousands of extra miles of trouble-free service at no extra cost that wins the verdict for Mansfields.

Because Mansfields are distributed at record low-cost by the great Hardware Wholesalers, Mansfield can go beyond the common limitation and build more miles into tires than is commonly practical.

Tire quality is commonly limited by the decreasing additional yield in miles per added dollar of cost.

Each dollar of added cost yields less and less miles, but Mansfield has dollars saved in distribution to put into miles of service beyond what is commonly practical.

The umpire decides on what he sees.

Those extra miles at no extra cost, as they are reeled off and counted, win the most-for-the-money verdict for Mansfield.

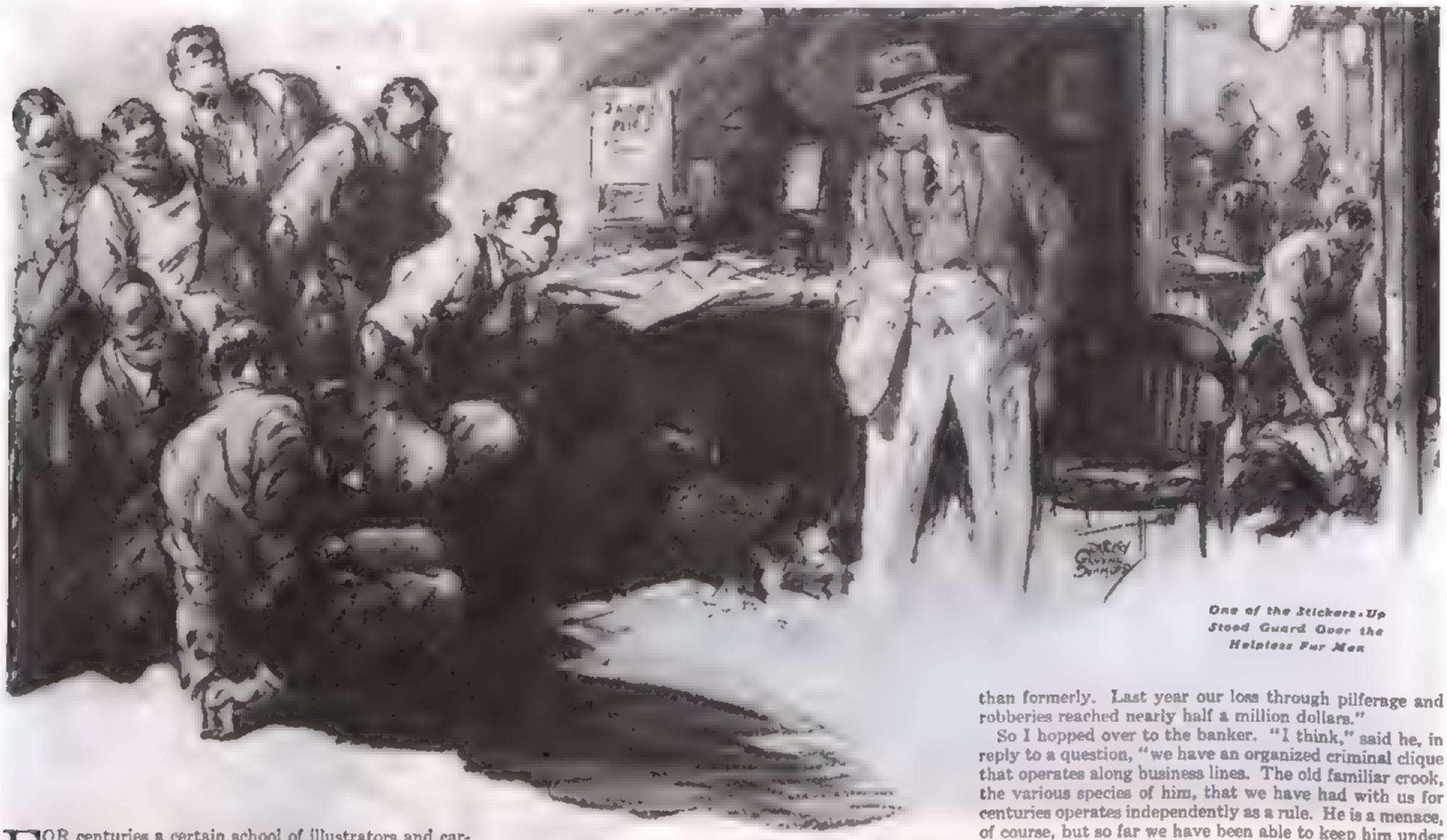
THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO
Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

The Cost of Distribution is Lower—The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

HIGH ROLLERS OF CRIME



One of the Stickers-Up Stood Guard Over the Helpless Fur Men

By S. T. BEE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

FOR centuries a certain school of illustrators and cartoonists, egged on by an army of well-meaning criminologists, has done its very best to portray burglars and stick-up men as an unsightly breed of plug-ugly individuals. Their facial lines have been distorted and devolutionized to such an inferior complex that today they are pictured in the minds of most people as direct descendants from Darwin's pet image. Their false physiognomy having thus been impressed upon the mind of the general public, the average man, as he scans his newspaper every morning and reads thrilling accounts of the numerous burglaries and stick-ups committed in his immediate neighborhood the previous day and night, is somewhat puzzled when he fails to see any of these tough, grotesque criminals on the streets or anywhere else his business or pleasure takes him. Where in the world can they all be? "Oh, well," perhaps he consoles himself, "they must be in hiding. They come out of their holes only during their regular business hours, one to five in the morning. They are afraid of the bulls."

Are they? Don't be too sure about that. The fastidious young gentleman, wearing a ninety-dollar suit of clothes and a fifteen-dollar hat, topped off with gray spats and a Malacca cane, that you sometimes see getting up in the Subway and, with the graceful gestures of a royal courtier, offering his seat to a smiling typist might be the very same individual that removed twenty-four or so bricks from the rear wall of your place of business and carried away a hundred thousand dollars' worth of your stock; or he might be the very same individual that swatted your paymaster on the head with the butt of his gun and grabbed your pay roll. There is no overshooting in the picture. It is true to life. It is the picture of the present-day commercial burglar and stick-up man, the two principal high rollers of organized crime.

Growth of an Infant Industry

THE looting industry is not new. It was started in a small way by gangsters about thirty years ago. At first, because of loose and inefficient methods of operation, the authorities were able to cope with it, to keep it down to a certain degree. But after some years of a systematic grind in overcoming many objectionable features that had a tendency to retard the business, this struggling industry, through an elaborate scheme of organization, finally emerged from its infant state and steadily kept growing in wealth and power until today it is flourishing to such an extent that in some instances it has become necessary to keep agents in important foreign shipping ports to handle loot shipped out of the country. I am not talking loosely. Recently, in looking into some robberies of consequence, I found evidence of this in a southern seaport city.

Upon my return to New York City it was necessary for me in connection with my trip to the South to consult the head of a silk house, the vice president and general manager of a steamship company and a bank official. I called on the silk man first. After our real business had been disposed of he lapsed into an informal chat. In substance this is what he said:

"Yes, crime has simmered down to a smoothly running industry. Through hold-ups and burglaries we lost over a hundred thousand dollars last year. A few months ago one of our trucks that was loaded with silk valued at sixty thousand dollars, was held up and confiscated on one of the busiest streets in the city. At pistol point the driver and the guard were ordered down from their seats and forced into the bandits' machine, in which they were taken to the outskirts of the city and dumped, the while two of the hold-up men mounted the truck and drove it away. We haven't heard from it since. Another of our trucks was stolen as it was standing at the curb in front of an office building while the driver was inside using the phone. Later it was found in the Bronx, but the load, worth twelve thousand dollars, is still missing. Some three months back, burglars cut a hole in a side wall of one of our lofts and carried away twenty-seven thousand dollars' worth of silk and other valuable goods. But that is not all. About ten months ago cracksmen drilled our office safe and helped themselves to several hundred dollars in cash and eighteen thousand dollars in negotiable securities. One would hardly believe it possible, but such is the case."

Next I visited the office of the steamship man. Said he after our official business was over: "Since you mention it, I am inclined to think that a certain class of crime has developed into a sort of organized industry. It would seem so anyway. Our investigators on the docks have found a more aggressive system of thievery in late years. The methods employed by water-front crooks bear the earmarks of well thought out plans, of cooperation. Gangsters and hold-up men are much more plentiful and bolder than formerly. Last year our loss through pilferage and robberies reached nearly half a million dollars."

So I hopped over to the banker. "I think," said he, in reply to a question, "we have an organized criminal clique that operates along business lines. The old familiar crook, the various species of him, that we have had with us for centuries operates independently as a rule. He is a menace, of course, but so far we have been able to keep him under reasonable control. What we have to contend with now is much more serious, very serious. Indeed it is becoming desperate. A new type of criminal has sprung into being and rushed into action. I have reference to the gangster, the hold-up man and the shop and loft burglar. It is marvelous with what ease they operate, especially the hold-up man. During the last ten months fourteen pay rolls that were taken from this bank by customers were held up and seized. It would seem that it has come to a pass where no man's life and property are safe. Cash and merchandise in transit must be accompanied by squads of armed guards to insure reasonable safety; even then hold-ups sometimes prove successful. Truly, these pyrotechnic criminals have made this a free country. They take what they want and that is all there is to it. They care nothing for the consequences. They are seldom caught. When they are they appeal to their friends who control votes. So there you are."

Where Voices are Sweet and Low

THE next gentleman I encountered had not been put down on my calling list. But there are times when the unexpected will happen.

As I stepped out of the banking institution I bumped into one of New York's biggest bootleggers. I have known him for years.

"Hello," he greeted. "What's doing?"

"Nothing in particular," I replied. "I am down here on a little business."

"Jump in," he invited, pointing to what looked like a million-dollar car with a driver at the wheel wearing a rather somber uniform, something on the style of a hearse driver's. "I am bound for uptown. Going that way?"

"I am," I told him, and edged in.

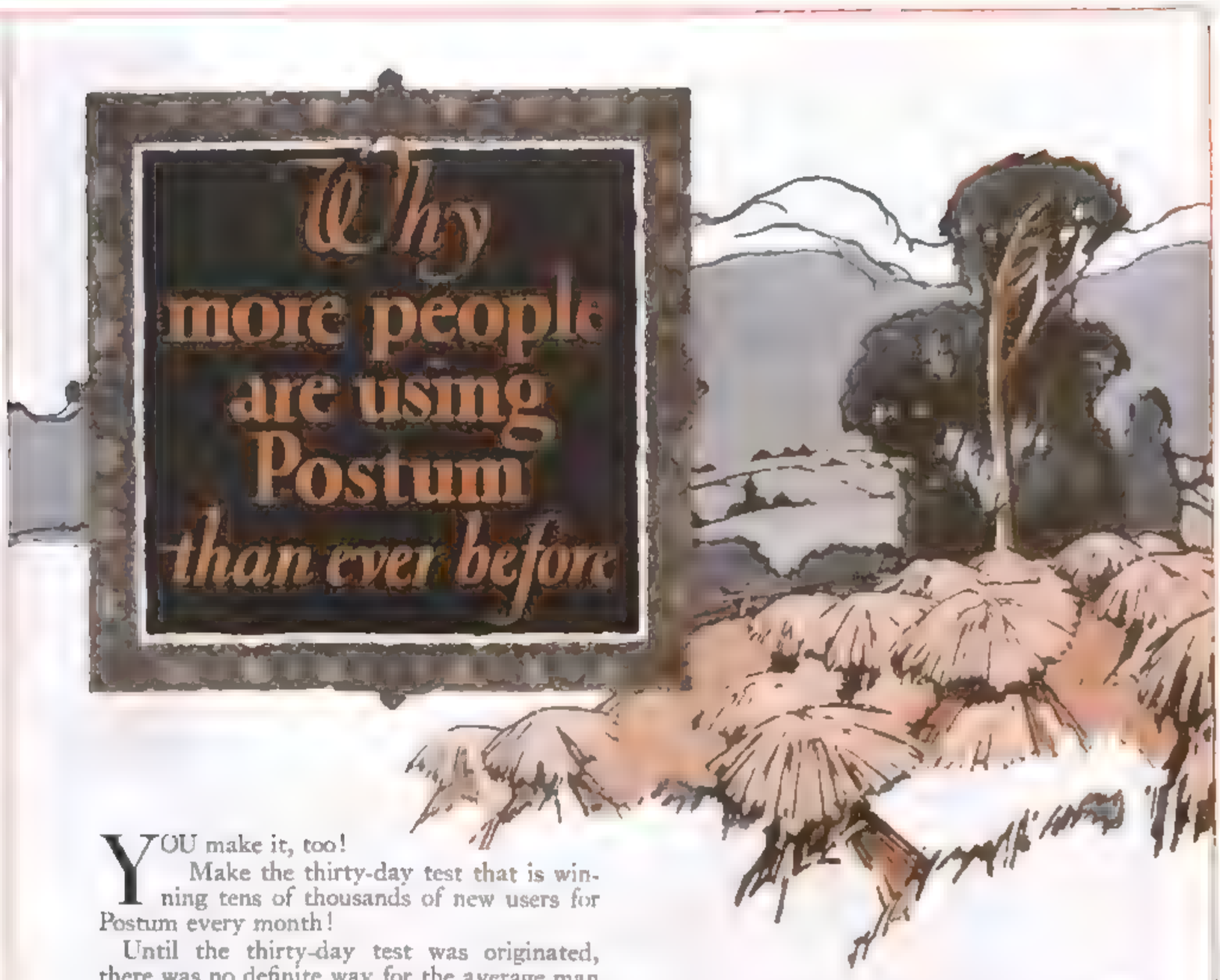
Our first stop was at a Broadway speak-easy. The place is not one of the ordinary marts of that class. It serves excellent meals. One has only to speak easy when one wants something one shouldn't have. There are no peepholes. The door leading into it is not barricaded by a swinging steel girder. Everybody is welcome and no questions asked. He asked me to lunch with him.

"Do you think crime is an industry?" I asked him as we were nibbling at our olives.

"What do you mean?" he came back, somewhat surprised, it seemed, at the suddenness of the question. "Of course if you think bootlegging is a crime there can be no doubt but what crime is an industry. I don't belong to

(Continued on Page 60)

They have made the 30-day test and measured their own physical gains



YOU make it, too!

Make the thirty-day test that is winning tens of thousands of new users for Postum every month!

Until the thirty-day test was originated, there was no definite way for the average man or woman to measure the effects of caffein on *themselves*.

There were books and books of medical testimony—there was teaching against caffein in every school—but all this information was less convincing to you than *your* personal experience.

Now you can find out for yourself.

We will give you one week's supply of Postum to start you on your test. Postum, made of whole wheat and bran! Postum, a skillful blend of golden grain, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor!

Place a level teaspoonful of Instant Postum in a cup. Pour boiling water over it, and stir. In a moment it is completely dissolved.

Then a little sugar—enough cream so the drink has a warm golden color—and it is ready. Taste it!

Here is no ordinary drink, but a new flavor—a delightful, appetizing taste that savors the whole meal! A drink made of body-building grain!

Use it for thirty days in place of caffein beverages. Measure your physical gains how much better you look, how much better you feel. *Then* decide!

That is the thirty-day test which 200,000 people made last year. Four out of five decided in favor of Postum!

Isn't this an easy test? Isn't it fair? Don't you really want to know the effect of caffein on *your* nerves, *your* digestion, *your* heart, *your* general health?

Find out now! Start the thirty-day test immediately! Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, makes you this offer!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"To help you find out the effect of caffein on yourself, I want you to use Postum for thirty days. I will give you one week's supply of Postum free to start you on this test.

"I will also send my personal directions for preparing both Instant Postum and Postum Cereal. I think you will be particularly interested in Instant Postum made the new way with hot milk, for children, and I will tell you more about that, too.

"If you want to begin the test today, you can get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply and my directions, send me your name and address, indicating on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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P—S E P 4 17-26

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum ☐

Postum Cereal ☐ prefer

(prepared by boiling)

Name

Street

City State

In Canada

Address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Elk Post

A famous Professional Woman speaks to American Car owners

"It has a really charming effect . . . Quite obviously, someone with a true sense of the fitness of things conceived the appointments of this motor-car."

ABOUT to build a home, the successful business man seeks the best architectural talent available—and, of it, demands the utmost in experience, originality, resourcefulness . . .

When Madame herself would have expert counsel and co-operation as to decorative effects and home-furnishings de luxe, she enlists the aid of an advisor of recognized standing — by preference, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, of Paris, London and New York.

What Miss de Wolfe—premier interior decorator—sees in the Willys-Knight Great Six, its tens of thousands of discerning American women-owners see—

An exterior of ravishing beauty, with a dash of the Bois, the Boulevard and the Champs Élysées about it. Long, graceful, low. A veritable symphony in symmetry—the nearest to smart perfection yet achieved in motor-car design . . .

Its interior—an inviting expanse of automobile, eye-filling, sense-satisfying, super-luxurious. Done throughout in rich, heavily piled Mohair Velour—a subtle cloister-blue, with a beautiful silver bloom—all four doors, window-trims, door-checks of the same exquisitely rich material . . .

Window panels, dash, and door panels of genuine walnut, inlaid in dull gold; door handles, door-releases, window-lifts — all hardware is antique silver type, of chaste, conservative design . . .

A steering wheel of solid walnut, its metal spokes inlaid with oval walnut panels; tasseled silk blinds on all three rear windows, hang-ons and robe-rail of heavy silk rope; Velour door pockets of generous capacity on both rear doors, decorative, genuinely useful . . .

Opalescent corner side-lights and ceiling light with separate ebony switches set in antique silver design; smart, antique silver design vanity case, match holder and ash receiver in compartmented walnut case; heavily upholstered arm rests, comfortably carpeted foot rest; gear-shift with ornate Onyx knob; deep, restful, luxuriously cushioned seats the ne plus ultra of the upholsterer's craft. Every known convenience and elegance ever built into an automobile—everything in exquisite good taste, not a jarring note anywhere, each item of its appointments supplementing the other in beauty and comfort, all harmonizing perfectly with the exterior and interior color-ensemble of the car . . .

All driving aids at one's finger-tips—Horn button on steering wheel, warning signal is sounded with one finger without removing the hand from the wheel. Fuemer control, something new, to facilitate starting; automatic windshield-wiper control, plunger-type choke, lighting, starting and ignition controls, cowl ventilator lever, speedometer, reliable Elgin clock, gas gauge, oil gauge, generator-indicator—one and all visible always, instantly get-at-able, because all are assembled, compactly, handily, on the genuine walnut dash.

Heavily plated rear-view mirror, of course; Perfection automatic heater; winter-front as standard equipment; ditch-light, an exclusive feature, a wonderful aid in night driving. The most costly custom-built cars offer nothing of modernness, of completeness, of desirableness, you will fail to find to the utmost of acceptability in this most distinguished of America's fine motor-cars.

Today the Willys-Knight Great Six may be purchased more conveniently than ever before. The new Willys Finance Plan offers easy time-payment terms at the lowest credit-cost in the industry.

We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio
Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

WILLYS-KNIGHT

"WITH AN ENGINE YOU'LL NEVER WEAR OUT"

The superb example of ultra-modern automobile-building pictured on this page is the Willys-Knight Great Six Sedan—powered with the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine, the only motor-mechanism known that *improves* with use. A sweet-running car, powerful, quiet, smooth from the first turn of the engine, the motor of the Willys-Knight Great Six—to a mileage-mark still undetermined after 18 years of use—*improves* in power, *improves* in efficiency, *improves* in smooth and silent operation with each succeeding mile

THE SYMBOLS OF A DISTINGUISHED MOTOR CAR

GREAT SIX

FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE FINEST

(Continued from Page 56)

any ring. But let me tell you this: I would quit bootlegging this very minute if I could get out even. Bootlegging is on the decline. It will soon require special legislation to make it profitable for the big operator. It isn't because we can't get the stuff in. We encounter very little trouble along that line. The trouble is the public is not buying as liberally as it used to do. People are fed up with inferior whiskies, brandies and wine. The stuff that comes into this country by way of the bootlegging route is worse now than it ever was. We can't get rid of it at a reasonable profit. Those who buy at retailing speak-easies are mostly old soaks and young squirts. They don't know what a good drink of whisky is. This class is of small consequence because, as a rule, they have very little money. The people with money who are willing to spend good money for good booze, if they can get it, are the ones we bootleggers rely upon. But this class is tapering off in their buying. Clubs and others that formerly bought from fifty to a hundred cases at a time are reducing their orders considerably, in some instances from 50 to 90 per cent. Then again, we have to contend with the hijacker. He is a nuisance and a menace. He interferes with our business considerably. Perhaps more than the average person has any idea of. He is the one we fear, not only because he takes the stuff away from us but because when he does get it he disposes of it at ruinously cut prices. We cannot come to an understanding with the hijacker about price fixing. He is simply an outlaw, that's all."

"Last year hijackers got me for over forty thousand dollars, to say nothing about wages paid to high-priced guards to protect my goods against their ravaging exploits. Yes, judging by the number of men who have taken to the gun and crowbar as a means of earning a living there can hardly be any doubt that we have what one might call a flourishing criminal industry."

Working From the Inside Out

WHAT sort of wild chaps constitute this crime industry? What sort of crooks are engaged in it? Mostly gangsters, commercial burglars and stick-up men. Gangsters, as a rule, confine themselves to acquiring merchandise in transit on piers, in freight cars and on trucks. Invariably they rely upon their extraordinary cunning to accomplish the desired results. They are versatile and crafty, sometimes clever. The commercial burglar works practically on the same basis though his field of operation is more diversified. He devotes himself mostly to shops, lofts and warehouses. He is a sure gun toter, and will not hesitate to kill. His working hours are about the same as those of a competent house or apartment burglar, though his job is more risky. It requires more skill, more technical knowledge. He has to contend with various mechanical devices designed to inconvenience his activity. Doors and windows of most shops and lofts are wired in such a way that when they are opened the least bit, or even touched in some cases, an alarm sounds. This alarm may be a local one—that is, one adjusted on the front of a building, in which case, should it be set off, it attracts the attention of the private policeman patrolling the section in which the building with such an alarm attached to it is located; or the alarm may be, as in most cases it is, in a central office a mile or so away, where outside stands an automobile ready to convey armed guards to the particular shop or loft whose wires the alarm register indicates have been touched. But seasoned commercial burglars have a habit of keeping up with the times, some far in advance in their own line, and the successful commercial burglar of today is every bit as familiar with the intricate construction of an electrical burglar-alarm system as is the electrical engineer who installed it. Therefore he will hardly ever attempt to force a door or a window that is wired unless he thinks he will be able to scoop up what he is after and get it into his truck or automobile before the armed guards from the central office arrive upon the scene.

He is usually in need of more time to do a good job. When he is, he will either sneak into the building where he intends to clean out a shop or a loft and make a nest for himself in which to hide during the day and wait until night to cut out through a wall, or else he will utilize his regular business hours to gain entrance to buildings through trapdoors, coal holes, skylights, or he will cut in through a wall. Sometimes he tunnels underground. But he prefers to hide in a building until everybody has gone home and cut his way out from the inside. He can take his time about it. There will be no cops to eye him, as very likely there would be were he to do his boring on the outside. His chances for success are much better.

What about the watchman? Oh, he will be there all right, perhaps over in a corner looking on, with a sticking-plaster over his mouth, his hands and feet securely tied. Though the smaller shops with a touch-off system very seldom keep a watchman.

To a commercial burglar an unarmed watchman is of very little significance. A wooden Indian would do just as well. An unarmed watchman is useless to check an armed intruder.

An unarmed watchman cannot very well be expected to prevent depredation by armed night prowlers. Mostly he is there to key his clock and thus lower insurance rates for fire. An active crook of violent crime is always armed and ready for business, ready to kill if necessary. Furthermore, he has the advantage of surprise, and that is a great advantage. A watchman is often unarmed. This the crook knows, a knowledge which makes him arrogantly bold and insolently aggressive. Thus he sails smoothly upon the wide sea of crime without encountering adverse winds to sway him from his course and end his career. Perhaps there is no more effective method to deter a commercial crook from practicing his trade than to give him to understand that he is apt to bump up against an armed representative of the owner of the place he has in mind to clean out. As a rule he is more afraid of a gun than is the average citizen. He will hesitate a long time before he will tackle premises where he knows that someone on the inside is lurking with a loaded gun. He knows that if he tackles such a place and that if he fails to maneuver into a favorable position, a position that will enable him to take full advantage of surprise and thus get the drop on a watchman, he is up against it strong. He also knows that should it become necessary for him to kill there will be a more determined effort put forth to track him to his lair. Further, he knows that if he himself should get it while in the act of appropriating other people's property the one who gives it to him is very likely to be hailed as a hero by a grateful community. A burglar's job could be made a risky one, a dangerous undertaking; but as it is he persistently goes about his business unchecked by the dread of force, multiplying in number and increasing in efficiency.

Let us have a look at the commercial stick-up man, the backbone of the crime industry. He is versatile. He may be a stick-up man today and a shop and loft burglar tomorrow. He works at both trades. He is the most dangerous and the most successful. In many instances he is positively reckless. His biggest asset is surprise. Invariably he goes after cash and merchandise in transit or otherwise; pay rolls, banks, jewelry stores, pawnshops, fur shops, silk houses, steamship piers, trucks, and so on. He is not a piker. He goes after big stuff. He is, in short, a super go-getter. Sometimes he operates on inside information furnished him by corrupted or otherwise dishonest employes. Mostly though he makes his own investigations, through his very good secret service system, days or weeks in advance of the actual time he goes into action. When he is ready to act every detail pertaining to the job he intends to tackle has been mastered, tabulated and contingencies provided for. He usually operates in broad daylight on the most crowded streets. There is no living man that is more familiar with mob culture than he is. The shock, or surprise, that follows such a brazen undertaking stuns the mental faculty of his victims and lookers-on for a sufficient length of time for him to do his work and make a quick get-away.

Living on the Cream

HE IS wonderfully nimble in the execution of his work. It is fast and smooth. He is, as a rule, cool and collected, displaying not the least bit of mental inferiority. Perhaps his mind is clearer, keener and more evenly balanced than that of the average person. He is not in need of mushy sympathy along that line. He is direct and all business. He works hard; but he rarely breaks down. His main ambition, to live on the cream of the country without working for it, is his only incentive. His unusual success makes him bold, ferocious, like an untamed beast of the jungle sniffing blood. He entertains the utmost contempt for human life, though he does not care to kill if he can accomplish his purpose without, not necessarily because the taking of a human life would in any way prick his conscience but because he knows that if he does commit murder the talons of the law are apt to stretch out more vigorously and more grippingly. He doesn't care to be hounded. He loves his liberty, his life, and he knows that by just confining his activity to acquiring cash and merchandise he is more likely to keep both.

Commercial burglars and stick-up men operate in units, just like gangsters. In fact, many of the former evolve from the latter class of crooks. Their tactics are practically the same so far as the system of organization goes. The leader of a band of commercial burglars and stick-up men will probably conduct a seemingly legitimate business somewhere. Perhaps the business is a paying one, perhaps not. At any rate it doesn't matter. Whether paying or not, it is simply a stall for unlawful activities and a convenient and temporary hiding place for loot. It also serves as a safe hangout for the members of his band, who in all likelihood will be posing as busy employes of the joint at such times as they are not on active duty corralling booty. Such a lair might be a garage, where in some cases there will be a still or two hidden behind a brick partition somewhere in the building; or it might be a loft stored with case goods marked beans, pickles, peaches, and so on, that upon close scrutiny would probably turn out to be hooch; it might be what would appear to a casual observer a perfectly legitimate warehouse; it might be any kind of apparently straight mart of business. Such are the digs of hijackers, commercial burglars and stick-men. They are the big guns of the crime industry. They are the ones that are able, when by chance any of them is nabbed, to furnish immediate bail in almost any amount and to engage costly lawyers to juggle them to freedom.

The boss of a looting unit is his own fence, his own business manager, sales manager and treasurer. He shows exceptionally clever business acumen by eliminating the professional fence. His facilities for quickly disposing of his swag will be gone into farther on. Some of the more conservative leaders of these marauding bands keep the proceeds from the sale of everything that is brought in by their field workers and credit the money to a general slush fund, allowing each go-getter a liberal weekly drawing account. This system seems to be in favor. The system has a tendency to discipline a crook's deep-rooted desire to splurge and reduces him to the necessity of living on a fixed allowance just as most of us have to.

A free-lance crook is not blessed with this advantage. He gets hold of a fat roll and stops working until he blows it in. Of course he is more independent than the organization crook. He owes allegiance to no one. As a rule he works alone, though at times he may pair or group, depending much upon what sort of job he has in mind to tackle. A classy yegg, for instance, is very secretive and seldom doubles up unless an undertaking absolutely requires more than one man. Real yeggs pride themselves on being the most independent workers in the crook field. An operative in this craft takes orders from nobody.

Evolution of a Hard-Boiled Yegg

MOST likely he started out on his career as a hobo. And a hobo's disinclination to adjust his daily routine to silly orders, rules and regulations is well known. From a plain hobo he works up to a scout for a post-office yegg. He climbs to the title of water-tank yegg, a rank usually conferred upon a post-office yegg's helper. He learns the business in a small way. He branches out for himself and does his maiden job on one of Uncle Sam's stamp depositories. The job is a success. He is encouraged. He repeats. Ambition urges him on. He answers the urge by cracking the vault in a country bank. He has luck. The constable was asleep in Jim Ambrose's haymow. A few successful bank jobs in small towns give him courage. He sets out for the big city. He locates, gets his bearings and finds a large field in which to operate. Things look pretty good to him but he finds that banks in a city are not the easy marks that they were in Crawfish Center. They are better protected, mechanically speaking. He may turn to commercial yegging, he may not; he hates to sacrifice caste. But he has to make a living; hunger sometimes cows his pride. Truly he is an aristocrat of crookdom and a free lance in every sense.

This applies to house burglars and independent stick-up men, too, so far as freedom of action is concerned. They are strikingly different from the organized crooks that specialize in pay rolls and merchandise, not so much in a technical sense, in mode of operation, but in their inability to furnish quick bail when one of them is collared. This, no doubt, is because they have no real budget system, no seemingly reputable leader with strong political and financial backing to rush to their rescue. Sometimes one of these free-lance crooks may be able to dig up among his pals the necessary ten century notes that it is said live criminal lawyers usually tax a successful crook when they get him in a tight hole, but he is generally up against it hard when it comes to furnish bail in a substantial sum, ten to twenty thousand dollars or more. Still he remains obdurate. He simply cannot bring himself to work under orders, to loot by rules and regulations. He will not join a looting corporation to become just a cog in the wheel of the crime industry. The work is too grinding. He is temperamentally unsuited for coöperation. He is a thorough individualist.

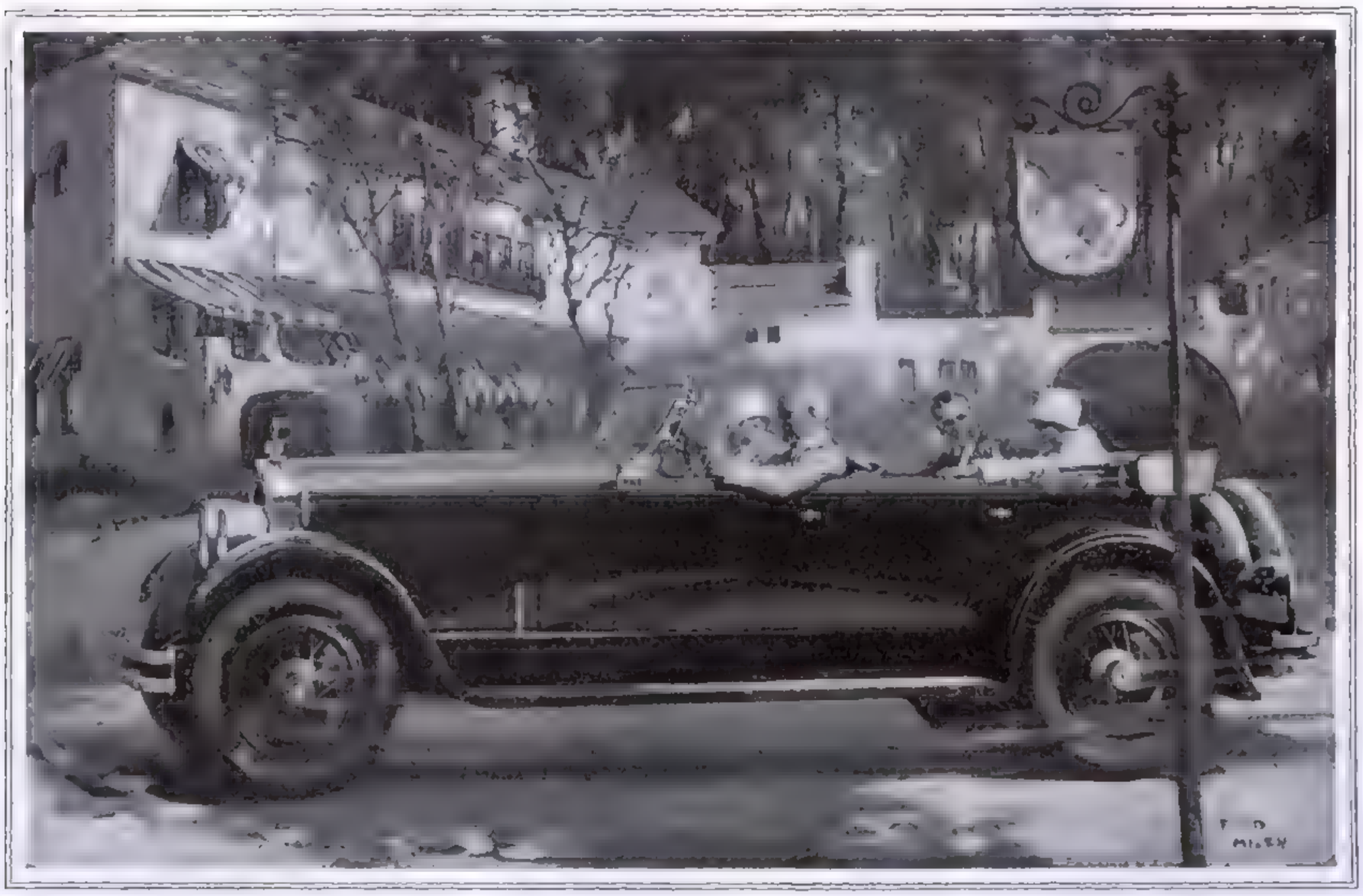
"These unionized crooks make me sick," one of these classical yeggs told me. "They go out and make a haul and the boss gets the cream of it. None of that for me. When I steal I want what I steal."

Of course each boss of groups, or firms, of commercial burglars and stick-up men has an active yegg department. It is essential that he should have. To be without one is considered bad business. Many fur houses have safes or steel vaults wherein high-priced skins are kept. Some of these skins may be worth anywhere from five hundred to three thousand dollars or more each. Wild silver-fox skins, with lustrous black bodies, snow-white head and tail tips, are rather expensive. They are rare, but they do exist, and are guarded as carefully as gold. So one can readily understand why it is good business on the part of the head of a looting corporation to maintain a yegg department. But yeggs thus employed are of a new type. They are what criminologists and scientific detectives call modern crackmen, but what a real yegg contemptuously refers to as iron workers.

(Continued on Page 65)

For those who are yet young

—and those who refuse ever to be otherwise



MARMON ANNOUNCES A NEW 4-PASSENGER SPEEDSTER

Here is the play spirit as interpreted by Marmon—a dashing, care-free Speedster representing the last word in fine motor car trustworthiness, adequacy and vogue.

It is the latest creation of a company which for more than ten years has been the recognized leader of the industry in Speedster design.

On those red-letter days when cares are adjourned and you give full vent to your instinct of enjoyment, the occasion calls for this dashing car that asks no quarter—and gives none.

It will stamp itself on first sight as the outstanding open car design of the year. We invite you to see and get the feel of this remarkable new car.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY • INDIANAPOLIS

The NEW MARMON

Also—a jaunty Two-Passenger Speedster with rumble seat, recently announced

WHY Tire Reclamation Should Be Abolished

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

Stone TIRES ARE BETTER

In the manufacture of tires of Firestone quality, highest grades of raw materials are imperative.

The same high purpose that characterizes the organization at Akron—the same thoroughness and loyalty to the Firestone ideal of service—are found in the far places of the world where Firestone must go to obtain the best quality and value that the raw material markets afford.

A buying organization with ten separate offices located in the principal rubber growing centers of the British and Dutch Colonies enables Firestone to obtain the highest grade of rubber and insures an adequate supply by purchasing at the source of production. In the most modern plant in the Far East, located at Singapore, Firestone washes, refines, makes final rigid inspection and packs its rubber for shipment to the Firestone factories at Akron, Ohio, Hudson, Massachusetts, and Hamilton, Ontario.

Only the best grades of long staple cotton from Egypt and the United States are able to pass the registered Firestone buying standards—recognized as the most exacting in the trade. Here again Firestone has provided for protection of quality by the ownership and operation of the Firestone Cotton Mills, located at Fall River, Massachusetts. Special Firestone processes and methods of manufacture insure cord fabric of uniformly high quality and tensile strength.

Back of ample resources, special facilities for obtaining raw materials, greater manufacturing efficiency and more economical distribution is the wholehearted ambition of the entire Firestone organization, including its dealers, to give car owners a quality and value that can be found nowhere else.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

The Mark of Quality

THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . Harvey S. Firestone

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

Know what Chevrolet offers at these Low Prices!

NOW, more than ever before, automobile buyers are demanding to know what they get for what they pay.

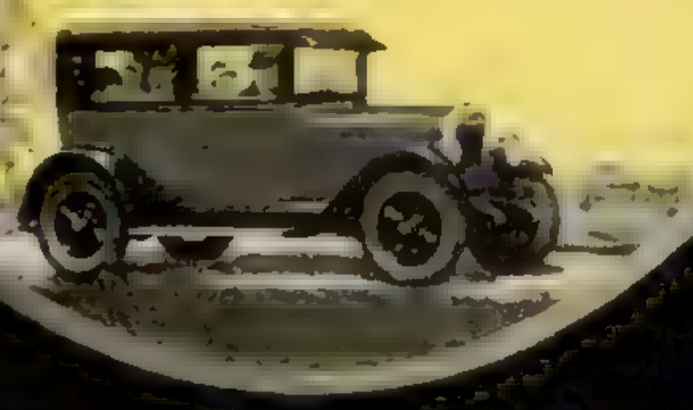
And now, Chevrolet offers modern construction, fine appearance, improved performance and scores of essential quality features—*yet prices are much lower!*

Among these quality features are a modern three-speed transmission, Duco finish, complete instrument panel with speedometer, Alemite lubrication—and on all closed models, luxurious Fisher bodies and balloon tires.

Never before did your dollar buy more—and one ride in the improved Chevrolet will prove it!

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

Ask for a Demonstration



The Touring Car $510

The Roadster $510

The Coupe $645

The Coach $645

The Sedan $735

The Landau $765

½ Ton Truck (Chassis only) $395

1 Ton Truck (Chassis only) $550

All Prices f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 60

Positively the old drill-and-powder yegg is extinct. All agree on that point. In his place came the drill-and-soup yegg. Through patience and persistent work this type of yegg has introduced into the craft many clever tricks and made many improvements. He has increased his prestige, enlarged his field and extended his scope of operation by a determined will to conquer stubborn obstacles. He has skill and knowledge. Besides being somewhat of a mechanical engineer, he is also a bit of a chemist, a physicist and a mathematician. He knows his tools and he nurses them with infinite care. His drills are of the very best tempered steel, and when not in commission they are lovingly swathed in a silk handkerchief soaked in oil. They are always kept in a fit condition for instant use.

The independent and most successful yegg of today is the drill-and-soup man. The oxyacetylene-torch yeggs operate mostly under orders from leaders of organized looting bands, and sometimes under orders from heads of consolidated bank yeggs. But they very rarely work independently. There are too many bulky trappings to be handled, which require many operatives and a good deal of transportation. These oxyacetylene-torch yeggs, especially the commercial variety, prefer to keep their gas tanks and blowpipes at their headquarters, however. Only in undertaking jobs on big safes and vaults do they move their tools. If the object of their attack should be a small or medium-sized safe they usually bring that safe to their own place of business and burn it open at leisure. Let us look at them operate under such conditions.

A Perfectly Safe Job

On a Saturday afternoon a safe-moving truck drew up to the curb in front of an office building. On the sidewalk in front of the building there was a uniformed private detective patrolling the premises for the purpose of keeping out burglars and stick-up men. "We are going to move a safe from Blank & Co.'s office on the ninth floor," the boss yegg safe mover told the private detective. "Kindly," he continued, "keep the crowd from passing under it when it is coming down."

All the bosses and the employes in Blank & Co.'s office had gone for the day at twelve o'clock. There was no one in the office except a member of the yegg moving squad, who had slipped in and hid a few minutes before the last employe to leave had locked the door. He let his confederates in. They rigged their tackle, and presently the office safe, filled with cash and securities, was dangling in midair nine stories up. The private detective on the sidewalk saw the safe coming down and busied himself shooing passers-by away from the danger zone. The safe on the truck, the boss yegg handed the private detective a handful of cigars for his services in the matter, bade him a cheerful good-by, mounted the yegg truck and stepped on the gas.

Unlike gangsters' sometimes clever methods of confiscating cash and merchandise, commercial burglars and stick-up men go after their victims' money and goods crudely. Their work is raw. They usually formulate their plans days or weeks in advance of the actual time they go into action. Their style of approach and execution is mostly the same; uniform, especially so with the stick-up branch of the service. It is the same old story, the story of the victim looking down the barrel of a death-dealing instrument of plunder. What can a man do when a gun is thrust under his nose and the man behind it orders him to stick 'em up? It is not a pleasant sensation. Death lurks there. Right is crushed. Pride is cowed. Independence gone. Cave-in; obedience; humiliation. He takes his toll and walks away in triumph.

At heart 99 per cent of all stick-up men are rank cowards. There can hardly be an ounce of red blood in them. And a coward with a loaded gun bent on robbery is a dangerous person to interfere with. He is very apt to pull the trigger through sheer nervousness. Most of the present-day stick-up men are of a breed that regard human life with small concern. The breed is greedy. It takes what it wants at the point of a pistol. There is no helpful way that one man can tell another how to conduct himself during a hold-up. One's action must as a matter of course depend upon circumstances; upon oneself, upon one's temperament. If one is of a cool disposition, fleet of movement, a quick thinker and close observer, one may balk one's foe, or one may not. In any event it is a chance.

One-Man Justice

I was brought up in the West, where in those days a man was not properly dressed unless he carried a six-shooter on his hip. It was the mode. But the good people who toted these excellent reminders of justice were not stick-up men or crooks of any kind. They were law-abiding citizens who minded their own business and who carried guns only to make it possible for them to do so. When a stranger came to town he was accepted and treated by the natives as a gentleman until he proved himself otherwise; hence the classical rig strapped round one's waist. Those were the days when every native adult male of our town acted as his own policeman, and, in some cases, his own judge and jury. But he was just. He knew how to mete out justice. Perhaps he didn't fuss much over legal technicalities, sometimes styled orderly judicial procedure, but he had the satisfaction of knowing and seeing that his town was a safe place in which to live.

Sometimes a crooked gambler, a horse thief, a cattle rustler, a stagecoach bandit, a train robber or an Eastern pickpocket would sneak into our midst. But he would sneak out just about as soon as he sneaked in. He had no choice in the matter. His gun didn't do him a bit of good. There were too many against it. Though everybody in those days carried guns in the West I was never stuck up out there. That ticklish sensation was for me to experience in the East. I know a bit about a gun, its danger, its influence upon the mind when it is brought into a threatening position. But that knowledge does not help me any when I am facing the muzzle of one and the man behind it is out for business. The trouble is I don't know the man. I have been stuck up three times in late years. One of the stick-ups came out victorious. He was cool, direct, talked normally. I didn't fancy to risk an encounter with him. On the two other occasions the stick-ups were shaky, nervous, their voices trembling. In both cases I took a chance and won.

But a man is taking a big risk when he tries to balk the modern beast of prey. It might be a fatal mistake for a man to try to draw a gun, if he has one, on such occasions. It would be foolhardy; almost certain death. The only possible way to check a stick-up man at close quarters is to move quickly either to the right or to the left, according to the particular position one happens to be in at the time of the freeze, and grab the wrist of the hand holding the gun, turn it outward and down, and at the same time, if possible, ram a knee into the pit of his stomach. Rough stuff, of course, and besides that, it must be fast work. One who has the habit of hesitating ought never to attempt it. Of course a man behind a counter in a store or in a bank could not very well do this. It would seem that in such places ducking ought to be the proper method to employ, especially in a bank. The counters are usually high. Recently the paying teller in a small bank in a Western city resorted to this stunt. Of a sudden he popped up again with a .38 automatic noisily proclaiming its authority. The stick-up men took to their heels and got away, but the alert teller had saved the bank's money. A clerk in a New York City store at the command of "Stick 'em up" leaped over the counter and engaged his foe in a hand-to-hand tussle. And when it was over, instead of summoning a policeman, the victorious clerk called an ambulance to cart his visitor away. In a recent attempted garage hold-up the proprietor of the place saved two thousand dollars by planting his doubled-up fist on the jaw of one of the bandits. There were five of them, swarthy lads, but notwithstanding these odds he routed the lot, guns and all.

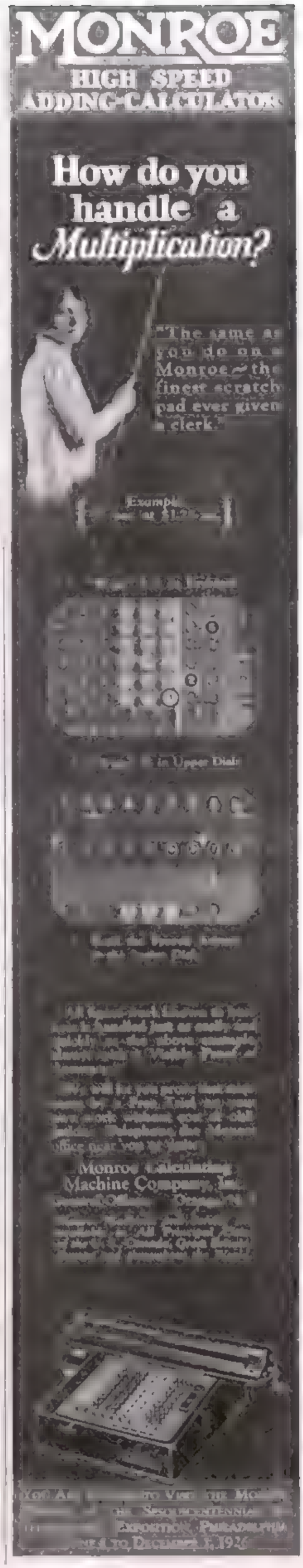
Each unit of these commercial burglars and stick-up men has an excellent spy system for the purpose of locating valuable goods and of studying the best ways and means by which they may be readily removed. Likewise for ascertaining the usual routine of paymasters and their escorts conducting pay rolls to big jobs. Sometimes this spy system goes so far as to attempt to corrupt an employe or two of their intended victims. Thus they generally accomplish by slipping ringers in among workers. Some of the more pretentious bands of these high rollers of violent crime maintain a regular and salaried secret service force. Real sleuths. In the old criminal vocabulary these detectives would be termed finders or spotters, but in the new school of crime they are styled secret service operatives. Mostly they work on a regular salary, which in many instances is a bit above that of a city detective, plus a certain percentage from the proceeds of the loot they are instrumental in harvesting. Some of these secret service men operating for the crime industry make splendid under-cover men. They are as a rule fairly well educated and present a stylish, though conservative, front. As actors and talkers they are smooth. One of them approaches a business man, a boss, a manager, a superintendent as representing almost anybody or anything, according to what that particular boss, manager or superintendent might be a representative of. He might pose as a large buyer and ask to look at various goods. The goods may not suit. There may not be enough. He would want at least twice, three times that much. By this line of roping he may be able to learn exactly how much of the particular goods he purposes to buy, or rather loot, is in stock; how much in transit; from where and when it is due to arrive. He fishes for every little bit of information that will help his employer to go into action at the right time, in the right place to get the right quality and quantity. Usually he makes his appearance only once at any one place. He cares little whether he is looked up after he departs.

Spiking the Big Guns of Crime

I have before me hundreds of semiofficial records pertaining to huge robberies. Very few of these robberies include the ordinary burglaries and stick-ups that we read about in the papers every day. Those daily incidents are often petty cash affairs, though in the aggregate they stack up pretty well. This, of course, is piking, pure and simple, engaged in by free-lance adventurers, apprentices learning the trade. These youthful apprentices specialize mostly in cash; small pay rolls, contents of cash registers and sometimes they dig into their victims' pockets. They work singly, in pairs or in groups.

Well, how do these big guns of the crime industry operate? Let us look at the hijacker first. A general impression is current that the work of a hijacker consists of hiding behind a bush on the American side close to the Canadian border to wait for a hooch truck to come along or that he hurkingly patrols the waters between Rum Row and the shore in quest of his prey. Not so. The real hijacker contemptuously refers to this kind of booze thief as a hooch rustler.

When hijackers go into action they usually strike for big game. Mostly they tackle ships and warehouses. As for instance: An auxiliary schooner, loaded with ten thousand cases of whisky, put into an inlet to deliver two thousand cases of her cargo. She anchored about twenty-five yards from shore. The man to whom the delivery was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HIGH SPEED
ADDING-CALCULATOR
How do you handle a Multiplication?
"The same as you do on a Monroe—the finest scratch pad ever given a clerk."
Example
In Upper Dials
Monroe Calculating Machine Company

TOM-TOM THE OCTAGON

White dial $3.25
Radium $4.25

There's no appeal when Tom-Tom says "Stand up"

All night with scarcely a sound of ticking, Tom-Tom lets you slumber while sleep knits up your ravelled sleeve of care. Yet at exactly the time appointed, he sentences you sternly to wide-awakeness. And he repeats that sentence till you're up!

Tom-Tom is a member of the True Time Teller family. So is Tip-Top—the smallest low-priced wristwatch made. All are dependable and honest. All are Tip-Top Notchers. See them today at your dealer's.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.
Clock-makers for over 100 years

Tip-Top the octagon wrist watch. Silver dial, $3.75. Radium, $4.50

to be made came on board. He had the money on his person to pay for the stuff. A fleet of trucks was ready to haul the two thousand cases of whisky to their destination. Just about the time the unloading was to begin, seven fiery hijackers in a swift motorboat shot up to the schooner and climbed on board, pirate-like, cowed the rum skipper, his crew and the buyer with the fat roll in his pocket.

They took it away from him without a smile, perhaps eighty thousand dollars or so, made him, the hooch captain and his crew literally walk the plank and swim ashore, started the engines of the rum craft and escaped.

The Lowdown on Hijackers

Hijackers operating on land are every bit as bold.

As this article was being written four of them walked into a warehouse, locked the proprietor and his employes in the wash room and rolled out one hundred barrels of aged rye whisky that was stored there in bond, or under government supervision, took their time about it, loaded them onto trucks and got away clean. Hundreds of people passed by while the work was in progress, but—well, what's the use?

We will now take a peep at the workings of the stick-up man. His occupation is grinding, nerve-straining. There is no change in his methods. For the sake of illustration: Four young men stepped briskly into a fur shop in a side street, each displaying his gun, pounced upon the owner and seven employes, herded all of them into the office and trussed them up with piano wire which the bandits had brought for that purpose. One of the stickers-up stood guard over the helpless fur men while the other three took off their hats and coats, calmly bundled up over sixty thousand dollars' worth of the most valuable skins in the place, carried the bundles out onto the sidewalk, loaded them into a small truck they had brought and drove off, leaving their victims bound and gagged.

Commercial burglars operate just as calmly and precisely. They know their business thoroughly. Half a block from a precinct police station, where a new building was under course of erection in the rear of a loft building in which a fur establishment had its quarters on the second floor, a few of them climbed up on the scaffolding about the new building that was being constructed and cut a hole in the brick wall leading into the fur establishment on the second floor of the old building, crawled in, helped themselves to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of furs, passed them out through the hole through which they had wriggled in, carried them down a runway built in the new building for the purpose of hauling up building material, loaded them into a waiting truck and drove off unmolested.

I could go on and catalogue hundreds of such recent robberies committed by these high rollers of violent crime. But is it necessary? I hardly think it is. Their methods of operation seldom vary. It is simply a continuous performance of stick 'em up and cutting a hole in a wall.

How do these looting magnates dispose of their plunder? Do they deal with professional fences? They do not. They have an excellent system of their own and it is a comparatively new one. During the last seven years or so there has sprung up an army of stolen-goods brokers in every large city in the country. Some of these brokers may operate under a state charter; that is to say, they may be incorporated under a name suitable to their business. For instance: The Blank Blank Sales Company, Inc.; The Blank Blank Distributing Company, Inc.; The Blank Blank Operating Company, Inc., and so on. Others may conduct their business under a trade name. Still others may operate as individuals. The more pretentious of such concerns are very apt to maintain well-equipped offices. A few may have only desk room or mailing privileges. Mostly they start in a small way and feel their way up step by step. Sometimes the bigger guns of these brokers have a side line that is perfectly legitimate. They frequently carry a pretty good balance in their banks and therefore they are able to give pretty good references. Most of them specialize in one particular line: Some in gems; some in jewelry; some in silks; some in furs; some in cloth; some in linen; some in shoes; some in foodstuffs, and so forth.

They take few risks. They have very little to worry about. Some employ solicitors and salesmen to drum up business, to feel out the trade, to approach such merchants as they think will buy silent stuff, as they usually term stolen goods, at about 20 per cent less than the market price. Thirty per cent generally goes to the broker in a transaction and 50 per cent to the thieves.

Occasionally some of these brokers worm themselves into the confidence of a traveling salesman and induce him to handle their wares as a side line. Only recently one such salesman made twenty-seven hundred dollars in commissions peddling silent stuff as a side line during a trip from coast to coast.

When he returned to New York he hurried to the broker's office through which he had done business, to collect his commission. Oh, he got it all right, and he was complimented on his fine work besides. But when he stepped out of the office into the hall two of the concern's stick-up department relieved him of the wad and five hundred dollars besides, to say nothing about his watch and chain and a diamond scarf pin.

Every leader of a band of commercial burglars and stick-up men has his regular brokers for handling any particular line of goods that he may have on hand or contemplates putting in stock. Goods are brought into his cache by his field workers, assorted and classified. The shipping department in one of these silent-stuff warehouses attends to the making of new cases and crates or whatever is necessary to pack the goods in. Old cases are either destroyed or the lettering, figures and marks on them are obliterated by the simple process of applying a plane and thus removing all telltale evidence. On the surface of things everything appears perfectly correct. All a silent-stuff broker has to do is to get orders and attend to the financial end of any and all sales transacted through his office. He is a busy man. Sometimes advance orders rush in.

Perhaps he has received an order for gems; perhaps it is an urgent call for silks; it may be a hurry-up order for furs; for any kind of commodity. His office is a whirlpool of activity.

When such orders come in he immediately gets in touch with leaders of various looting establishments and informs them of his needs. Should they not have what he wants in stock they refer to the reports of their secret service operatives and thus learn exactly where the particular goods he requires can be found and the best way to get them. The boss will then give orders to the chiefs of his burglar and stick-up departments respectively, and there you are. Sometimes a large order is filled by several looting bands.

Filling an Order

Suppose we take a specific case and look behind the doors of one of these silent-stuff brokers, an inside glimpse. On the fourteenth day of August a stolen-goods broker wrote to his Eastern correspondent, also a broker of the same kind, a letter in which he asked for various goods. Was the letter written in cipher or in any other cryptic form? Not at all. There was no mystery about it. It was a straightforward letter, written in plain English, just as one legitimate business house might write to another. It didn't contain anything that in any way looked crooked on the surface. The stationery itself was that of the average business house. According to the usual letters in the margin at the bottom it had been dictated by one person and typed by another. I will quote from a paragraph of this letter: "We have a good market for raw rubber . . . and could dispose of an unlimited amount. . . . Get some of this stuff immediately. . . . Wire when you are ready."

Now let us see how the correspondent set about to fill this unlimited order. On the night of the twenty-fifth day of August, eleven days later, a detachment from the marine department of a looting corporation snooped about along the water front and found a tug moored at its berth, its fires banked and its crew gone home. They climbed on board and in a very short time had it in working order. Steaming to a pier, they hitched onto a lighter loaded with eighty thousand dollars' worth of crude rubber that had been transferred from the hold of a ship berthed there, yanked the lighter out of the slip and towed it to a point several miles away and unloaded it. Then they towed it back to where they had stolen it. So.

But, and this is the but that put a kink in the unlimited order, on the twenty-eighth day of August, three days after the bold venture, the looting corporation, including the chairman of the board of directors, the president, the chief of the stick-up department and a field secretary, was in jail, and the eighty thousand dollars' worth of crude rubber in the hands of its rightful owners.

BURBANK IN YOUR BACK GARDEN

(Continued from Page 31)

pile exposed to the weather. After the winter rains are over and the snow is all gone, you will find the pile too wet to use; but if you watch it and keep it slightly damp, the chemistry of the sun will soon break down the vegetable cells and release the minerals in the manure, and you will have a compost that you will find practically indispensable to any garden.

"Spading comes early, and it is your hardest job—the kind you will want to hire done if you can get out of it yourself, but that might do you a lot of good if you'd tackle it and take your time. If your soil is very heavy, you may need to add a load or two of sand; but, generally speaking, you can start without that. Be sure that the winter moisture is out of the soil sufficiently so that you won't turn over big clods or drown your seeds after planting. If you can take up a handful of your soil and squeeze it into a ball that will crumble at a touch, the moisture is just right. When that time comes, bend your back over the spade or garden fork and turn the soil deep, breaking up all the lumps and then hoeing and raking until you have a nice, deep, moist, loose bed.

Right there all your hard work is done for the season.

"Seedsmen now print pretty complete instructions for sowing on each packet, so that you ought to be able to manage that part of the job easily. Just remember one thing in connection with the growing of plants—the miracle of germination from the seed—and that is that the little hard shell surrounding the life principle must be softened by moisture until the life can start out; yet once the shell is broken, the tender root fibers must not be exposed to the direct rays of the sun or drowned with too much water until the plant gets a foothold and lifts its head up to begin making its

(Continued on Page 71)

The crib and window seat are finished with Light Blue Valspar-Enamel; the toys and chairs with Vermilion. The figures on the wall are stencilled with Valspar-Enamel in different colors.

A Cheerful, Sanitary Nursery with Valspar-Enamel!

Valspar-Enameled toys are waterproof and the colors never come off.

Even if you cannot afford a model nursery with all the latest conveniences and luxuries, you *can* make the baby's room a model of cleanliness and cheerfulness with Valspar-Enamel.

In addition to its beauty, Valspar-Enamel has the great advantage of being absolutely waterproof and therefore washable. A Valspar-Enamel finish can be washed with soap and water as often as necessary to keep it spotless and sanitary.

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The standard colors are Red—Light and Deep; Vermilion, Blue—Light, Medium or Deep; Green—Medium or Deep; Gray, Brown, Ivory, Orange and Bright Yellow, also Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black.

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Strength

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STEEL BODY STRENGTH— STEEL BODY SAFETY—

First introduced by DODGE BROTHERS
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Dodge Brothers Motor Cars are built to protect passengers.

That is why Dodge Brothers pioneered in introducing the all steel body, and why they have continued to pioneer by recently improving and perfecting it.

Like the all steel sleeping car—now insisted upon by public opinion—Dodge Brothers all steel bodies are fireproof and as near shock-proof as motor car bodies can be built—an armor of protection in emergencies.

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They also provide unparalleled vision. The menace of thick corner pillars—blocking the driver's vision at street intersections—is eliminated. Slim, steel pillars take their place.

One-piece windshields and exceptional window areas further increase driving vision and safety.

And while safety cannot be measured in dollars, it is gratifying to know that these improved steel bodies exact no penalty from the purchaser.

With production vastly increased, these and many other vital improvements were announced coincidently with the most attractive schedule of low prices in Dodge Brothers history.

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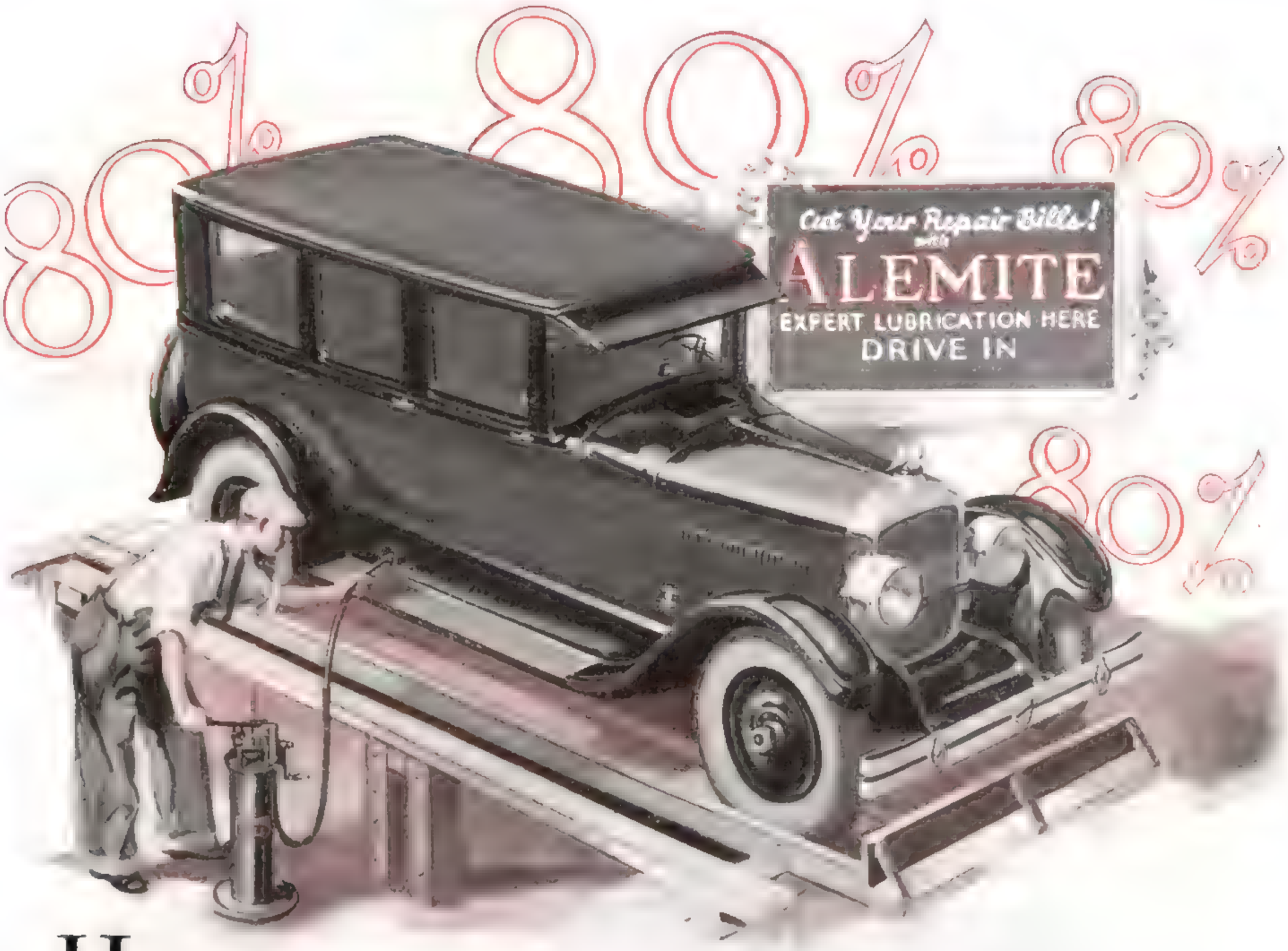

How to save 80% of your repair bills

Experts say you can save 1¢ to 1¾¢ per mile, this way

It's easy to tell what gasoline and tires and oil cost you in running your car. But what do these amount to? Less than one-fourth of your actual expenses, according to carefully kept records.

Depreciation and repairs are the big items. How big, depends upon you. Fleet owners have found a way to cut operating costs as much as 1c to 1¾c per mile, simply by keeping down these costs—repairs and upkeep. Apply this saving to your mileage. It means $100 to $275 a year to most motorists. And you can do it easily.

Eighty per cent of all repairs on moving parts of your car come from one preventable cause—lack of proper lubrication. It's the hard-wearing, hidden chassis bearings that suffer most. For you never know they're dry, until your car goes to the repair man. Repair bills of $100 to $275 after less than 10,000 miles, due to this cause, are common. Today there's no real reason for this. Most cars now come equipped with Alemite high pressure lubrication. Chassis lubrication is a matter of only a few minutes—every 500 miles. Fresh lubricant is forced entirely through each individual bearing. Old gritty grease is forced out at the same time. Positive high pressure does it. There's no chance of an unknown, clogged oil passage.

Do this every 500 miles. It will save you money. Not only in repairs, but in lessened depreciation and wear and tear on other parts of your car.

If you don't care to do it yourself, you'll find an Alemite Lubricating Service Station near you, where expert lubrication is as convenient as oil or gasoline service. Just drive in where you see the sign—Every 500 Miles.

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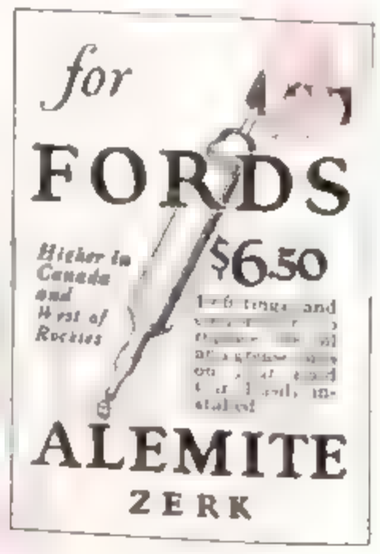

ALEMITE

High Pressure Lubrication

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

(Continued from Page 66)

own food. So you have to plant deep enough and have the ground so pulverized that warmth and air and moisture can all get to the seed, yet not deep enough so that the first little sprout will have to go too far to the surface and so get discouraged.

"If you are planting seedlings raised in boxes, either by yourself or by a seedsman, you can begin to show right away whether you are a real gardener or just a person who sticks things into the ground and hopes for the best. Because here is where selection can come in—to make your garden an ordinary, uninteresting, wasteful sort of place for you, or a fascinating laboratory and a treasury of succulence and high food values and big handsome products.

"Usually, people buy a dozen or fifty or a hundred young plants at random from a seedling tray where they are started, and set them all out. Out of the total number they may get 40 per cent of fine, sturdy, paying plants, and the rest middling or worthless. If you want to make an interesting science of gardening, choose first a reliable seedsman, then select your plants from him by judging of their size, sturdiness, shape and the promise they give, and plant only the selected few. If you buy them as they come in the tray, it will pay you to do your selecting afterward, for ten good strong plants, with a fine heredity, are better than three times that number of average plants, and better than three million poor ones. You would say that a poultryman was crazy who cared for and fed a flock of chickens in which 60 per cent were diseased or spindling or disabled, and you would be right. But why give room in your garden to plants that will never bear, or will bear sparsely, or that will wilt when summer comes and have to be torn out and burned? For not only are they a care and a trouble to you but they are taking air and space and nourishment from the soil that only the big, fine, sturdy plants should have.

"There are three great enemies of the vegetable garden, more dangerous and more costly even than the same enemies are in the flower garden, and those three are insect pests and fungous diseases, weeds and a soil surface that packs.

"Pests can only be fought with intelligence and watchfulness; except in plague years or because of some bad local condition, they will ordinarily give you little trouble. Remember that many of them leave eggs or larvæ or old daddies and bug mothers in the garden at the end of the season that are all primed and ready to go about starting trouble for you in the next. So clean your garden up well every fall; don't be lazy with the garden fork and don't be afraid to use fire to destroy diseased or pest-infested stalks or old leaves."

Spare the Hoe and Raise a Weed

"If your garden is kept clean, you will have a great advantage over pests. Diseases can be treated with sprays or dusted chemicals, and your local seedsman can prescribe the right remedy if you encounter this problem. With a plant as with a human being, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and a stitch in time saves nine, so be on the lookout and act swiftly when pests or disease creep in on you.

"Weeds, like the poor, ye have always with you. I know something about the habits of weeds and the marvelous provisions made by Nature and developed by the weed scourges themselves to protect themselves from being wiped out; but even with what I have learned, I sometimes wonder—yes, and cuss a little, in a harmless sort of way—at the perversity and persistence and everlasting orneriness of weeds. There are times, in the beginning of garden making, when a fellow just about gets disgusted and thinks he'll give up the struggle. But after a while he learns that a weed isn't a dangerous visitor till it has made a good start, and that the time to attack it is when it is a baby and can't defend itself. So the gardener matches his wits against the hereditary characteristics of the weed, and he just makes things so uncomfortable that finally Mr. Weed quits in despair.

"Most weeds are tenacious in their hold on the ground, and when they get up to any size, pulling them is likely to pull everything else in the garden except perhaps the fence posts. So the little weeds crowding around the tiny vegetable plants must be pulled or cultivated out early. Don't let any weed go to seed in your garden! Never! For all of them produce heavily—some of them upward of a million seeds to a plant; and every seed is a potential nuisance, and cause of loss and trouble, besides being also a potential bearer of more seeds.

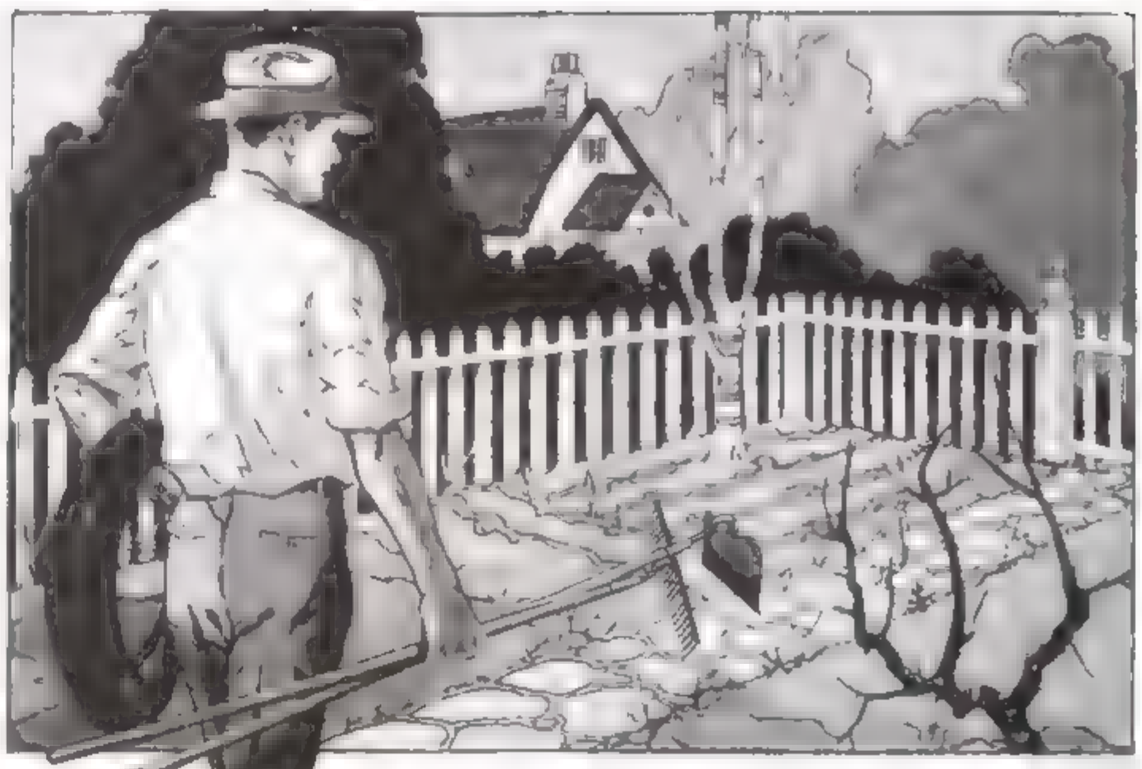
"Cultivation is the best defense against weeds, especially as it is also directed against the third enemy of the vegetable garden—the baking or crusting of the surface of the soil. Practically all ground that is strong and nourishing to plant life has enough sticky and stiff elements in it to make it bake when the sun hits the surface and draws the moisture out from it. If you simply can't prevent the soil from baking, crusting or cracking, it is a sure sign that you have found the time to use that compost you made and use it generously."

Emigrés of the Vegetable World

"But any soil will bake more or less on top unless you cultivate. And the straighter your rows are, and the more carefully your garden is laid out, and the better your provision for getting from row to row, the more easily will your cultivation be done. Nowadays there are so many handy and clever hand plows and cultivators on the market that, aside from the first spading, the work in a garden is light and even pleasant, and women and children can do it as well as men, and sometimes better, because they have more stick-to-it-iveness and more patience. Keep cultivating! Don't go deep enough or close enough to the rows, of course, to injure the roots of your plants. But keep the surface mulched and crumbly and smooth all the time, and you will be rewarded with healthy plants, no weeds, and a smaller danger from worms and bugs and insects that are there to make you miserable and lead you to lose your religion.

"In their natural homes, vegetables, like all plant life, had an inherent hereditary suitability to the climate and soil; when there was plenty of rain and plenty of sunshine, the vegetable throve and produced up to its capacity; when there was a drought or a cold summer, it got through somehow and always managed to produce enough seeds to keep from being obliterated. We routed the vegetables out of their natural homes to put them to work for us, and though most of them have been working for us for a long time, and have fixed characteristics we have developed in them, they require care and attention—more care and attention, in fact, for that very reason. We have to furnish them water, for instance, in just sufficient amounts for their best welfare; and here is a place where the vegetable gardener has to study his individual problem and work out his own solution.

"There are two methods of irrigation in your garden—watering from overhead, as with a hose and nozzle or a sprinkler system, and watering from below, by the filling of ditches and subirrigation. Most plants do better for an occasional bath, provided it is given them in the cool of the evening so that they have time to dry themselves off before the sun comes out and sets them steaming and draws too much water from them. Sprinkling with a piece of pipe set on standards a foot or so high, and pierced with needle holes, is generally useful in a garden with small blocks or plots; but the sturdy, higher-growing bushes and climbers—tomatoes, artichokes, rhubarb and so on, and peas and beans and their kind—can best be watered by means of shallow ditches run along the length of the row. Remember this in laying out your garden, because you will have to give the



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Five delicious wafers kept fresh and clean in their silvery wrappings—5c.

The FULL CHOCOLATE *taste in every bite*

ONLY in Peter's milk chocolate can you find the full strength of the real chocolate taste.

Fifty years ago Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate. To Switzerland he imported the choicest cocoa beans, mixed them with fresh milk with all its cream and gave the world a milk chocolate with a full chocolate taste.

Now—in Peter's Croquettes—you can have this same delightful blend. Tempting, nourishing milk chocolate wafers—in silvery foil to keep them free from dirt and air.

You can also buy Peter's in delicious, plain bars or crunchy, toasted almond bars, 5c and 10c sizes. Don't be satisfied with ordinary milk chocolate. Try Peter's today—its full chocolate flavor will delight you. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 131 Hudson St., New York.

Over fifty years ago in Vevey, Switzerland, Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate. Today its famous blend is still a secret. Only in Peter's can you get that full chocolate flavor.

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High as the Alps in Quality

ditches slope enough to carry the water, yet not enough so that the stream will wash away your soil and make deep cuts. If you don't have any slope, the water will stand in the ditches and you may have trouble from drowning roots.

"When irrigation is finished, don't leave your ditches open for use next time, because the ditch bottom and sides, no matter how small the channel is, will dry out, bake, crack, let the air too close to the roots, and generally play hob. Furrow your ditch with a wheel cultivator or a hoe, irrigate and then cultivate the ditch and fill it in. It's not a bad plan, by the way, to run your ditch on one side of the plants for one irrigation and on the other side for the next. The root growths on both sides will develop more equally then, and the plants will be sturdier and stand up better under storm or handling.

"I said a minute ago that we took our vegetables away from their natural or indigenous soils and put them to work for us, and it may be interesting to glance at their stories. We find that most fruits and vegetables originated around the Mediterranean Sea, though America was the birthplace of some of the most important, with corn, beans, potatoes, sweet potatoes and tobacco to her credit. I think we might have got along without the last, which is neither a vegetable nor a fruit; but maybe it has its place in the scheme of things.

"Well, about those original home soils of the vegetables: Radishes came from China; the round, fleshy turnips from Central and Southern Europe and the slender ones from the Scandinavian countries; Chile gets the credit for the potato, though I suppose there are plenty of people who think it came from the land that produces our American policemen and fire laddies. The name Irish potato, so common with us, probably came from the fact that the Irish made potatoes their staple article of diet, and some of them lived at times just about on those vegetables and those alone. But Chile and, perhaps, Peru grew the first of them.

"Now, here's an odd thing: You can't blame people for believing that sweet and Irish potatoes are closely related, yet the fact is that they belong to different families entirely, and are not even distant cousins. They both grow in the ground as protuberances on the roots of the plants, but their species are not related. There might be another reason for the confusion—the proper name of the sweet potato is batatas and the Irish potato is a papa. It would certainly be easy to get them mixed up on account of their names, even if they hadn't looked so much alike."

Odyssey of the Sweet Potato

"Investigators had quite a time locating the original home of the sweet potato, because it had been found growing wild in widely scattered parts of the world. They fixed on Mexico as the most likely spot, but they add the reservation that perhaps the sweet potato originated really in some spot farther north before the glacial period and that man, driven southward by the spread of the killing cold in that era, carried his sweet potatoes and perhaps other vegetables with him, and planted these in the new homes to which, slowly and gradually, he made his way. The sweet potato takes on a new interest, doesn't it?—when you look back on it in that light and think of its history and of the perils and journeys and adventures of those prehistoric men who may have helped in spreading it over what was then their world.

"The beet grew near the sea originally; perhaps first in the Canary Islands and along the Mediterranean; spinach is of uncertain native origin, but is judged to have come from Persia for a strange reason—namely, that the Chinese had it very early, and their name for it was the herb of Persia. Here is another interesting fact that will help you see how interesting such studies can become: The long search for the first home of the spinach brought to light an amazing similarity in the names that different peoples gave the vegetable—a similarity that makes us sure that it was a vegetable known and probably used centuries ago. In Southern Europe it was called spinacha, probably because the people thought it came from Spain; its Arabic name is sepanich; in Persia it is dubbed ispanej; and the Hindu word for it is pinnis. Now who would have thought of there being any romance or interest in a garden vegetable as humble as the spinach?

"Garlic, the authorities say, probably originated on the deserts of Siberia, and it has relatives in all the coldest countries, from Alaska to the southern polar lands. It was very early used in China, though, and we know that for another of those strange reasons—deductions from established facts that have to be accepted as authentic from their nature. You know that the Chinese language is written with signs that look like hen tracks; one sign may mean half a dozen English words. But the oldest, first words in Chinese must have been represented by a single sign, as 'man,' 'sea,' for instance, and such words as 'come' and 'go.' And 'garlic'! Yes, 'garlic' is written with a single sign. The scientists accept that as proof of the fact that this strong flavoring vegetable is very old in China.

"The onion was known to the Greeks and Romans and probably came from somewhere around the Mediterranean Sea. There is a story to the effect that the Egyptians tried the onion and liked it so well that they gave it divine honors, which delighted the Romans and caused some of their writers to make jokes about it. Maybe some of our modern jokes about the onion are developments from that old Roman witticism on the Egyptians—hybridized, no doubt, and with some new colors and petals and an earlier season, but generically the same old anecdote."

Rounding Up the Potatoes

"The cabbage originated in Southern Europe, but was pretty well scattered, and has been known and cultivated for many centuries. The Celts called it kap or cab, and the French cabus, probably deriving the name from the Latin *caput*, meaning head, because of the shape of the plant. Celery was traced to Europe, but no original home was found for it because it grew in marshy damp places clear from Sweden to India. Celery demands that sort of soil condition, and there is no doubt that it was spread by migratory birds.

"Lettuce also is from Southern Europe, but it grows so easily and spreads its seeds with such success that probably it was gathered as a wild vegetable for centuries before anyone bothered to cultivate it or improve it. You'll notice, if you study the matter, that the vegetables that, in their natural condition, were hard to find but were succulent and nourishing were the ones man first sought out to develop; whereas the ones that were easiest to find and use in their natural state were neglected to the last by plant improvers. This opens up a very interesting subject too.

"Take potatoes. The first thing we had to do with them was to teach them to stay at home. That's a fact! They were great hands to run out long roots and develop their tubers on the ends of those roots, and I lay that to the fact that the lazy Indian women would dig down under the nearest plant to get a mess of potatoes and would take them all. For that reason the potato had to do something to preserve itself and reproduce itself, therefore the roots burrowed away and tried to hide the potatoes from the Indian women who dug according to the location of the green tops of the plant.

"Well, at any rate, the potato became a wanderer, sending roots out sometimes as far as twenty or thirty feet. When I began working with potatoes in their original wild state, I had plants that would have a hatful of little, gnarled, worthless tubers under the plant, and at the end of a twenty-foot root would have a great big fine potato secreted!

"But the point I want to make is that potatoes became steadily poorer in their native places, where they were planted by the Indians or other natives—and why? Because, contrary to the right method, the natives would eat all the best tubers and plant the poorest ones. The result was that potatoes were eaten in South America that weren't much bigger than peanuts, and were gnarled and dark skinned and of poor quality. Plant breeders did something for the potato when it was carried out of its original home and made a general food for the world; but they didn't do much because, as I said above, potatoes were easy to grow and very productive, and people were satisfied with an inferior variety until I came along with that seed ball I told you of.

"It's always been that way; what we can get easily we use as it is, just as long as it will do, instead of trying to bring everything we use up to a high standard. Our English! There are lots of plain easy words lying around loose, and we pick up a few hundred and employ the poor battered old things, where if English words were hard to get at, even to express our simplest needs, what a scurry there would be to learn to speak correctly—use the best words we could find! Well, that's the way we are made, I suppose.

"Better get back to those travel stories of the vegetables. The pumpkin comes from Mexico or Texas, though you wouldn't guess that, maybe; and the watermelon direct from Africa. It is said that the first wild watermelons were some sweet and some bitter, and that the natives would take a club and smash a melon and taste the juice to find out whether they had a good one or not. That is how old the custom is of plugging a melon.

"The cucumber, which may be called a cousin of the squash family, was cultivated long ago in Asia, and probably came from there. The tomato, first known as the love apple, originated in tropical America, and its position in the food world today is about the most sensational in the vegetable list I remember when my mother grew tomatoes for their appearance and when no one ate them at all, because they were believed to be poisonous. I have done a good deal with tomatoes, and today our seed department here probably sells as many tomato seeds as any other vegetable seed. It would be hard to imagine our tables today without the tomato in one form or another."

Protecting the Delicate Bean

"Certain beans, peas and lentils originated in Persia, and these were the first vegetables to be cooked. Their use was universal except in Egypt, where the clerics declared beans were unclean and forbade the people to eat them. I wonder how history might have been modified and changed if the first settlers of Boston had happened to be Egyptians!

"Our best bean originated in South America, and really was given to the world through our own country. And here is a vegetable that stirs your interest when you think of its character. It has no means of dispersing its seed. Birds don't carry it; animals and insects prefer other things generally; the seed is heavy and falls to the ground and lies there without protection. That is as true today as it ever was. Now why didn't the bean improve itself—take care of its seed by some evolutionary process, so that it would be attractive to birds or would float in the air or would make a thick protective shell to save itself? My reasoning is that this static characteristic—not improving through the ages—was due to the fact that in the very beginning man took an interest in the bean because it was useful to him; he saved the seed and planted it and cultivated the plants, and so the bean didn't have to do anything for itself. There's something to think over!

"Corn was originally a wild grass growing in the highlands of Mexico and called teosinte grass. It was developed by a sort

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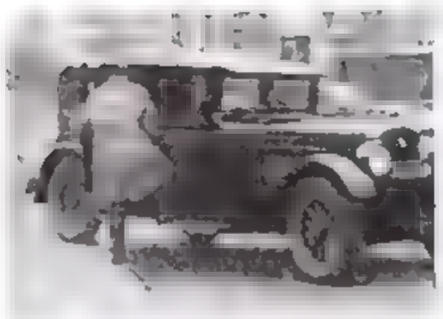
The Safety Chassis of the NEW STUTZ



Demonstrating the rigidity of the frame of The New Stutz Safety Chassis. With one wheel on the curb, doors open and close without sticking.

The New Stutz has pressed steel running-boards built as an integral part of the Safety Chassis; they are actually side bumpers

The Safety Chassis of The New Stutz with its worm-gear rear axle brings the body five inches lower than usual; yet full clearance and headroom are maintained.

Slender, clear-vision front corner posts add another safety element to The New Stutz, as does safety glass in the windshield

The New Stutz bodies, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York, impart a distinctive grace and beauty to all models.

BENEATH the distinctive grace and beauty of this remarkably advanced automobile is the unique protection of The NEW STUTZ Safety Chassis.

Today, the buyer of an automobile must make *safety* his *first* concern. It has become a factor of primary importance. And there is no protection against the carelessness or ignorance of other drivers so assuring as the possession of a car that is, in itself, safe. The safety of The NEW STUTZ is notable because it goes further than mere protective equipment; it is designed-and-built into the car.

The NEW STUTZ Safety Chassis has the strongest and most rigid frame to be found on any private passenger automobile. There are seven cross-members to resist strain and shock, twist and tear.

The running-boards are of pressed steel, built integral with the deep frame, and are actually "side-bumpers". These steel running-boards, together with the steel bumper in front and steel bumperettes in the rear, form a veritable armor-belt of steel around the car.

Through the adoption of a worm-drive rear axle, the frame has been given a deep drop, so that the entire weight of the body and mechanical parts is brought down five inches nearer the ground than conventional chassis design permits, and with full road clearance maintained.

This effects a remarkable lowering of the car's center of gravity and, of course, confers a greatly increased stability under all conditions. It gives The NEW STUTZ a greater degree of road adhesiveness than is to be found in any other car and practically eliminates the possibility of overturning.

As there are circumstances in which safety demands quick acceleration, an unusually alert responsiveness has been included in the car as a safety factor. Stop-watch tests show this acceleration record; from a 10-miles-per-hour rate to a 50-miles-per-hour rate in less than 15 seconds.

With this notable accelerating power of The NEW STUTZ goes an ease of control which gives every driver of the car a justifiably increased confidence in his ability to "get through" when a difficult situation is encountered. The greatly lowered center of gravity does much to make the car wonderfully obedient to the wheel.

To control its great power, it was necessary to provide The NEW STUTZ with an entirely new type of brakes. These are four-wheel brakes, hydrostatically operated on a newly adopted but thoroughly proven principle. Their construction gives 360 degrees of braking-contact on each wheel, so perfectly equalizing the braking energy that each wheel is halted with exactly the same retardation as the three others. Furthermore, the car is stopped in a minimum distance with less abruptness, because there is no "wrapping" action—an action that always tends to develop suddenly, instead of gradually.

The NEW STUTZ worm-drive rear axle and The NEW STUTZ hermetically-sealed hydrostatic brakes are designed and constructed by Timken. The worm and gear properly lubricated, are guaranteed by us for two years.

Safety glass in the windshield and narrow, clear vision, front-corner posts are important engineering factors which show how the safety element has been kept always in mind throughout the designing and building of the car.

And so, The NEW STUTZ has been planned primarily to provide maximum safety to its passengers and protection to the car itself, while presenting an aristocratic smartness of appearance that distinguishes it wherever seen.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc. *Indianapolis*

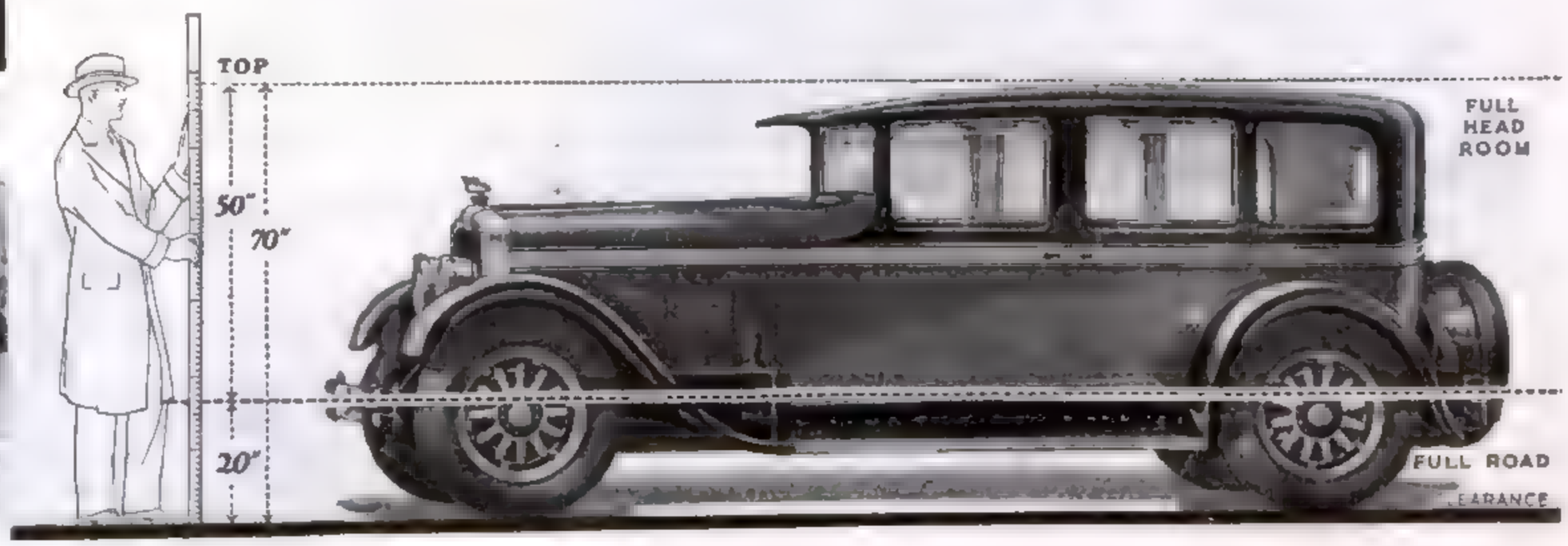
Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing full road clearance and headroom

Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and readability

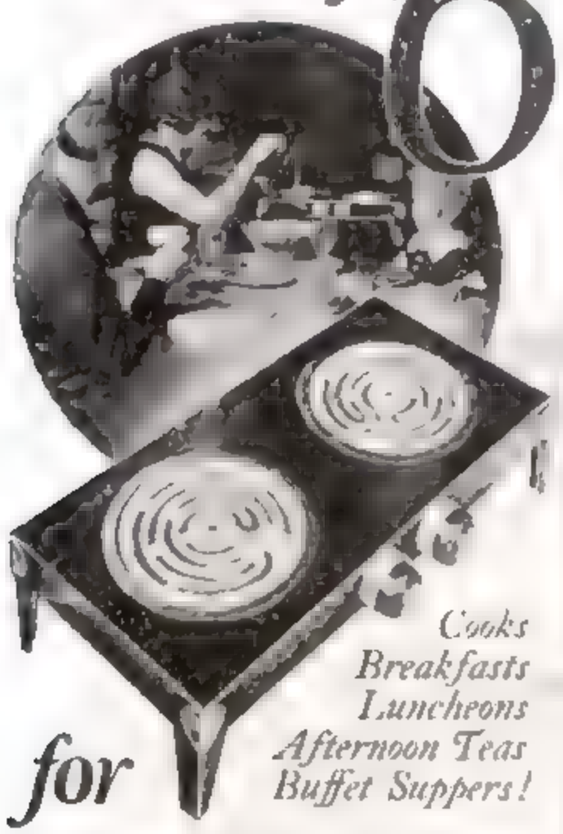
Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 H. P. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New, non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive



2-Burner Electric Stove Only $6



Cooks Breakfasts Luncheons Afternoon Teas Buffet Suppers!

for

The Home or Summer Cottage

SIMPLY turn a switch and cook—anywhere [illegible] dining-room for breakfasts [illegible] tea cart coffee trays, or [illegible] for entertaining, candy making, and night lunches. Use this stove in the Summer home too, or on the Summer porch. Think of this priceless cooking convenience [illegible] $6. Made of finest sheet steel [illegible] long, 9 [illegible] wide. Sturdy [illegible] black baked enamel [illegible] nickel-trimmed. Rotary [illegible] switches. Large [illegible] plate under each. Heats with amazing speed—cooks as fast as gas. As economical as a toaster. More than 100,000 already sold. Every home should have one.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere or Sent Direct

See your dealer first—but if he can't supply you, order direct. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon and pay [illegible] $6 on arrival. Use the stove one whole week. Then, if not delighted, return it, and your money will be refunded without comment.

Complete Cabinet Electric Range, Only $29

Here, at last, is complete electric cooking, beautiful design, exquisite finish, guaranteed [illegible] value at $29.95. [illegible] top is 12 in. by 21 in. with two burners. Each switches on and off independently. The oven is 12 in. wide, 10 in. high and 11 in. deep, double walled, asbestos lined. Burners at top and bottom, giving low, medium and high heats, ranging up to 400°. Below the oven is a warming closet, same size. Best grade sheet steel, gleaming black enamel, blued steel doors. Operates on direct or alternating current, drawing no more than a toaster! Here is the triumph of 34 years' manufacturing. You can pay a great deal more for an elaborate stove, but you cannot buy more efficient cooking. If your dealer can't supply you, mail coupon with your remittance for $29 direct to the factory. Use the range one whole week. Then if not satisfied, return it and we will refund your money promptly and without question.

DEALERS: These fast selling items are breaking sales records everywhere. Enormous demand [illegible] on sight. Don't miss these big-unit sales. Write at once for special bulletin.

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☐ Send me No. 100 2-burner stove. I will pay postman $6 ($7 West of Rockies). If not delighted after six days' use, I will return it and you will refund my money.

☐ Send me by express prepaid No. 106 Cabinet Range. I enclose $29 [illegible]. If I am not delighted after [illegible] days' use I can return it and you will refund my money.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 72)

of haphazard selective method by the natives and its use spread north, so that the early explorers and discoverers found it in both the Americas and took it home as part of their booty from the New World.

"I began to work on the improvement of corn before I came to California, but I didn't fully understand its origin or get hold of its secrets until I found where it began and had an opportunity to study the teosinte grass. Patient effort, using selective methods, has resulted now in sweet corn that was undreamed of a few years ago—one of our most useful and certainly most delicious vegetables, that can be raised in almost any climate in America and that will produce generously.

"This adaptability of the corn to varying climates reminds me of the changes the environment of climate has made in corn. As it spread north and south from Mexico it developed new characteristics, in self-defense, and now corn grown in Southern Canada, for example, is almost a different variety from corn that is grown, we'll say, in Texas. It changed its habits, shortened or lengthened its own growing season, built heavier or lighter wrappings of husk around the ear, and so on. A very interesting study—corn."

The Original Staff of Life

By chance, one morning while this article was being prepared, Mr. Burbank had his thoughts diverted to a fundamental of his work that gives it an added significance, particularly in connection with the growing of vegetables. He stood in his garden directing the work of a man who was laying out a new seed bed, and his wandering gaze was caught by a cow contentedly grazing in a near-by lot. He waved a hand that way abruptly.

"There is an object lesson in the science of life," he said, in his quick, sure fashion. "Did you ever stop to think where life gets its first food?

"Where the inorganic substances of earth and air and water and sunlight are first transmuted into organic or living substances so that they can become protoplasm and there be incorporated into the very life stream of the world?

"Every living thing owes its continued existence to the mysterious, marvelous, miraculous little laboratory that is in the leaf of the plant!

"I've told you before about this laboratory; how the oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphates, iron and all those elements are dissolved by water or air or drawn into the leaves of the plant, and how they are there transformed by the action of light into protoplasm and sugar and starch that feeds the plant. All right! Right there is the beginning of all the food of the world—the secret of continuing life."

The Why and Wherefore of Things

"For whether the plant is on the land or growing into the air or in the fathomless depths of the sea, the laboratory is performing the same miracle, thus making plant life continuous; and on top of that, all animal life, directly or indirectly, is indebted to plant life for its continued existence. Those animals that eat only flesh and never touch plant or vegetable life at all, nevertheless prey on animals or birds or insects that do eat vegetable life and that get their necessary diet in whole or in part among plants. Trace back through their dietary habits and in the end you will always find yourself at the source of all food for all the world—the little leaf laboratory of the plant."

Mr. Burbank reviewed what he had said for this article finally with a long face.

"I'm afraid I'm a poor hand at teaching the rudiments of gardening—just the rules of thumb, as you might say!" he exclaimed. "But the reason is plain. I'm not interested much in the rules. I am interested in the fundamentals back of the rules. I am interested in the why of things, and the wherefore, and not so much in the how. Do you see? Because the how is easy—anyone can learn that, or get it out of a seed catalogue.

"I should like to see every family in America have a vegetable garden of some sort, as well as a flower garden. Your own vegetables taste better, and you will eat more of them, and they will save you money that can be put to some other good purpose instead of being handed over to the vegetable peddler. But more than that, I should like to see people interested in the romance and story and absorbing science that there is behind our gardens. Most of it has been written if you look for it. I have a set of books on the subject that may be dry and dull—I don't know—but that certainly open the door a way. I'd like to have people more inquisitive about their gardens, just as I should like them more interested in their work, their jobs, their machinery, their radios, the things man has made and the elements and functions of powers in the universe that Nature has put here to render man's inventions and discoveries possible and workable.

"Because I'm afraid we're beginning to forget how to use our minds at all. We've come to accepting things as we see them or hear them or are told that they are, or as we find them ready to our hands for our use and pleasure. We don't read thoughtfully, inquiringly. We don't study. We don't listen and peer around and investigate and wonder and ask questions. Only the children do that—and more than likely the answer they get is, 'Oh, for pity's sake, don't bother me! Go look it up, or ask your mother!'"

Growing Our Own Thoughts

"We let some motion-picture man or newspaper editor or writer or preacher or encyclopedia do our thinking for us, and we just deteriorate mentally. That's the sort of thing I'd like to fight, and sometimes, busy as I am, and along in years, I stop for a minute and get all heated up, and sail into the parrots and the dummies and the empty-headed folks, to try and shake them out of their mental laziness.

"The time has come to do thinking and inquiring and investigating, and to look about us in the world, where everything is full of drama and romance and color and meaning and significance. Your garden is as full of stories as any book, as full of excitement as a movie. Grow vegetables for your health, for your pocketbook, for your digestion and appetite, and on top of that grow them for the interest there is in every leaf and stalk and crumb of soil and atom of fertilizer and drop of water you find there!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Hall. The next will appear in an early issue.

DEFLATED

(Continued from Page 33)

for me. In the nine months he had been operating on his own hook he had made about $5000. Then, acting as a broker for another steel company, he booked an order for 10,000 tons of plates, on which his commission amounted to about $20,000. This put him on Easy Street, but he was still cautious. He offered to pay me the same salary I was getting and 10 per cent of the company's net profits as commission. In addition, I was given a one-thirtieth share when we incorporated later for $30,000.

On September 26, 1916, I resigned my old job. It was ten o'clock when I finished telling the boss what I thought of him, and at eleven I had booked my first order. Up to that time I had never had fifty dollars I could call my own. My salary check was generally pretty well shot with borrowings by the time I got it.

The president of a shipbuilding company who had coöperated with me in preparing the composite list of sections gave me the first order. As I remember it, my commission was $250. The next day I went to Baltimore and sold 1000 tons of plates, at a profit to the firm of $2200—and another $220 to me. Flushed with success, I bought a lot of new clothes.

For two weeks thereafter not a day went by without a profit in excess of my old weekly salary, and many days I beat the monthly figures. By that time, however, I had learned that the big business was in New York, so there I went. My first call—on a Japanese house—yielded an inquiry for 1600 tons of ship plates. I took it to the steel firm which had been handling most of my partner's business, and they turned it down. The specifications were too exacting.

By that time, you will recall, the mills were booming with foreign business, and there was so much of it that they could afford to select the orders which enabled them to operate at maximum capacity. Steel plates for all purposes are rolled out in widths, generally beginning at seventy-two inches and running up to 190 inches, depending on the mill. The plates are then cut into the desired sizes by huge shears. Some mills in the United States had never rolled anything but tank plates, on which nearly all the cutting is rectangular. And even those that had special facilities for cutting to sketch had too much cutting to do. Their shearing capacity was limited.

You know, of course, that ship plates are used to cover the outside of the hull, and for the decks. These plates are riveted on the frames made of bulb angles and ship channels. Because of the shape of the hull the plates cannot all be of one size. Many must be cut to sketches and many are quite small, and there is also a variation in thickness. Since a large part of the business then being placed was from shipbuilders, every mill in the country was having difficulty in so balancing its orders that the

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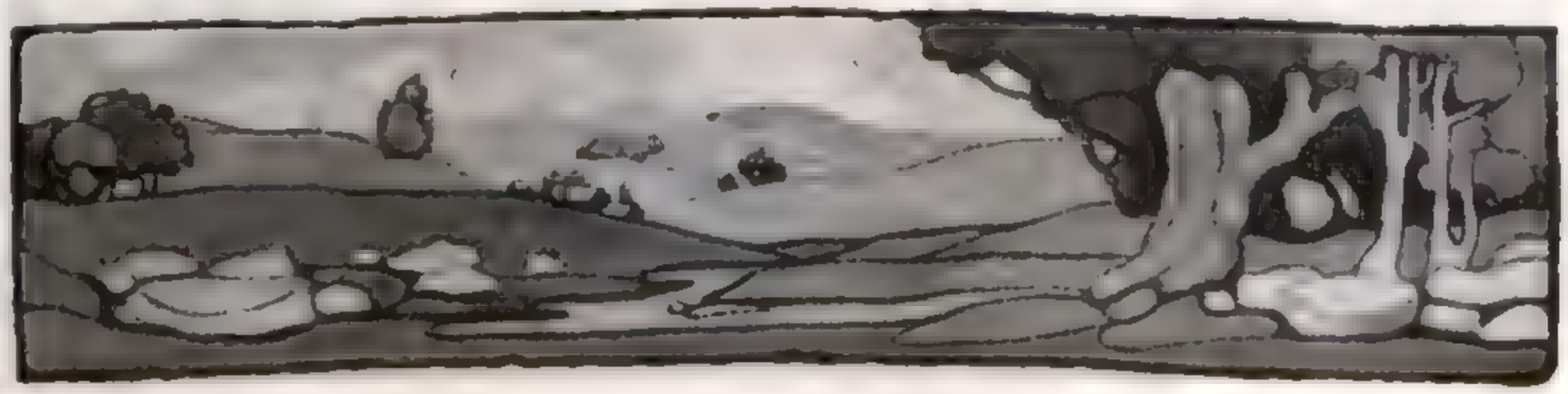

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- Force-Feed Lubrication—
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Finer Performance

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Its greater *Quality* is perfectly apparent—once you check over its array of engineering attractions, once you note the costly-car calibre of the body design, once you examine the character of its Nash-built construction.

Its greater *Value* is proved instantly by a moment's comparison. All you need do is list the features other cars in the $1000 field offer. Then Ajax superiority is startlingly clear.

And its finer *Performance!* A short ride will settle that point. There's a sparkling swiftness, a lithe smoothness, a brilliantly powerful responsiveness to Ajax performance that warms your heart. *Just drive it once*—yourself!

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Would you like to see a Comptometer production test on your work? At your invitation we shall be glad to arrange such a test.

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(Continued from Page 74)

limited shearing capacity would not blockade the rolls. That's why the 1600-ton order had been going a-begging.

But right there my study of shipbuilding came in handy. I suddenly remembered that every yard I had ever seen was equipped with shears, and it occurred to me that they might be willing to do their own cutting. Accordingly, I took the specifications and changed them by making rectangles of all sketch plates and putting several small plates into one large plate. When I took this to the steel mill the order was snapped up. I hurried back to New York and got the approval of my Japanese customers, plus a liberal premium. On this deal our firm made $8000.

That one idea kept us on the jump for months. It was simple enough, but nobody else had thought of it, and even the mills with which we placed such orders never thought of revising specifications on their own hook for months afterward. A few weeks after I landed the 1600 tons, the same Japanese firm came into the market for 12,500 tons. The tonnage was large enough to command spirited competition, but by simplifying specifications I made the price more attractive to the buyers and the order more attractive to the mills.

The outlook was so encouraging that we became all fired with ambition and decided to take the order in our own name. The amount involved was $1,850,000. Up to this time we were still doing business in a small, one-room office, and our help consisted of a stenographer and an office boy. We had made plans to get more room, but even to our eyes that was an awful lot of money. Nevertheless, we took the order, and the Japanese gave us a confirmed and irrevocable letter of credit calling for payment through a big New York bank against shipping documents.

Easy Money Rolls In

By the time we had satisfactory quotations from two mills for the entire tonnage we were unable to sleep for fear we wouldn't be able to establish the necessary credit with the mills. Both of us knew the ropes on smaller amounts. But though we talked big, we were considerably in awe of $1,000,000. Consequently, we went into our bank all spruced up and trying to look casual, but really full of trepidation, to inquire about the credit. My partner was talking all around the point and the banking official was looking bored, until his eyes fell on the letter of credit. After that we could have had the bank!

It sounds now like the recital of a dream, but nine months after I had thrown up my thirty-five-dollar job the books showed a total business of more than $24,000,000, and a profit of about $2,000,000. In the meantime a lot of skyrocketing had been done to my salary, of course. During the first few months the senior partner boosted it every time I made the suggestion. But the commissions ran into so much money that after I got used to the feel of it I left the salary detail to the cashier.

I spent money freely, but I was too busy to squander. At first I couldn't believe the golden days would last, and every month when we had a rough settlement I put a bale of funds into good securities and stuck them into a safe-deposit box. Then, as the business increased, my caution disappeared. I was rich. The firm was fat with profits. The world was clamoring for steel. It was clamoring so vociferously that we forgot it was due to abnormal conditions.

Ninety-five per cent of our sales were in ship materials. We didn't stop there, however. In that hectic nine months we sent steel hoops to Iceland to make fish barrels. We sent ship plates to Nigeria, Africa, and to the Argentine navy. We sent trolley poles to Australia and sheets to India; concrete reënforcing bars to Dutch East Indies and electrical sheets to Switzerland for the construction of French machinery.

The Japanese were our best customers, and they were the buyers you read about in books. I know of no other race save the British so fine to deal with. They were after material and admitted it. They bought in large quantities, did not quibble over details or small adjustments in price, and were quick as lightning to catch a suggestion, such as the one I made for including many small plates in a large one.

It was easy money, but it called for a lot of quick thinking. You see, we had no mill protection, except for limited periods. That is to say, prices were changing so rapidly that quotations and options were given for only a few days or a week. In normal times it is customary in steel to name a price to hold good for two weeks and up to thirty days. We never took orders, then, without knowing exactly where we intended to place them. Of course we did have a definite knowledge of mill conditions. We knew, for instance, just what mills didn't like to bother to deal directly with foreign accounts.

I remember one very profitable case which will illustrate the ease with which money can sometimes be made during a boom market, when the buyers are competing, instead of the sellers. I was in Pittsburgh one day in April, 1917. In a talk with officials of one of the fairly large steel producers I was told their mills were not very heavily booked on ship sections, and they could let us have about 2500 tons. The price was $120 a ton, which I remarked was then rather high.

Options do not cost anything in the steel business, however, so I took one for a week on the tonnage named. I had no intention of doing any work on the deal and no hope whatever of selling, because this mill rolled nothing but antiquated ship channels, and no bulb angles, which were much more in demand. But when one of the big Japanese buyers asked me the next day in New York if I could supply about 2500 tons of sections, I became interested.

"I can place that tonnage," I said, "but many substitutions will be necessary and they are likely to prove expensive."

"How much?" asked my customer.

The price we regarded then as showing us a fair profit was $130 to $140 a ton, depending on the specifications. It was so high at that time that I hesitated to name it and asked the Japanese to make a bid.

"We will pay $160 a ton," he said. "Please try to place it at that figure. It is the highest we can go without further authority from home. Not one of the mills will touch the order."

Big Profits in Little Things

Two days later I signed the contract, having taken up my option. And after taking it I learned that the mill had rejected the offer from the Japanese when it had been made directly, not thinking that the old-fashioned ship channels would be accepted as substitutions for bulb angles. The Japs were astonished when they found who would supply the material. It netted us a clear $100,000.

Early in the game we made discoveries of many little differences in foreign methods which led to easy profits. For example, boiler plates always are part of the general plate contract for a ship in the United States. But it seems the Japanese had been in the habit of separating boilers in ordering, before the war, from English and German mills. On our first big contract of 12,500 tons we noted this, figured the buyers would be along later for the boiler plates and reserved tonnage with the mill to cover them, promising specifications later. Since the boilers are started later than the hull, this was not unusual.

On that contract and nearly every other one passing through our hands, we sold the boiler plates at an advance in price. The tonnage was small, amounting generally to 5 per cent of the whole contract, but since boiler plates became harder to get, the prices ran all out of reason. Just to show how the market climbed, let me give you the figures. At the outbreak of the war in 1914, hull plates were selling at about twenty-four dollars a ton and boiler plates for twenty-seven dollars; the difference then being due to more severe specifications, plus the fact that many boiler plates are so wide that only a few mills were equipped to make them.

Before the smoke of battle cleared away hull plates had reached a top of $220, and we had made sales at $200 a ton. We had taken and filled orders for boiler plates, however, at just double that figure, and the high price of record in the United States was $520 a ton. The prices quoted were all based f. o. b. Pittsburgh mills. Given a knowledge of the details, it would appear that anybody could make money in such a market.

I don't agree that our success was altogether a fluke though. If I were put to it I believe I could name fifty men who started with more capital than my partner's original $2600, and at least equal knowledge of the trade, not one of whom ever got more than a fair living. Some didn't even get that, and had to go back to whatever jobs they could get. Naturally, with foreign buyers clamoring for steel, the mills were not hiring many salesmen. I know others who made more than we did—and lost it later when competition returned to normal.

Topsy-Turvy Markets

One fellow I have in mind started with $1500. He had far broader vision and plenty of nerve. Instead of working up to the big orders, he spent his entire capital in circularizing several foreign countries, mainly on nonferrous metals, with which he was familiar, thus going direct to the buyers and getting higher profits. He did very well, and along with his metals got offers on steel. Since he didn't know the market he began to cast around, and someone sent him to me. We made a fifty-fifty arrangement which turned up about $50,000 each. Then one day he made a proposition regarding a letter of credit he had placed with me on an order. His proposal was equivalent to kiting a check. I therefore returned the credit and the order with it. Everybody had the laugh on me for the next year or so. He grew like a mushroom, opened up branch offices, handled every known commodity, and at one time was rated at several millions. But the end of the war saw a smash.

You may have gathered that conditions existing during the period I am describing were an exact reversal of the normal. It was never any trouble to find customers. The job was to get deliveries. Shortly after I joined the partnership, before we had recognized this condition, we sent out circular letters to all exporters offering plates. Within a week or two we were swamped with mail.

Among the letters was an inquiry from an engineering corporation for twenty tons of circular plates 120 inches in diameter. The order was undesirable to any mill, and the tonnage was so small that we respectfully declined to quote.

Next day the manager of purchases got me on the telephone and launched into a sarcastic description of people describing themselves as plate experts. I told him there were only four mills in the country which could fill his order, naming the mills. He admitted that each had declined, but insisted that as experts we ought to be able to get the plates. Finally he jockeyed me into boasting that I could find and deliver anything if the price were high enough. Then I had to tell him I couldn't name a price.

"Leave the price to me," I said. "We'll treat you on the level and find the plates."

"Nothing doing," he came back. "Name a figure, no matter how high. I'm not going to buy blind."

The market then was eighty dollars. He knew that as well as I did. But I told him if he wouldn't be sporting about it the best I could do was $180, and I refused to take the order even at that figure until I had

(Continued on Page 78)

Ford

TUDOR
$520
F.O.B. DETROIT

The Magneto—a Factor in Traditional Ford Reliability

THE Ford magneto is an actual, built-in part of the Ford engine. It consists of large magnets, mounted on the flywheel, which rotate past stationary coils. Its high efficiency is due to the extreme simplicity of design; its long life to the permanent magnets which retain their strength through years of service.

The elimination of the magneto—which is common practice in automotive design, would considerably lower the cost of Ford manufacture. But Ford standards of reliability demand absolute assurance of uninterrupted service under all conditions.

This means that even in the most remote sections of the world, where battery service is not available, Ford cars are daily giving their well-known, trustworthy performance. When battery equipped, Ford cars have the big advantages of dual ignition—the generator-battery system and the magneto.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

RUNABOUT $290, TOURING $310, COUPE $500, TUDOR SEDAN $520, FORDOR SEDAN $565

Closed car prices include demountable rims and starter. All prices f. o. b. Detroit

LONESOME WATCHES

MAYBE you have one. A watch that is isolated day after day in a dark vest pocket without the company and security of a friendly Simmons Chain.

Why not bring these two together? You will get a lot of satisfaction out of this life-long attachment. For a Simmons Chain not only helps you bring out your watch for consultation *quickly* and *safely*, but is an article of jewelry you are proud to stretch across your vest.

As you look over the assortment of Simmons Chains you will find an "affinity" for your watch whether it be heavy, thin, old fashioned or modern. Our Waldemar, Dickens, Vest and Belt chains are bought by professional men, business men, mechanics, railroad men and students everywhere.

Simmons quality is not equaled for the price. Our special process of drawing gold, green gold, white gold or Platinumgold over a stout base metal gives you years of service. Prices —$4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

No. 27358—$8.75

In the panel above, the links are twice enlarged

SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS

(Continued from Page 76)

confirmed it. He made the offer on that basis for acceptance or refusal the same day, with shipment in four weeks.

Ten minutes later I placed the order, by long-distance phone, with Midvale, at $140 a ton; the sixty-dollar premium being sufficient to overcome the difficulty of the order. I called up the purchaser and he accepted, but wanted a guaranty on delivery.

"You ought to accept a penalty of twenty dollars a ton for each week's delay," said the customer.

"Taken," said I, "with the same bonus for each week we cut the four-week guaranty."

Once again I called the mill; this time offering ten dollars a ton bonus. The mill would not accept this on the penalty or bonus basis, so we made the offer informal. The order was entered for $170 a ton for shipment that week—and it was shipped. When we billed our customer under his own terms for $240 there was an awful howl, but he paid, and we picked up $1400.

In normal times the things we were doing would be done by the salesmen for the mills, and by the large, established brokers with plenty of capital. Even during periods of prosperity big tonnage figures are achieved by going after the small orders. When a boom develops that is no longer necessary. Remember, nations were back of the buyers during the war, when they didn't buy directly; and governments buy in prodigious quantities. The mills no longer had to scramble for business. They were after the cream, and wherever we could find it we could get tonnage.

The Beginning of the End

The condition couldn't last. In April, 1917, the United States got into the war. On July first we had in bank $500,000 in profits, and letters of credit representing another $1,500,000 to be turned over to us as rapidly as shipments were made. Our orders, of course, were booked for deliveries all over the year. We thought we were in clover after the United States became a belligerent; even after talk started of an embargo. As we figured it, the only thing we stood to lose was the Swiss order for electrical sheets, on which the profit was a petty $20,000. Nobody thought the embargo would be applied to our allies.

Early in July, however, President Wilson signed the embargo prohibiting the export of steel plates except as licensed, and after a few frantic weeks we said good-by to a cool $1,500,000. Even then we didn't start to shorten sail, however. There was some business with Japan in steel bars made of the discards of shrapnel steel, which were not embargoed.

Later we traded steel for ships with Japan, and that released about 12,000 tons of our early orders, turning up a profit of $100,000. That, more or less, was all we got during 1918.

During the latter part of 1917 and until the Armistice was signed, we stayed on the jump, though. As I look back on our activities now, I realize that mostly we ran around in circles, and hoped. Shortly after the embargo was placed we shipped an order for 600 tons of plates for a Japanese firm to Seattle. The Japs were confident they could get the export license. For some reason, probably haste, we had neglected to ask for the usual letter of credit. While the goods were in transit our customers learned that a license was out of the question, and when our documents were presented, they refused payment. We had paid $120 a ton at the mill, but the government regulation by that time prohibited their sale at more than sixty-five dollars a ton. We let them lie, hoping for something to turn up.

Toward the end of the war plates went to $720 a ton in Japan—if you had 'em there. We had been given to understand at Washington that an easing up might be expected on the embargo.

An expert was sent to Seattle. It took him three weeks of day-and-night work to locate the plates. Then we discovered we couldn't get an allotment of space from the Shipping Board, and the Japanese boats were filled up. In September, the license came through, but before we could get the plates moving the war ended. Prices dropped to sixty dollars a ton and less in Japan, with no buyers. A year later we got eighty dollars a ton for the stuff at home.

Even with the hard times I have described, we were still well ahead of the game, and in October of 1917 my partner and I took a combined vacation and business trip to Japan. We were so impressed with the idea of developing future, after-war business, that I returned in 1918 and spent eight months there. Then, after the Armistice, I went to London to open an office, with the idea that English, Belgian and German producers would be selling cheaper than American mills, and we could get our Japanese and South American orders at the lowest markets.

To my astonishment I found the American prices on steel then to be far lower than the European, and on top of that a demand which the European makers could not supply. I began by selling 2000 tons of bars to a London exporter for shipment to Siberia. I often wonder what happened to them.

Then I landed an order for the plates for 11,000 tons of oil-storage tanks, and that started another nightmare of big business and easy money.

I sold American steel all over England, and even to some of the famous shipbuilders on the Clyde, who were right next door to Scotch plate mills. In a little more than a year I made five trips across, selling steel in Holland, Belgium and France, as well as in England. Some complications arose in exchange, but the profits were too big for that to bother us. In the year 1919 and early 1920 the apparent net profit of our partnership was about $1,000,000. Then the decline started and in one way and another our profits began to slip away.

Back to Normalcy

Just after we had taken one heavy loss, congratulating ourselves on how much we had left, an English firm failed, leaving us with $50,000 worth of plates in special sizes. We sold 'em for scrap at a loss of $40,000. A Belgian firm refused $150,000 worth of plates, claiming late delivery. We sold these later for $35,000. Two other failures helped to cut the bankroll in England.

In the meantime the bottom began to drop out elsewhere. We had opened an office in Buenos Aires, and had some profits. Suddenly $175,000 worth of material was thrown back on our hands. Japan had gone bad much earlier, and we had speculated in the market there, and eventually that loss ran up to $150,000. As a consequence we had no profit at all for 1920, and serious losses in 1921; but still we were better off than many other war-built companies in the same line which had failed.

So we started housecleaning. We fired nearly all of our seventy-five employes, closed all our foreign offices and cut expenses to the bone. Then in 1922 my partner decided to abandon the export field altogether and stick to local jobbing. I disagreed with him and we split, and I took something less than $50,000 to New York and opened my own office.

I'm not going to bother you with all the details. The chief trouble was that though I had made a substantial fortune by recognizing the change from normal to boom business, I couldn't get it into my head that another change had taken place—back to normal. Competition had been restored. For every dollar of capital I could scrape up, many of my competitors could produce $1000 without turning a hair.

Even then I might have pulled through if I had sensed the change and had been able to recognize and fight for the little orders. But instead of using my knowledge and concentrating on my own product I went after the big money. There was one deal in pulp—South American—that cost me $20,000. The profit I had figured was $100,000. I was always figuring in large, round numbers with plenty of ciphers.

Ninety a Week Looks Good

Late in 1924 I began to hear rumblings of the Florida boom. When I started for the land of promise I was down to fifty dollars, and it looked as big as $1,000,000. I traveled in a secondhand car I had picked up during one of my thrifty moods a year or so earlier. By the time I got to Florida there was little left of either the car or the fifty. My rather large and expensive English wardrobe was considerably the worse for wear. I still had ideas of grandeur, but that was all.

Maybe my nerve was gone. I talked myself hoarse a dozen times trying to get capital for various big opportunities, but I couldn't get the necessary stake. I should explain that I wasn't trying to buy or sell real estate. Before I went to Florida I had made up my mind that all my losses not caused by failures over which I had no control were due to tackling things I knew nothing about, such as paper pulp. Therefore I took a solemn vow to let everything alone but steel.

I can see now that if I had gone to a number of my friends of the plentiful days—those who survived—I might have raised enough funds to put over some of my plans. When the railroads became so clogged up with building materials being shipped into Florida that embargoes were placed on everything but food, anybody who could get steel through could get his own price for it.

But while I was willing to sit up all night arguing with a rich real-estate agent about the profits, I couldn't get to the point of going to my friends. I felt too seedy.

The best friend of the lot—the one who tried to make me see the light after the split with my partner—learned of my plight through no intention of mine. I left Florida and got home by pawning nearly everything I had of value. Then I began to answer ads. One employer asked for a confidential list of men I knew. His secretary got the list mixed and wrote to all the men I had named—and my friend asked me to visit him.

Oh, yes, his specialty is selling, abroad. The ninety a week offer was made only because he wanted to be sure I could stand prosperity. I've made quite a decent stake in the past year.

But I've got it salted, and just now I'm not in the market for any more $1,000,000 contracts, thank you.

FLINT

MOTOR CAR CHARACTER

A statement by R. H. MULCH

Vice-President and General Manager of Flint Motor Company

THERE is as much difference in the character of automobiles as in that of men!

A man's character is built slowly, molded by his experiences and his environment, and actually known only to those who know him best.

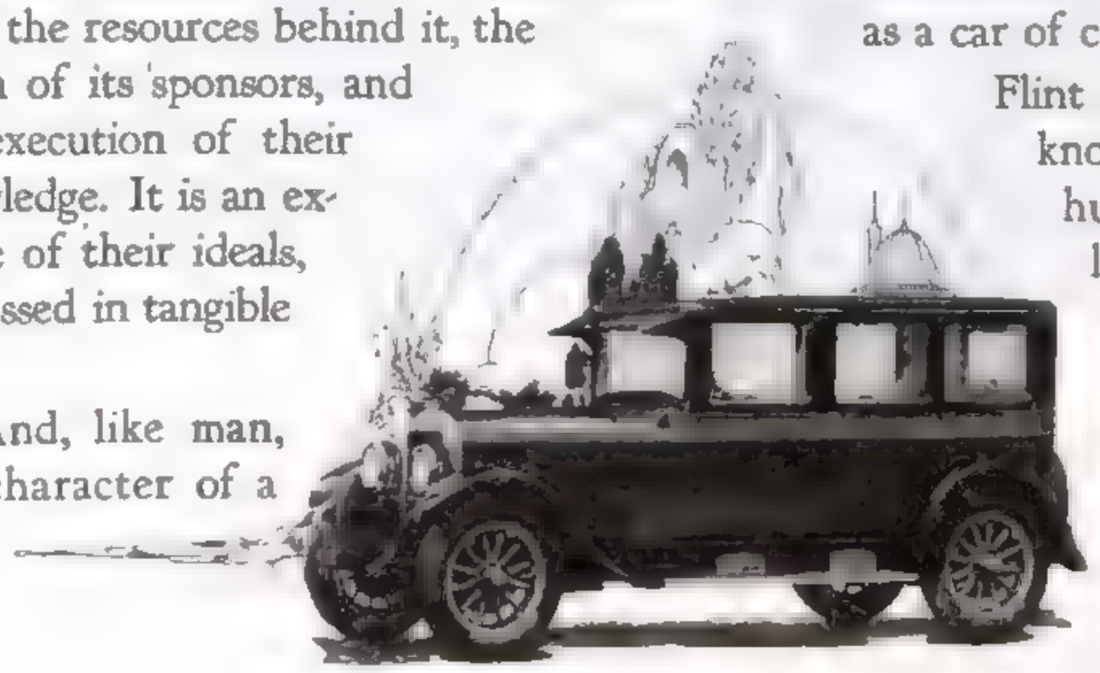
So it is with motor cars. Their character also is born of experience—the experience of the builders—tested by time and usage, and proved by service. The character of a motor car is dependent upon the resources behind it, the vision of its sponsors, and the execution of their knowledge. It is an example of their ideals, expressed in tangible form.

And, like man, the character of a motor car is known best to those who come in closest contact.

The Flint is a concrete and definite example of its builders' ideals, a perfect picture of the vision, the knowledge, and the resources behind it. It is a true reflection of a great organization.

A product of one of the finest manufacturing plants in the world, directed by men whose experience dates from the beginning of the industry, it is not to be marveled at that the Flint is recognized as a car of character.

Flint owners and drivers know Flint character and hundreds more are learning it every week, because good news of importance, like a good motor car, travels fast, and sure.



R. H. Mulch

Vice President and General Manager

THE FLINT IS NOW AVAILABLE IN THREE PRICE RANGES

FLINT "SIXTY" $1285 to $1525 — FLINT "EIGHTY" $1595 to $2395 — FLINT JUNIOR $1085

f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

ANY FLINT DEALER WILL GLADLY DEMONSTRATE

FLINT

FLINT MOTOR COMPANY

FLINT, MICHIGAN

Effecto AUTO Enamels

"Yes, Sir! I painted it myself with Effecto!"

Some folks get a lot of fun out of painting their cars with Effecto Auto Enamel, but that's nothing to the fun they have listening to the admiring comment of friends!

Why not try it yourself? A few dollars covers the total cost. Just brush on a coat or two of free-flowing, self-leveling, quick-drying Effecto in the color of your choice. Result: a car that looks like new, with a smooth, lustrous finish which will stand rain, snow, sleet, mud, hot sun and boiling water from the radiator.

You can't get the same results with a substitute. Get the *genuine* Effecto—the *original* automobile *enamel*—not a paint, wax or polish. Sold by paint, hardware and accessory dealers everywhere, in eight live *enamel* colors, Finishing (clear varnish) and Top & Seat Dressing.

Free Quarter Pint Can of Black Effecto Enamel

Send a dime to cover packing and mailing cost and we will send you a quarter pint of Black Effecto Enamel which you can try out on a fender or wheel.

If you wish a professional finishing job, your automobile painter can secure the very best results with one of the several Pratt & Lambert automobile finishes.

Free Effecto Color Card and Names of Local Dealers Sent on Request

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 145 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada: 91 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

A LEAR OF SHIREMAN'S GASS

Continued from Page 17

suspected. Mary and her husband and Maggie and her husband waited, saying nothing.

"While this is pop's old home, he will feel best here," explained Neff.

This was arrant nonsense pop had never loved his home.

"It's all right about the farm," answered Mary at last. "I'm willing to sell my share. We have, as you say, our own place, and it's more convenient than here. But part of the time pop should be by us. He may be glad to leave the mountains sometimes and come down to the plain." To herself she said, smiling, "He will not stay up here a week."

"How do you feel, Maggie?" Neff had assumed the duties of presiding officer as though he were already at home.

"I'm willing to sell," agreed Maggie. "As you say, we have a better farm. But pop should be a while by us. It's all right here in the summer, but it's warmer in the valley in winter."

The eyes of each husband met the eyes of his wife. Each was pleased with his consort. Neff was the brightest of the three; he telegraphed a message to Lizzie. Lizzie rose to her feet, and, like her husband, stood behind her chair.

"I think pop should make a will. It's right that we think of these things while it's time. I have already made my will."

Fingering his white beard, her father turned upon her a benevolent glance.

"A will is unnecessary," he reminded her. "The law gives each child his or her share."

Abner Grubb had long since divided three into fifteen thousand one hundred and twenty. Now he rose to his feet, nodding approval. He could not think without speaking, and he often spoke without thinking.

"Children should care for their aged parents who have long cared for them," he said.

"Fix it as seems best; everything is all right with me." Peter spoke with saccharine amiability. He seemed to close his eyes; if the old minister had been here he would have seen the cunning little creature, sometimes a little fox, sometimes a little rat, looking out from under the lids. "But I'm willing to make a will. Perhaps that would be the right thing to do."

A tablet, a bottle of ink and a pen purchased for the sending out of funeral notices, waited on a wide window sill. William Neff brought them quickly, and Peter did better than make one will—he made three:

"I leave to my daughter Mary Grubb one-third of my property. PETER EBY."

"I leave to my daughter Maggie Burkhalter one-third of my property.

"PETER EBY"

"I leave to my daughter Lizzie Neff one-third of my property. PETER EBY."

"*Hier*," said Peter, handing them out. "*Hier. Hier.*"

"We can witness each the other's," suggested William. "This is surely business-like."

There was a sudden change in the light; the sun was dropping below the hill.

"We ought to go," said Abner Grubb.

"It is so," said Maggie Burkhalter. "Lizzie, don't you think pop would better come first to us for the winter, while you're moving, and he's no longer young?"

Lizzie pondered this question. The moving would be hard, pop was able-bodied, and she had counted upon his help. But he might not expect to work.

"Yes, well," she asserted. "We can bring him down when we start to move."

Wrapped in her sealskin coat, bumping now to this side, now to that, Maggie made a single remark on the homeward drive, which was only three miles:

"Pop is already over seventy. And he hasn't led any too good a life, if I must say it."

"That's true," said Burkhalter.

Also wrapped in sealskin, also bumping from side to side, and bumping farther because Grubb drove better horses, and longer because the journey was ten miles, Mary said little more:

"Pop was seventy. He's already old."

"That's true," answered Abner. "I tell you, five thousand coming from the sky is no small sum. If only the bank doesn't fail! I have nothing for banks."

"The bank will not fail. The Valley Bank is safe."

III

LIZZIE NEFF stood by the kitchen stove. She was thinner and more wiry and there were many threads of gray in her dark hair. A day or two ago, entering the best room in the dusk of the summer evening, she had been terrified by the apparition of her mother. She was even more terrified when she saw herself reflected in the cloudy mirror. She had been forty when her mother died; she was now fifty.

The kitchen was intensely hot and the odor of boiling currants filled the air. Set out on the table were forty glasses. Neither she nor William ate currant jelly, but Peter preferred it to all others. Peter was an enormous eater, though he took no exercise. The Neffs knew little of comfort; it did not occur to Lizzie to provide herself with help.

"I get no rest," she complained to William. "When house cleaning is done, pop is here. When the butchering is out of the way, pop is at the door. In the summer when work is hardest, then pop must be on high land. If there's anything that he could help, then pop is off. And tobacco everywhere—ugh!" cried Lizzie.

Lizzie had firmly weaned her husband away from the use of tobacco—it was hard to have her father turn her neat house into a barroom.

"And I darsen't say anything!"

"No," said Neff. "I wouldn't offend him. This money is hard earned. But we would have had to look after him anyhow."

"We wouldn't have had to wait on him like a baby!" cried Lizzie. "Or sit him on a silk cushion!"

"It's true," said Neff. "How old is pop?"

"Eighty!" cried Lizzie. "Eighty!"

"It's the Bible number," said Neff. "Perhaps things will soon make an end."

Back and forth past the window went Lizzie from the table to the stove, and each time she looked out. On the porch sat Peter in a chair made for him. He had put on fifty pounds in ten years. Most of the time his eyes were closed. But he was not asleep; he heard Lizzie's step and he was keen to detect the character of Lizzie's changing moods; never, he thought, had she been so irritated. He opened his eyes and the sharp little creature looked out, observant, then alarmed.

"Lizzie," called Peter in his benevolent voice, "I'm going to give you a present."

Lizzie stepped to the door. The view she loved was spoiled for her by this mammoth obstruction. Peter took from his pocket a check book of the Valley Bank and asked for pen and ink. He wrote the date, Lizzie's name and his own and the figure twenty-five.

"Buy yourself something," he advised. "You're a good daughter."

Lizzie took the check quickly, but she stood fingering it. She deserved it; she had done more for him than the others. She put it behind the clock. At noon she indorsed it and the next day William had it cashed at Senseman's bank. Peter's bank was thirty miles away in inaccessible Oley.

"Pop's all right," declared William.

IV

MAGGIE BURKHALTER sat in her kitchen. It was like the kitchen of the homestead in size, but the fixtures and

(Continued on Page 82)

Drawing by Henry Raleigh
© 1926 The House of Kuppenheimer

Wear your heart on your coat-sleeve, if you will, young sir! *—but make sure the sleeve is well-tailored!*

THOSE entertaining gentlemen who have written the world's love-stories these past one thousand years, have seldom failed to tell you that The Hero is a likely-looking chap.

He has to be—to flutter the hearts of maiden readers and kindle the respect of masculine men.

Good looks and worthiness are well-nigh inseparable on the printed page.

And isn't it, good sir, pretty much the same in the pages of reality?

* * * *

Immaculacy—so learned men say—is the first law of attraction to the feminine mind.

With a real girl, a man gets his final acceptance or dismissal according to his just deserts. But he wins his early approbation according to the merits of his appearance.

Some day, if you'll ask him, your father will tell you of the important part played in his courtship by a certain famous letter "K," woven in his inside coat pocket.

That letter "K" has been a very important letter in the alphabet of Romance. For 50 years it has proven a letter of credit to many a man setting forth with stout confidence to close the biggest sale of his life!

For conquests, both of heart and fortune, The House of Kuppenheimer has been furnishing the wardrobe of success to go-getting Americans for half a century.

KUPPENHEIMER
GOOD CLOTHES
An Investment in Good Appearance

A noteworthy contribution *to the world's greatest industry*

To the evolution of the modern automobile many factors have contributed. Marching step by step with the great advance in the design and construction of the automobile itself, the Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company have made a noteworthy contribution by the remarkable degree of efficiency to which they have brought a highly important part—the gasket.

For 20 years Fitzgerald has specialized in gaskets—*thinking* gaskets, *making* gaskets, *improving* gaskets. That is why today the Fitzgerald Never-Leak Gasket is recommended by progressive repairmen everywhere; it represents as great an advance in efficiency as has been achieved in automobile design itself.

NEVER-LEAK GASKETS

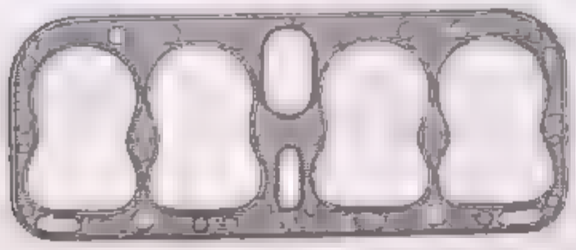
are bound-edge gaskets, constructed under our exclusive patent. All edges, even the outside edges, are copper bound; uniform thickness is assured and leakage is impossible. Never-Leak Gaskets are made with a special laminated copper steel insert which gives all the advantages of copper plus the tensile strength and heat-resisting qualities of steel. A Never-Leak Gasket properly applied *never blows out*.

Fit your automobile with a Never-Leak Gasket and you'll never lose power through gas leakage. Today, through quantity production and sales, we can supply the patented Never-Leak Gasket at the same price you would pay for an ordinary gasket—and every Never-Leak Gasket is sold with a guarantee that, properly applied, it will give perfect service until it is necessary to remove the cylinder head for other causes.

Any of the better garages can equip you today—there's a Never-Leak for every standard make of car, truck or tractor.

It pays to seek a Never-Leak

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
TORRINGTON, CONN.



NEVER-LEAK
Cylinder Head Gaskets

(Continued from Page 80)

the furniture were modern and the outlook was not so magnificent. The late October sky was clear blue, the fields of winter wheat were emerald, the foliage of the trees was brilliant. There were no masses of woodland in view, but here and there, standing alone and left to follow their own impulses of growth, were trees of large size and exquisite shapeliness. Maggie was sitting by the table sewing. The light was poor; only at the western window could one see at this hour, and the western window was preëmpted and obscured.

Fitting comfortably a chair especially made for him, Peter chewed tobacco as placidly as a cow chews her cud in the meadow. He had put on still more flesh and he had lost entirely his immaculate appearance. Unwilling to make an effort to be tidy, he was too vast to be kept tidy by anyone else. The room, superheated for him, was filled with the acrid odor of tobacco, and a human odor far more unpleasant.

Maggie basted the side of a sheet and looked at Peter; she basted the other side and looked at Peter again. It was as though she said, "I will not look up until I get to the end of this seam." When she was not looking at Peter, he looked at her, half opening his eyes. The sound of her drawn thread reminded him of the tap of Lizzie's brisk foot.

"How old are you, Maggie?" he asked drowsily.

"Fifty-seven," answered Maggie. "I was forty-two when mom died, and I'm now fifty-seven."

"Is it so long?" murmured Peter, his eyes closed.

"It's fifteen years."

"Maggie," said Peter, "I want you should write me a letter."

A letter! Maggie was about to say, "Wait till Burkhalter comes," but she thought better of it. Peter might forget; he was growing very forgetful. To whom could he send a letter? Her hand shook, the thick ink quivered in the bottle. Peter dictated:

"THE VALLEY BANK.

"*Dear Sir:* I want you should put my money on interest that I have in your bank.

"Yours respectfully,

"PETER EBY."

Maggie wrote carefully. Together, hungrily, she and Burkhalter awaited the mail. When the answer came, Peter read it and handed it to her. It was written by hand; the business methods of the Valley Bank were conservative:

"*Dear Sir:* We have obeyed your instructions and put your funds deposited with us on interest.

"Respectfully yours,

"THE VALLEY BANK,

"Per R. M. B."

"It's all right." Burkhalter's voice trembled like a woman's. "But you earn this money pretty hard, Maggie."

V

IN HER house at the corner of the neat square in Senseman's, Mary Grubb was preparing for a party. She was the most ambitious of the three sisters, and the richest and the most stylish. One year Abner's potatoes had succeeded not only when all his other crops failed but when all neighboring potato crops had failed. He planted more potatoes the next year, and some peculiar quality in the fields brought him a small fortune. Expert agriculturists from State College visited him and analyzed the soil; he became a man of some fame.

Though Mary was sixty-five and heavy in body, she loved better than anything in the world to give parties. The guests, farmers' wives like herself, came in silk dresses and sat sleepily round the parlor and sitting room. At supper they ate almost to bursting. Busy in the kitchen, Mary made no effort to entertain them except to provide each time some new piece of furniture heavy with carving about which the ladies could whisper while she put supper on the table. She prepared with enthusiasm, but after the guests were gone she knew that compared to real parties, where there were men and conversation, these were dull affairs. The future looked empty; the lack of children, which had seemed unimportant, had become tragic.

Stirring about the kitchen, she looked out on a snow-covered world. She had bread and cake in the oven, and when they were finished, pies ready to go in. Four dressed and filled chickens waited in the pantry, dried corn and pared potatoes soaked in bowls, jelly in glasses and fruit in jars stood in line awaiting her selection.

"I must next fix my celery." She was in the habit of talking to herself. She looked out the window; the fall of snow was phenomenal. "He cannot surprise me today."

She hummed a tune.

"Strawberry preserves, I think I will have, and cherries, and it's some folks that like apple butter. And my smearcase is fine. He cannot get down from the mountain today." She began to hum these words, "He cannot get down from the mountain today."

Hearing the sound of sleigh bells, she looked out into the side street. William Neff drove up in his double sleigh and in the back seat sat Peter. Mary stood with a glass of strawberry preserves in one hand, a glass of cherry preserves in the other. When William opened the door, the glass of cherries slipped to the floor.

"I have him outside," he said grimly.

"He only just went to your house!" Between William and Mary there was plain speech. "I'm giving a party!"

"I can't help it," declared William. "I'm sorry. Come he would. He started to walk. I had to go after him in the sleigh or he would have perished in the drifts. A man of ninety can't be out-of-doors in this weather. I got him home and he started out again. Where shall I take him?" He stooped and began to pick up the pieces of broken glass and lay them in the coal bucket. "Believe me, Mary, I did my best, and Lizzie's worried sick."

"In the parlor," said Mary in despair. "He'll sit nowhere else. It's too late to send word to the company."

At twelve o'clock Abner Grubb came home. Passing the parlor windows, he quickened his steps and ran and burst open the kitchen door. Mary did not turn from the stove.

"He's here!" she wept. "Neff had no other way but to bring him. He started to walk. And he went only day before yesterday up there!" She turned at last and looked at her husband. "What ails you, Abner?"

Abner was pausing only to get his breath. He strode past her, his shoes dripping, toward the hall.

"Abner, your shoes!"

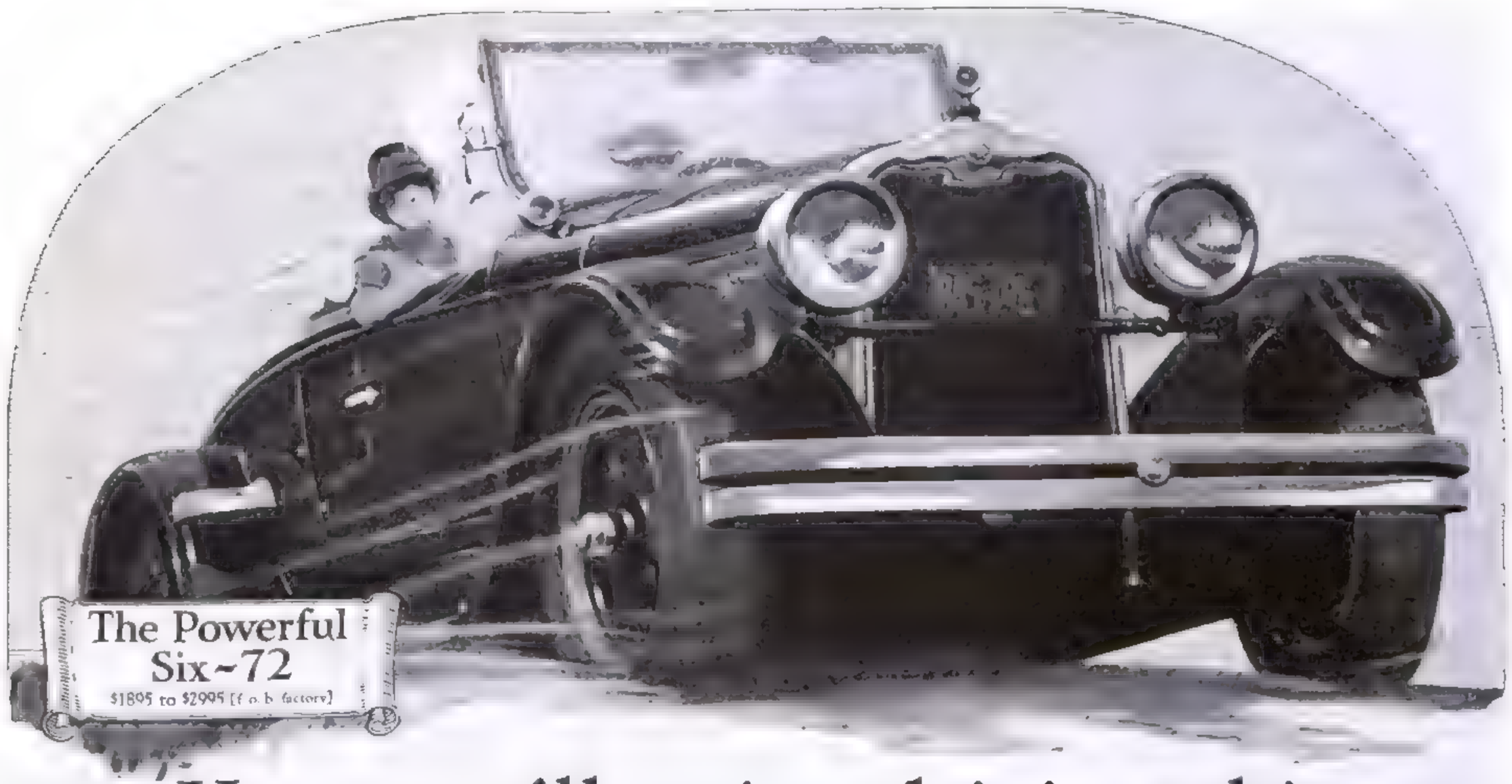
But Abner strode on, opening doors like a whirlwind. Spoon in hand, dripping milk, Mary followed. By the window in his great chair sat Peter, his head on his breast.

"It's all over," announced Abner solemnly. "Nobody will have to have pop any more."

VI

THE snow lay deep about the Stone Church and filled Shireman's Gass from edge to edge. In Lizzie Neff's kitchen the table was spread with a red-and-white fringed cloth. Her mother had received the cloth for a wedding present and it had never been used until her funeral. Now her children ate from it after their father was buried. William Neff sat at the head of the table, and the only guests were the Grubbs and the Burkhalters. The side roads were impassable and scarcely enough men could reach the neighborhood for the breaking of a path through the cemetery and the handling of the body. When it was suggested that the funeral be postponed, and when it seemed probable that in spite of all efforts the body must be left in the

(Continued on Page 84)



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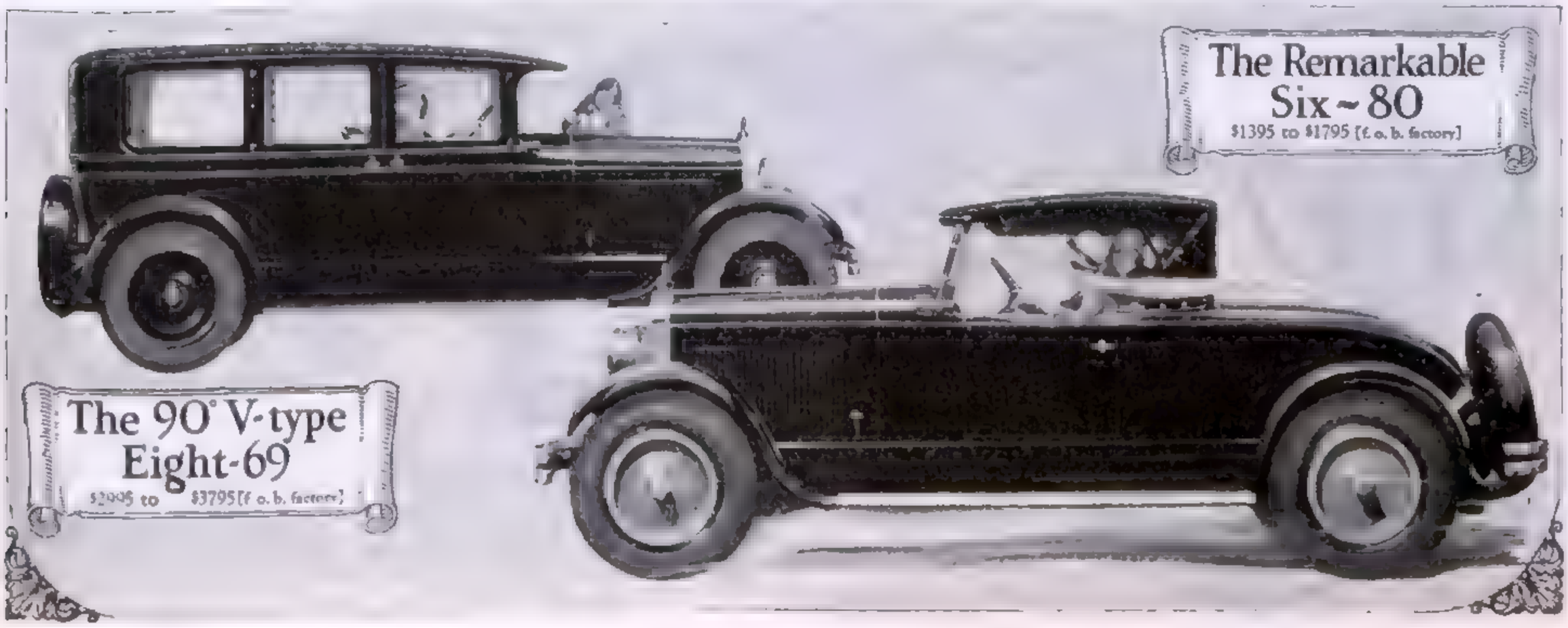

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(Continued from Page 82)

church or carried to the homestead, the faces of the sisters turned white. But a way had been found, and Peter lay at last, deep under blankets of wool and wood and earth and snow.

Twenty years ago an artist would have looked at the broad low-ceiled kitchen with interest, but he would have ignored the occupants; now, had he the eyes of Rembrandt, his fingers would burn to put both room and occupants on canvas. Life, which had done little for the Ebys and their husbands at middle age, had at last etched and molded their faces.

As, twenty years ago, William Neff rose and stepped to the back of his chair, so he stepped now:

"According to your direction, I wrote the Valley Bank to leave us know about pop's estate. According to pop's book, he had $15,120 in this bank. My wife, she saw this book, and Mary, she saw it, and Maggie saw it. It was surely pop's intention that his girls should see it, because he put it in their way. Afterwards he hid it, but Lizzie found it when he was gone.

"Maggie tells me that some years ago he asked her to write to put his money on interest, and this was done. He once gave Lizzie a present of twenty-five dollars when he had been a long time here. We're willing to return this if that is the thing, or to pay so much more to the funeral expenses. The funeral will be pretty expensive.

"Now I have a letter from the Valley Bank. I haven't opened it, because I wish everything to be fair and square and aboveboard as far as I am concerned." He took the letter from his pocket and weighed it in his hand. "It's a thick letter." Perhaps pop had yet other funds.

"Open it!" cried Lizzie impatiently.

The paper was cream-colored and crackled richly. There was a white sheet and a yellow sheet, and there was handwriting on both. The methods of the Valley Bank were still antiquated. William read the white sheet first:

"MR. WILLIAM NEFF,

"Shireman's Gass, Pa.

"*Dear Sir:* We inclose herewith the account of Mr. Peter Eby, according to request. We are ready at any time to pay the balance to the accredited heirs. Hoping for your further patronage,

"Very truly yours,

"THE VALLEY BANK,

"Per E. H."

"Read on!" commanded Lizzie. "What is the balance?"

The yellow paper began to shake. William tried in vain to keep it steady, and while he held it with both hands his eyes seemed to pop from his head.

"Read on!" ordered Lizzie again. "What is the balance?"

"He checked out!" cried William shrilly. "When he had twenty-one hundred and ninety-five dollars he checked it all out and put nineteen hundred and fifty dollars back. Then he checked this nineteen hundred and fifty dollars and put only eighteen hundred dollars back. It makes a fine appearance, but it was never balanced. The last time, he put only thirty dollars back and this is what he had when he gave Lizzie twenty-five dollars. Five dollars is his balance; it is all he had in the world, with a little interest added. See if I am right!"

He passed the paper to Burkhalter, who laid it on the table between himself and Grubb.

Their wives, rising from their chairs, came to look over their shoulders.

"Five dollars and ninety-eight cents!" shouted Burkhalter.

"By heck!" roared Abner Grubb.

Lizzie burst into tears.

"He could 'a' helped me a little!" she wailed. "He could 'a' peeled a few potatoes or shelled a few beans!"

"He had it fine in his old age!" said Mary bitterly.

"He had it fine all his life," amended Maggie. "He could fix it that way for himself."

Suddenly William Neff laughed, a ringing, hysterical laugh. Jacob Burkhalter joined in, and then Abner Grubb. They were changed and mellowed in heart as well as in appearance; twenty years ago they could not have laughed at this disappointment.

"Hurrah for pop!" cried William.

"How kindly he made wills!" said Abner.

"We would 'a' had to take care of him, money or no money," said Jacob. "Let us divide the funeral expenses."

"I pay twenty-five more than the others," offered William.

"You girls get a great deal of credit for treating him so good," laughed Abner. "I heard it said many times that you were first-class daughters. Now you are free."

Lizzie looked out the window—there on the porch was where Peter used to sit in his great chair. Maggie saw her own kitchen with Peter blocking the western light. Mary saw her elegant parlor with its incongruous and untidy occupant, the object of curiosity to the passer-by. But they, too, had mellowed, and suddenly the flattering veil of death descended, making unlovely things lovely and harsh things fair. The three sisters looked at their husbands with indignation.

"I miss him," declared Maggie, weeping.

"And I," said Mary. "He was after all our pop."

"And I most of all," wailed Lizzie. "Because he was here the most. And he was a smart man."

The three men grinned at one another.

"You bet he was!" said Abner Grubb.

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THE ONE-EYED JACK

(Continued from Page 15

Every henchman behind Goliath backed up their leader and badgered the reluctant Crow, who held them off until they overbore him with ridicule

"Very well, gents," he consented, "I'll make one more bet, only one—a thousand dollars."

"A thousand?" Unitedly, in jubilant chorus, the Gath men echoed "A thousand?" and not as Judd Brill had exclaimed. "Five hundred?" That much cash, picked up like clods in the road, was too beautiful for belief.

"Yes," the Crow confirmed; "one bet, one thousand, just to prove that you fellers can't bluff me." Their money flashed like handfuls of fodder.

Three cards yet lay on the table as Judd had left them, the one-eyed jack face upward; and Goliath never once lost sight of its slightly crumpled corner. At his back the Philistines wrangled over their respective shares in the booty, what part of it each would be allowed to put up. They crowded forward, thrusting their cash into Goliath's hand, while the Crow reminded them, "I shall make only one bet, and you must select one man to turn the card."

"I'll do the turnin'," Goliath announced most positively.

Two thousand dollars was slapped down near the Crow's hand, where a wise gambler always keeps his stakes so that in case the losers should attempt to grab he can beat them to it. Possession is ten points of crooked law.

Being all set, the Crow inquired, "Gents, are you ready?"

"Let 'er go"—from Goliath of the fixed and glassy stare.

Nobody breathed as Crow took up the cards—picked them up in a slouchy way. Yet even the pecuniary glare of Goliath failed to see the Crow when he straightened the jack's corner and bent a corner on the deuce. Goliath's eye still followed the marked card, believing it was the jack.

"Watch me, gents; watch me close," said the Crow, flinging down his cards and stirring them with the tip of a finger. There were three cards. Goliath saw only one—the one with a crimp in its corner—and could hardly hold himself until Crow ranged them in line.

At the flanks of Goliath, peering over his shoulders, stood a wall of straining faces; the Gath men's fingers tingled to clutch this easy money. They had sucked in plenty of wind, ready to let out one loud horselaugh, when Goliath exclaimed triumphantly, "Here's yo' one-eyed jack!" His hand shot forward and he turned—the deuce of diamonds!

Above the tense and torpid stillness within rose the splash of paddle wheels outside, the noise of throbbing engines and the monotonous cry of a leadsman who called up to the pilot and gave their soundings through a shallow channel. Inside the cabin, at the petrified poker table, no lip uttered a syllable, no hand moved, no foot shuffled along the floor. Amazement had changed the Gath men into stone. They stood like graven images. Dull ears heard the rustle of currency as Crow gathered in his loot. They saw him drop a wad of bills upon the cards.

Uncomprehending eyes noted that he picked up the money, but did not detect his swift dexterity in smoothing a corner on the deuce of diamonds while his thumb nail recrimped a corner on the jack.

"Hell a mile!" The exclamation burst from an astounded Philistine. "That ain't the one-eyed jack!"

Stretching his arm through the crowd, Judd Brill tugged at Goliath's sleeve and whispered, "Why didn't you turn the card I showed you—the marked card?"

"I did," Goliath answered stoutly.

"You didn't. There it lies on the table." Judd pointed, and Goliath looked again. He couldn't credit what he saw—the deuce of diamonds, face up, its corners perfectly straight. The two other cards still lay face down. One of them showed a crimp. Goliath reached out stupidly and turned that card—the jack of spades.

"Joke's on me, boys." He mopped the cold sweat from his brow and confessed. "Reckon I got excited and made a miscue."

'Twasn't much of a joke. The killers were beaten, befuddled beyond the power of speech. They refused to stop and take a consolation drink at Crow's expense, but, like a flock of sheep, trailed behind Goliath through the doorway and passed out to cooler air. Judd went with them.

Their dormancy did not deceive the Crow. These swampers were slow of thought. They would take their time, thrash it over and act. So the Crow chose his battleground, sitting at the table with his back against the wall where no enemy could bushwhack him in the rear. From that point, over the top of the letter which he pretended to read, his alert black eyes commanded the door. At once the arguments broke loose outside, louder, more angry, threatening, then sinking ominously. Once he caught a word or two from Judd. So Judd was unsuspected? Good!

Presently a reconnoitering killer opened the door, glowered at him, closed the door again. Soon they would attack, and the Crow shifted position so as to bring his weapons into play.

After another while the door opened again, not softly as before, but was hurled back, crashing against the wall. Goliath stepped inside the cabin, behind him an evil-looking fellow called Tex—he of the split ear and the countenance of a Roman-nosed mule—with two others, and Judd Brill. Having kicked open the door, this silent five entered, spreading themselves fanwise, to advance upon the Crow, who saw every movement but seemingly continued to read his letter.

"Stranger"—Goliath spoke with a perilous drawl—"we can't figure precise how you done it; but us boys is decided that you tricked us."

"Tricked?" The Crow glanced up in perfect good humor. "Tricked you? How?"

"I done told you that we dunno. Only you hornswoggled us. Furthermore, we decided that you's a perfessional gambler."

"Gambler?" The Crow laughed in their tight-set faces. "I didn't want to bet. You kept bluffing until I took you up."

"It did 'pear kinder that way," Goliath admitted; "but to a man up a tree, it looks like you tolled us on. Anyway, us boys considers that you is got to give back our money."

"Give it back? And suppose I don't?" the gambler queried with disarming innocence.

"Well," Goliath drawled, his lanky jaw hardening, "ef you don't give up peaceable, I'm fixin' to take our money away from you."

"Might I inquire when you propose to take it away?"

"Right now!"

"Now?" The Crow glanced round him with a frightened gesture. "There's five of you, and perhaps I'd better ——"

"Shore you'd better fork over that thousand quick!"

The Crow was quick enough—miraculously quick. Goliath supposed him to be reaching for his wallet, but when both those steady arms stretched out, level with their astounded eyes, four killers blinked into the muzzles of his pistols.

"Hands up!" came the sharp command: and taken utterly by surprise, they obeyed. Ten hands went into the air and ten eyes shrank from those ugly weapons.

"You're a sweet-scented gang o' welsh-ers!" Crow derided them. "Tried to rob me on a marked card. All of you crooked as a dog's hind leg. I'm goin' to keep your money—every cent! Clear out o' here! Back out, hands up!"

(Continued on Page 88)

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Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

(Continued from Page 86)

They had entered together, they departed together, hands up, watching his pistols and stumbling backward over the threshold. Judd, going last, shut the door. The Crow locked it.

Crow had expected this, and planned against it; yet a steamboat in midstream is difficult to escape from. Once he had gone over the stern to a skiff; that was by night, when a rifle bullet could not find him. An instant he paused, smiling at the uproar from baffled killers who raged out front, wasting their time and gaining for him the precious minutes that he needed. Back through the cabin he ran, among the startled passengers, and went into his own stateroom. Here the Crow didn't tarry, only passed through, swiftly, silently. The gambler knew every nook and corner of this boat, every narrow passage, every stepladder of a stair. The killers did not. While they shouted and floundered at the front, he ran aft along the outer guards and ducked down a service stairway.

"Wake up, Jerry! Wake up!" Crow's urgent hand roused his friend, the night engineer.

"Lemme 'lone," the sleeper muttered. "Oh, hello, Crow. What you want?"

"Get up, Jerry. Fetch me some soot and some nigger clothes."

"Soot? Nigger clothes?" Jerry was a mighty good hand at skylarking, and didn't understand until the Crow explained what had occurred. "I've got to black my face—be a rouster."

As the immaculate gambler smeared himself with a mixture of sooty grease and changed into the roustabout tatters which Jerry brought him, he spoke rapidly:

"Jerry, run up to the pilot house and tell Henry Auter that I may have to jump off this boat. Hold her close to the bank."

"That'll be all right. Me and Henry can fix that."

"And send Judd. He'll find me lying on that bale of cotton." And Crow pointed to a bale on the boiler deck.

When the night engineer started up to the pilot house, he was not the only man on board that moved in a hurry. Horsehide boots went stamping through the cabin, doors slammed, glass rattled. Two by two, furious Gath men ransacked the staterooms, their pistols poked into cubby-holes and pantry.

"That gambler can't git away," they kept assuring one another, and searched the boat from pilot house to bilge water.

Toward the rear of the boiler deck, Crow was now lying on a cotton bale, one black hand exposed and part of his black face showing beneath the brim of a greasy cap. There Judd found him.

"Hell to pay upstairs," Judd chuckled. "Them squealin' suckers is took this boat. Cap'n can't do a thing."

"Let 'em holler. That's music. Listen, Judd, my money belt's in Jerry's bunk, watch, diamonds, everything. Put it on. If I don't wriggle out, it's yours. Those fellows may grab me, but I don't want 'em to get back a cent—not a cent! Take my gripsack ashore at Vicksburg. I'll try to join you—same hotel—for the big job tomorrow."

It was just like the Crow, Judd considered, as he buckled on the belt of valuables; just like him to lie there so quietly and make his will.

Their first helter-skelter explorations had failed, and Goliath set his crowd to a systematic combing of the boat. They deployed like skirmishers, beating every bush, so that a rabbit could not have slipped through their net. Beginning anew with the pilot house, stern-faced killers took the White Cloud deck by deck, and left no hiding place behind them. At each stairway Goliath posted a sentinel to prevent their quarry from doubling back, like a crafty fox, and taking refuge in ground that they had already covered.

Jerry came sauntering aft, along the boiler deck, whittling on a stick, leaned against the Crow's bale, spat into the river, and whispered, "Henry'll keep in close."

"Fine!" Crow nodded with a glance at the shore. "I could swim out from here. But we'll be in Vicksburg by night. Things look pretty safe, Jerry. They've already searched this deck, galloped through, asking if any of the negroes had seen a white man."

"White?" Jerry observed with a grin. "I couldn't call you exactly white. And you ain't safe neither, not by a jugful; them swampers will curry this deck ag'in, inch by inch, when they finish tearing up the cabin. . . . That's funny." The engineer gave a low whistle. "This bale you are lying on belongs to that old he-coon with the whiskers. Here's his mark—J. J. H."

"Goliath's bale?" the Crow laughed again. "If I have to jump I'll take his cotton with me, just for spite."

If, at some turning point along his road, this gambler had taken a different fork instead of becoming an adventurer of chance, he might have developed into an artist. He loved beauty, loved the picturesque, loved Vicksburg. Not the town itself, nor yet the people. No city was big enough; his versatile activities demanded a fresh customer for every deal. Old patrons he did not care to meet again.

It was the river view of Vicksburg from the south which gave him joy. By day, majestic hills rose tier on tier above the water, eternal hills that gazed with unwinking solemnity at the hazy gray lowlands of Louisiana. By night, lamps twinkled from many a window, lights banked on terraces, as a constellation of jewels set against the ebon hillside, as a diamond necklace that sparkled at Vicksburg's throat. He loved that view, and had risen from profitable games to meditate upon it while he sat smoking on the guards. Midway up the slope, a long straight girdle of brilliancy marked the line of Levee Street—street of saloons and roulette and women, where the boisterous river life paraded, where men gambled and drank and dallied, died with their boots on, and were fetched, feet foremost, to the sidewalk.

Lower down, bonfires blazed at the water's edge, lighting the groups of Kentucky flatboatmen, red-shirted rousters, desperadoes, home seekers, timber thieves, all the motley folk that flocked along the Mississippi.

In moods of ease, the Crow loved to lounge quietly and observe a steamboat make her landing. Now he lay quietly enough on his cotton bale, and gladder than ever that it was night. For the tricky glare of a bonfire plays queer pranks with vision, and the soot that smeared his face was less apt to be detected.

The White Cloud was approaching Vicksburg. Already her mate, a brawny Irishman, by no means skimpy in the use of his shillalah, moved about, rousing the sleepers for their long hard toil of emptying his boat.

"Git up there! Hi! You there! You! Wake up!" Then he whispered to the Crow, "How about it?"

"I'll roll this bale ashore—this bale, Paddy."

"All right"—Paddy gave him the nod of fellowship—"stand by and I'll send ye a partner."

It had gone dark. When their stage plank was lowered, Goliath and three assistants took possession of the near end.

Two others, each with pine-knot torch and pistol, stationed themselves at the far end. Six fellows patrolled the water's edge, determined that the Crow should not leap from her guards.

Debarking travelers began to file along the plank, and Goliath himself squinted suspiciously into the face of everyone. Beyond him they ran a gantlet to the shore end, passing between two other sentries and two uplifted torches. Every landsman had gone, and Goliath voiced his disappointment.

"He ain't here, and them's all."

The White Cloud had disgorged her passengers when the mate brandished his shillalah and shouted, "Step lively, niggers! Rustle that cotton!"

Two negroes to a bale, they handle it as baggage smashers roll a trunk, crossing the plank and up the muddy shore. Goliath and his men gave them space, paying no attention to the blacks, only making certain that no white face sneaked through among them.

"Rustle this cotton out o' here! Is you niggers paralyzed? Hurry! Hurry!" Paddy kept them on a trot, and lowered his voice—"Crow, here's your pardner. Good luck to ye."

With a big black negro to help him, Crow stuck his cotton hook into the bale and began to turn it over along the boiler deck, toward the stage plank.

Now! The test! In another minute safety or—whatever happens.

Thump, thump, thump, bale after bale went bumping past Goliath. Negro after negro came and went without attracting a glance, until the Crow approached. Then Goliath began to look—to look close, look directly at Crow.

From a distance of ten feet he pointed with the pistol and said, "See yonder? That's the one."

The Crow's own weapon cuddled in his breast, his shirt being left unbuttoned. He could grip the handle instantly, and a stooping position behind his bale made it all the easier. So he stuck to the cotton, continued to roll it, while under a greasy cap brim his eyes saw everything. Goliath was looking straight at him.

In the very crisis of emergency some men grow excited; not the Crow. His brain was clear, his hand steady. If the great Gath man made an effort to detain him, he would shoot, dart back along the boiler deck and dive.

Over, over, over, Crow and his partner turned their bale, nearer and nearer to Goliath.

"Hold on!" Goliath ordered them, using his pistol as he would a finger, to point with. This was the first pair of rousters to be stopped. All others had gone by unchallenged. "Hold on!" Goliath said; yet even in that instant the Crow did not betray himself; he merely halted.

"There it is," Goliath spoke again—"my last bale. That's all nine of 'em."

Momentarily, Crow forgot that this was Goliath's cotton which he had selected to roll out, just for the drama of it.

"Git along now," its owner ordered them, and two black men moved on unhurried. Across the plank they rolled their bale, and partly up the hill. One black now turned back to the boat, while Crow kept on climbing, up and up beyond the bonfire's glare. There Judd Brill waited.

"Muster," the Crow accosted Judd, "lemme tote yo' gripsack—for a dime?"

"All right, nigger."

In a hotel room, the Crow splashed and sputtered, scrubbing himself with plenty of soap plenty. Naked to the waist, his basin of water looked like bubbly ink. White patches began to show on his face, in spots, breaking the streaks of black.

"Judd"—the gambler turned to his ruminating capper—"Judd, that was a tasty little appetizer. Now I'm hungry for our big job."

"It mought ha' tasted good to you," Judd growled, "but I come powerful nigh to losin' my appetite."

"Whoa, have a heart. Give someone else a chance at that Log Cabin Syrup."

[A Confession]

From one of the wisest women in the world

Here is a letter from a wife and a mother of two children. We think she is a wise woman. What do you think?

"When I became a bride, my mother gave me just one piece of advice. She said, 'Domestic happiness usually starts with a good breakfast. And a man started right every morning, usually turns out right.'

"How true this is!

"The first thing I learned to make was pancakes. They were light and fluffy, but still 'just pancakes.' Then I discovered Log Cabin Syrup.

"That is why I am writing you. For while my husband and children think I make the finest pancakes in the world, the credit belongs to Log Cabin Syrup. For the secret of pancakes and waffles is in the syrup. Try them with any ordinary syrup if you don't believe it."

* * * *

That is why more than a million women today always use Log Cabin Syrup. Because it permeates the pancake or waffle and blends with it. Not just an added sweetness. But a *permeating* maple flavor that makes the taste of the pancake or waffle actually become the taste of the syrup. It adds new life.

Log Cabin Syrup is entirely different from any other. This different maple flavor is due to the Log Cabin blend. The two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian—are blended with purest granulated sugar by the famous Towle process. A 40-year-old secret. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today.

Try at our risk

At breakfast tomorrow, serve pancakes with Log Cabin Syrup. To the surprise and delight of your family. Try this at our risk.

If you do not find that it has a *permeating* maple flavor—*more delicious than any syrup you have ever tasted*—then return unused portion of can to us by parcel post. We will refund full price, including postage.

Log Cabin Syrup is equally delicious on French toast—fried mush—hot or cold cereals—and a hundred other delightful dishes.

Order Log Cabin Syrup from your grocer today. If he does not have it, send us his name. We will see that you are supplied at once. Try this test today. You will be glad.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn.—the center of North America

Towle's LOG CABIN *Syrup*

©1926, L. C. P. Co.

OO-HOOSK-AH

(Continued from Page 38)

She recalled now his often expressed admiration for foreign women. She looked again at the girl. She saw a passing waiter drop a pellet by the side of the Austrian, but the incident did not register in her mind until a second waiter, passing, bent in answer to a pointed finger and picked up something from the floor. Stella saw the reading of the little note behind the shelter of a fan, watched in vain for a glance or a movement which would hint the direction of the sender, could detect no interested man noting the reception of his message. Had Paul Neale seen? She could not tell.

Stella brushed by him, almost touching him, but he was still in his trance. She walked slowly to a writing room that she might sit down alone for a moment; She felt oddly uncertain of herself and that her knees were vaguely resisting her will to walk. The music and the chatter from without troubled her. She saw in this girl a mistress of duplicity so trained and assured that the girl could arrogantly disdain to bend for a sly secret message and yet receive and read it, unknown to her companion.

Stella jumped up. This was folly. Paul Neale was curious; no more. She went to greet him. He had gone. She joined her mother. What a trumpery fuss over nothing—the sight of the puffy blistering hand of that waiter had upset her. And what crime to receive a secret note? The most demure of daughters did it in these post-war days. She had been lucky. She had never needed to deceive anybody. If she expected a message she received it openly. She talked and laughed, but all the while her eyes were roving, and presently she saw Paul Neale again.

"Are you expecting Paul tonight?" she asked.

"No. He had engagements, he said." Mrs. Benson turned to Katinka. "The manager of our property," she remarked casually; "a good sort."

Stella was alarmed at the condescending tone. Enlarged income and an international countess had so quickly gone to her mother's head that her mother was beginning to patronize Paul Neale, and this shallow folly he would not stand. Besides, she was loyal. She saw the lifting of level brows, the polite inquiry in the dark eyes.

"Jane," she protested indignantly, "you give Katinka a wrong impression. Mr. Neale is not our underbailiff. He is quite independent of any kindnesses he may do for us."

She caught the flicker of a smile, saw the twinkle in the eyes, as the demure question came. "So! And he is of your party, Stella?"

"He is a family friend." Stella suddenly saw how impossible it was to make clear to this Austrian girl the nature of the simple relations with Paul Neale.

"He crossed with us," Mrs. Benson commented, so casually that she appeared to suggest that the voyage ended it.

"I understand." Katinka nodded. "It happens in England. Younger sons of first families sometimes manage estates for relatives. It is not so in Austria, but I suppose your American custom permits it."

Stella frowned but saw there was no malicious probing in this girl. Curiosity about an unknown world; a subject for conversation; no more. "It is so," she agreed.

"He is very young, frightfully clever, Katinka," Mrs. Benson said, "and very useful to me, but I do not suppose he knows who his grandfather was."

A pleasant nod, a little speculation in the eyes, a change of subject; but ruffled Stella knew the girl's thought: Two people mutually interested, a disapproving mother, but compelled to acquiescence by the singular domination of the American daughter. That, Stella knew, was the Vienna reading of social affiliations otherwise inexplicable. For the first time in her life she felt herself in a false position from which good plain English could not extricate her. Stella fumed against her reckless mother, never dreaming that all this was deliberate policy. She had had no experience of her mother as a managing mamma.

The chance came with the Nugents of Baltimore and Newport, who were glad to annex two charming and contrasting girls, one of whom was of such distinguished lineage. It appeared that a branch of the Nugents had left England for Austria generations before and that one of their descendants had been known to the countess. It further developed that her father as a young man, attaché at Washington, had visited the home of the Nugents and was pleasantly remembered by the white-haired old gentleman. The evening ended with more than a hint that the party would receive an invitation to the castle, by which was meant the stately seat of the marquis who had married a daughter of the house of Nugent.

Stella was surprised by the sobriety, the reticence, of her mother and by the ingratiating and not excessive subordination of self. She did not know whether this was snobbishness or sudden development of a sense of responsibility. That it had never been practiced in her interests did not tend to soften her indignation.

Upstairs in their rooms, Katinka said the most delightful things in simple sincerity. She had been sent with the trunks to strangers. She had been welcomed with open arms. She felt the friendliness. It meant much to her. Lady Warmley had had the best intentions, but Lady Warmley was a British matron and Austrians did not understand these. Mrs. Benson had such charming friends too. She saw that she would be as happy as a girl could expect who had been through what she had. Her voice never broke and she rather tendered friendship than asked for it, but Stella's sympathies were strengthened. When Katinka had gone to bed Mrs. Benson looked into her daughter's accusing eyes, laughed, pirouetted in her short skirts and ended with a high kick.

"And what did you think, my Stella," the mother cried, "when she burst in on you?"

"That you had gone crazy to take such a risk."

"Right; no fault of mine. I meant to bring her, but I had to do some shopping—you should see my lovely frillies—and that made me awfully late, and that icicle, Lady Warmley, thawed and dripped and in common decency I just had to let her. So I took a chance and sent the girl on. You must have been just right, Stella. She likes you a lot. Wasn't it lucky—the Nugents, I mean? Everything went off splendidly. Your dress, Stella? Is it ruined? Why should you pour oil down a waiter's throat, or vinegar on his hair, or whatever she said you did? She's frightfully interesting, isn't she? And what perfect manners! She despises us, of course. Lady Warmley says she loathes all Americans, but she wraps it up so beautifully that it's a pleasure to be loathed. Her mind is medieval, but her clothes are today's. Funny combination, but piquant. Just think if it was the other way about—how awful. She's the kind that would march to the guillotine with the grand manner, but there is one thing she will not do and that is: March to the altar with an American."

"Will not do? Why should she?"

Mrs. Benson laughed. "I am expected to bring that off—just that. Ah, I thought that would interest you. You remember the Schmeedells? They were not J B B's lawyers, but sometimes they acted for him. The son came to see me at Newport and showed me a crazy letter from his London correspondent, Kirchner. A girl of a noble house, the last of her race, not suitably placed, not happy, not taught that the world had changed, blind to altered conditions—this young lady might adapt herself better to an environment entirely novel, might make a suitable marriage in a land where a dot was not expected. There might, however, be some provision for her if she married a native-born American citizen within a reasonable time. The money came from those who honored the name of Winneburg and they would not advance indefinite sums to one who seemed likely, in her scornful pride, to wither away in barren spinsterhood."

Stella smiled.

"The very words," her mother said. "Quaint, isn't it? Schmeedell was asked to find a suitable home for her. He came straight to me. He believed that J. B. B. was connected in some way with the Winneburgs; I was just the one to come to the rescue. I said I would think it over, but when he told me the allowance, I didn't think long, believe me."

"Fits in like a puzzle picture," said Stella, a little tartly. "Marry her to Paul Neale. You paved the way. You spoke of him as a kind of upper servant."

Mrs. Benson came over and stood before her sarcastic daughter. "Stella," she said, "do you realize that that young man is extraordinarily attractive and has a way with him? Do you know that you have taught him a lot? Did you teach him that he might catch the fancy of one of the hot-blooded Austrian race—the race that has a habit of kicking over the traces and knocking family pride to bits?"

Stella's eyes blazed. "Thanks, Jane. You protect me by belittling him; so thoughtful for me, so considerate of him."

Mrs. Benson, secretly pleased at this loyalty to Paul Neale, made a grimace. "Oh, la-la!" she cried. "Don't you see I am practicing for my new duties? I've never done it before—grant me that. I must have your help, Stella. I need you. You have just got to take Neale off my hands. I want to get some fun out of this, some travel, before we go back to the States. Can't you find any friends in London to stay with? Everybody's away, I know, at this time of year; at the worst you could live quietly somewhere and show Paul the sights that everybody talks about and nobody sees. The Abbey and Kew Gardens and all that guidebook stuff. He's crazy about it and it will improve your mind to see it. And you can get him asked to some house too. He shoots—he says so. Tell him to be sure and take a valet. He won't know what to do with a man, but it's like evening dress—one of the accepted marks of decent standing."

"I've been rather horrid, Jane," Stella said, smiling. "Tired—that's it." She rose. "When do you want to go?" she asked.

"In a few days—three or four—to Paris of course."

"Luck in your new rôle of duenna, Jane."

"And to you in yours of cicerone," was the retort.

They parted in mutual good will; but Stella in her room was not on good terms with herself. She deeply resented the disturbing power of Paul Neale's eyes when directed at another girl.

VIII

THE next morning a penciled note lay on the coffee trays of the two girls: "Déjeuner at noon in our sitting room." Stella laughed at this prompt adoption of Continental European custom, and went for a sharp walk in Hyde Park, thinking out the things that Paul would wish to see. She knew London pretty well and was not a bit above cramming a little in advance from the guidebook. The perfect day, prematurely autumnal, sent the blood racing through her veins, put color in her cheeks and exhilaration in her brain. Her mother's plans and her eager desires precisely dovetailed. She decided on Bloomsbury; a suite of rooms in that quiet district; long days with Paul Neale; an empty London in which she was unlikely to meet any of her English friends; irresponsible rambles with him; funny little dinners in funny little restaurants; no social responsibilities; no engagements—except with him. She smiled as she sat in the park and dreamed.

She would go the limit; he could not escape. Two simple tourists wandering where they would, perhaps even with guidebooks in their hands—no frills, not much dressing, just simplicity and honesty—and love. There had been too much teacher and pupil; too much guardian and ward; too much friendship; these had become a habit with him—yes, there lay the explanation of his blindness. No pedestal for her any more; no more undue deference from him. She smiled as she reflected that in some things he certainly had a one-track mind.

Two slight incidents of the voyage had encouraged her. She had surprised one glance, quickly averted; and once in the dark on the deck a twist of the ship had flung her into his arms. He had held her, hugged her; had muttered a muffled pardon and almost dropped her. She had made no resistance, yet he had dropped her. He had been almost apologetic for a whole day. She had not been angry at him nor ashamed of herself, nor had she felt ruffled pride. Girls had not been part of his life; he had not understood. How should he know that friend and sister lying helpless in his arms was asking to be something more?

Last night he was coming to them, of course, and had been surprised to see a stranger with them. Curiosity was natural—natural that he should slip away. Stella retraced her steps, joyously forecasting a romantic masquerade; two people disguised as tourists pretending to search London, but in reality seeking something far more important. In the hallway of their suite she awaited a page who followed with a card. "Send him up, please," she said; and then she remembered that this was Europe and that a late lazy breakfast was a déjeuner. She flew to the sitting room. Her mother was in charming negligee; the Austrian girl was dressed for the street; it was all right.

"Was it Paul?" her mother asked, glancing at the card in her hand. Stella nodded. "He came an hour ago," her mother continued. "I sent word to wait."

Stella, glancing at the subtly smiling countess, checked her sharp rebuke. "Probably he saw me coming in and so sent again."

"Take him away to lunch," Mrs. Benson said. "Katinka and I have plans to discuss. Go meet him, Stella dear."

"With pleasure, Jane, but I must powder my nose." Intentionally she delayed a second too long. She would not have Paul Neale treated with indifferent courtesy. She thrilled when he came in. Her mother was surely right; he was extraordinarily attractive and he had a way with him. Bristling, looking for condescension, Stella watched the introduction, but Katinka was perfect. Not so Paul; Stella saw the intent, special interest of the night before in his glance. She knew him with girls, knew his manner, every phase of it; and she had never seen him take an introduction as he received this one.

"The Countess Katinka," Mrs. Benson said, "has consented to be my guest for a time."

"Fine," he answered. "We'll all do what we can to give you a good time, countess."

Mrs. Benson glanced covertly at Stella, who did not show her surprise at this use of the pronoun "we." Katinka thanked him prettily. An instant's silence was broken by Neale. "Let me call it lunch and give me some," he said, placing a chair for himself without waiting for an invitation and handing around the hot dishes, which he took from in front of the open-grate fire. He commended the kidneys, praised the omelet, talked freely and well, seemed to be

(Continued on Page 95)

"The Song of the Shirt"

WITH FINGERS weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt.

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!"

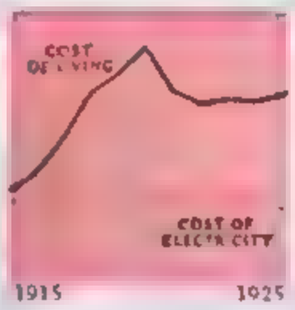
Thomas Hood.

ELECTRICITY
—*the great emancipator*

TOM HOOD'S poem swept over the world. It was one of the first influences that made law-makers and humanitarians and scientists see that women's lives are too precious to be wasted in the daily toil of routine tasks.

Wise laws already have limited women's working hours. But another kind of force than law has also been at work. The great emancipator is electricity.

No wise manager of a factory now asks any woman to do by hand a task that an electric motor can do.



No wise husband allows his wife to do by hand the old, heavy tasks of washing, and sweeping, and pumping, and sewing.

With cheap electricity, and with electric light and power lines reaching far out into the country-side, we have learned that it is bad sense and poor economy for *any* woman to do *any* work which electricity can do for a few cents an hour.

What hard task is there in your home that electricity could do just as well and at little cost?

More than half of the homes of the nation are now able to enjoy the comfort and convenience of electricity. But hardly any home is yet allowing this cheapest servant to do *all* that it *should* do. Wherever electricity is generated or used you will find electrical products bearing the initials G-E—make them your guide.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

World Leadership Brings Low Prices

World Leadership for Graham Brothers Trucks is more than a phrase.

It is a vital, practical thing that means satisfaction and money to buyers.

It means satisfaction because public demand is based on satisfaction—and the demand for Graham Brothers Trucks is growing greater every day.

It means money to buyers because large demand means large production—and large production is the secret of low prices.

Graham Brothers are the largest exclusive truck manufacturers in the world. By that fact the buyer profits.

He profits by the quality that created the demand—and by the astonishingly low prices that demand made possible.

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Evansville – DETROIT – Stockton
A Division of Dodge Brothers Inc
GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED—TORONTO ONTARIO

1 Ton Chassis	$ 975
1½ Ton Chassis	1245
MBM Low Chassis	1295

f. o. b. Detroit

Cabs and Bodies for Every Business

GRAHAM

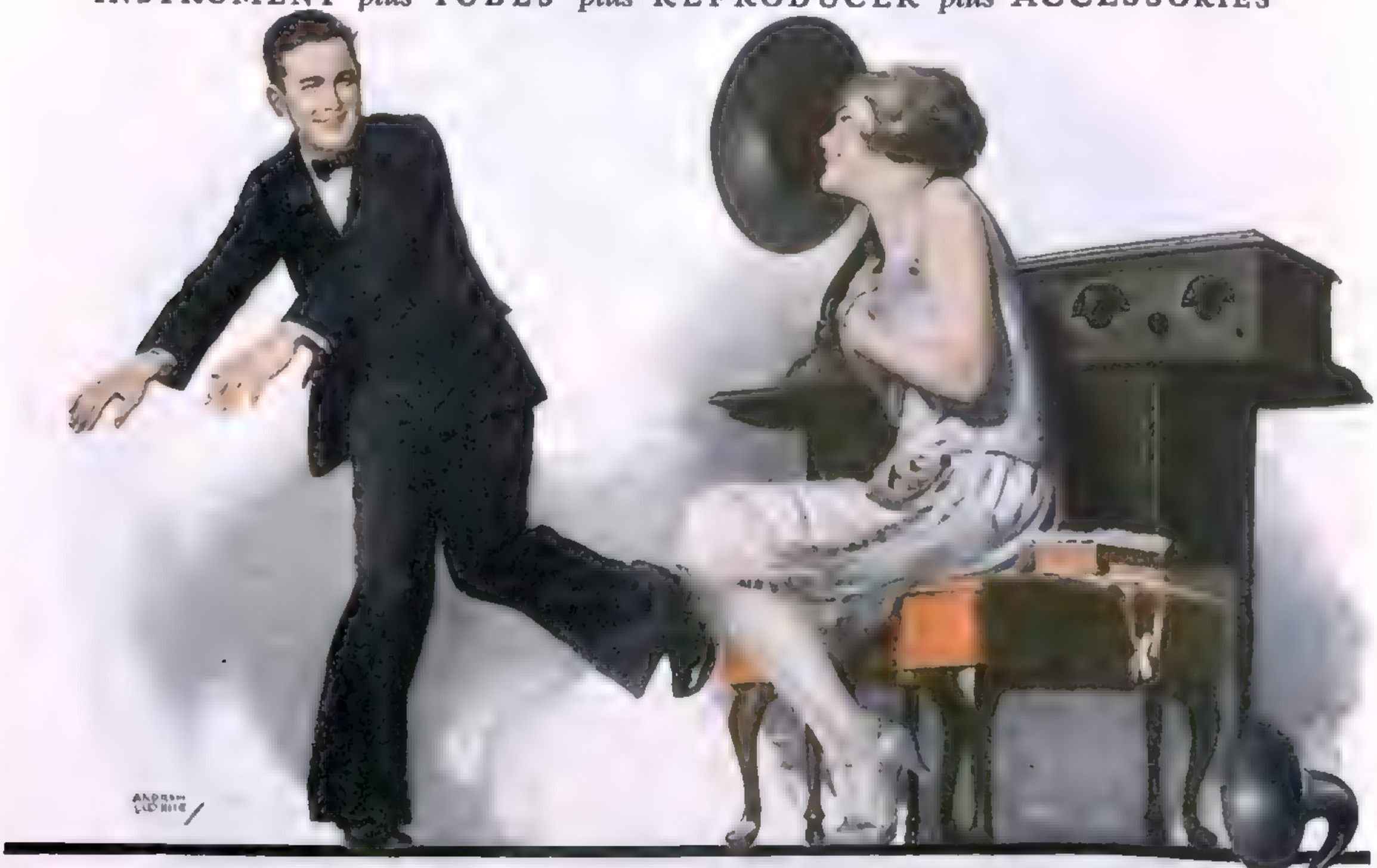
Sold by Dodge Brothers Dealers Everywhere

BROTHERS TRUCKS

STEWART-WARNER

Matched-Unit Radio

INSTRUMENT *plus* TUBES *plus* REPRODUCER *plus* ACCESSORIES



What Matched-Unit Radio Means To You

COMPLETE radio satisfaction—uninterrupted enjoyment—for your whole family every day in the year!

All because Instrument, Reproducer, Tubes and Accessories are *matched* to function *together* in perfect unison.

That's the exclusive Stewart-Warner idea that is bringing a new conception of radio enjoyment to thousands of homes everywhere.

There's only one *Matched-Unit* Radio—and that is made by Stewart-Warner.

A Stewart-Warner Radio is not a gamble. It is a sound, permanent *investment* for you because:—

First—It is the product of an Institution of unquestioned skill, stability and financial strength. For twenty years the Stewart-Warner name has stood for quality and dependability the world over. More than twelve million automobiles are equipped with Stewart-Warner accessories.

Second—*All* units are made by *one* manufacturer. This means that you have but one maker to hold responsible for the performance of Instrument, Reproducer, Tubes, Accessories—your complete radio.

Third—You can *always* get expert service. You run no risk of having an "orphan" radio on your hands. The permanence of the Stewart-Warner organization is your assurance of that.

Fourth—There are no yearly models of Stewart-Warner Radio. The set you buy today will not be obsolete next year—nor the year after.

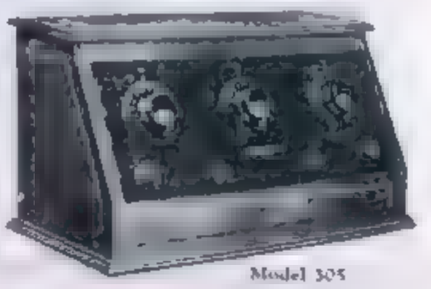
There's a Stewart-Warner "Blue Ribbon" Representative near you. He was selected as our dealer because of his high business character and his ability to give excellent service.

Let him demonstrate a Matched-Unit Radio in your home. Don't deprive yourself, for a single day, of the perfect radio enjoyment in store for you.

Model 325

Model 400 Reproducer $25

Model 405, $19.50



Cabinet Models

Model 300—$65 (Shown in illustration)

Model 325—$80

Model 305—$95

Model 305

Model 315

Console Models

Model 310—$175

Model 315—$285

Model 320—$450

Prices slightly higher West of Rockies

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N, 1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Stewart-Warner

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 90)

utterly insensible to a somewhat chilly atmosphere, and raised it to warmth in the end by forcing a laugh from Mrs. Benson. She asked no more of life than to be amused and she admired successful impertinence. If Paul Neale chose to act as a son in the home—well, that was what she hoped for and expected. She wondered whether Stella and he had met that morning and settled things. How else account for this impudent intrusion into this intimate family party?

He was full of plans. An excursion here, a dinner there, this play, that play; he rattled on as though the four were to be continuously together and were all prepared to accept his leadership. His attentions to the newcomer were marked. It was obviously she whom he wished to please. With graceful tact she avoided committing herself, saying always with pretty deference that she was glad to fit in with any plans of Mrs. Benson. He continued to be irrepressible; often he turned to Stella and asked her help in winning the others to his plans.

Stella smiled and shook her head. He was new to England, she reminded him, and must catch up; he must spend some weeks in seeing the things which he ought to see and then he might be allowed to report with suggestions. So went smash her morning's happy planning; she gallantly made no sign, nor did she give up all hope. She watched him with a brooding scrutiny. She tried to convince herself that his presumption was unconscious, that he was genuinely trying in a bungling way to help in entertaining this stranger. She knew him too well for that excuse to stand. He was deliberately thrusting himself forward with the same calm determination as had first conquered her mother, indifferent to covert opposition, careless of obstacles. He could have but one motive; he made that plain enough; he was playing up to this Austrian interloper.

Stella, laughing, talking, covertly checked up the points of this girl who had apparently turned Paul Neale's head at sight. She had to admit that in all but complexion, she had no marked advantage. Some men preferred dark skins and dead-black hair. She remembered again casual expressions of his, his liking for foreign girls, his marked flirtation with the little French girl in the country house. Some people had called him a snob; she had defended him in the beginning. Had they been right? Was it the title? Stella was sure of nothing except that he had crudely hacked a trail to the breakfast table and hit her with the ax. She thought it out in these words, for in the steamer she had read a red-blooded Western story.

He had bought an auto, he told them, and had planned a run into Kent and a dinner at Seven Oaks. The auto was outside. How soon could they be ready? He seemed genuinely surprised when Mrs. Benson told him that the countess and herself had many plans to talk over and could not possibly go. He turned to Stella, as he must, after this. Furious at having been thrust at him thus, she promptly declined. She had visits which she must make, she said. He then asked Mrs. Benson for five minutes on a matter of business. As a monthly payment was due, she was all smiles in granting the modest request to which he had been reduced. The two girls flitted away. He came and stood over her, looking down from hard eyes. "You kept me waiting for an hour," he accused as a stern schoolmaster might.

Astonished, indignant as she was, laughter was uppermost. "I wasn't dressed, you ridiculous boy," she drawled, puffing at her cigarette. "Do you expect that I receive you in my bedroom?"

"You would have kept me for another hour," he said, protruding his chin, "if Stella had not come in. That doesn't go with me. Who is this girl?"

She gulped and jumped to her feet, standing unevenly, for one of her high-heeled satin mules had fallen off. "Have you gone crazy?" she began, but his hand, gripping her arm, checked the tirade which was beginning.

"These walls are thin," he cautioned. "I only want to know whether you are independent of me. If so, all right."

She set her teeth hard, and the glare died out of her eyes. "Nothing is changed," she said, almost choking.

"I thought otherwise," he retorted dryly. "I thought much had changed." He probed with harsh swift questions and got the whole story of the Countess Katinka.

"Let me see the correspondence."

"You are insolent," she drawled, for she had now recovered complete control of herself, but she went in her stocking feet to the ornate escritoire and got the agreement with the New York lawyers.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars for the year," he commented as he read, "and perhaps renewed for another year. A good allowance, Jane, but I hardly see how even a thrifty woman like you can save a lot." He glanced about the gilded room with significant eyes. "Payable quarterly in advance so long as you carry out the ideas of the Paris notary, I see; and you get these ideas from Mr. Adolph Kirchner, of London. You've been to him, of course?"

"How many hours have we been in London?"

"I see. How did you come to be selected for this curious business?"

"You can guess as well as I. The reasons are obvious." She told him what she thought. She hesitated when she spoke of herself as the widow of John Bates Benson. Neale nodded as her voice slurred the word. "I can't fight you, Paul," she murmured, putting an appealing hand on his arm. "I eat out of your hand after this. Let's be friends."

"You forget so easily," the unsmiling youth replied, as he produced her check for a thousand dollars.

"I oughtn't to give up this afternoon," she said humbly. "Truly I oughtn't. Do you insist?"

With insufferable condescension he patted Mrs. Benson's raddled cheek, taking care to avoid the rouge.

"You forget easily, Jane," he repeated, smiling; "but you also learn quickly. Friends it is. Do you suppose you can get Stella to change her mind?"

"If you put her through the third degree as you have me, she's got to go," she said, smiling without rancor.

"You know," was the calm answer, "that I've never used the strong arm with her. I want her to like me."

"And you don't care whether I do or not."

"I do care. You enjoy force and like the man that uses it."

"What a pleasure," she mocked, "to be understood. I'll ask her."

She went to Stella, sure that she would achieve her end. Criticism of Paul Neale always roused defense of him and defiance of herself.

"He is beyond bounds," she said, frowning.

"I quite agree. Is my hat on straight?"

"He has flayed my naked back."

Stella studied the mirror, twisting her head this way and that, touching her hat brim here and there. "I shall not be in at dinner," she announced.

"You must tame him, Stella."

Stella shot an oblique glance at her mother. "Has he begun blackmailing?" she demanded coldly.

"Stella, what a word!" the alarmed mother cried. "He only told me where I get off."

"I am going to Lady Almondsbury," Stella said. "I may send for my trunks."

Her mother ran over and caught her arms. "Don't be a fool," she said with fierce energy. "You may fling away your money if you like and live on your friends or be a typist—but I am not strong enough in my legs to be a waitress or in my arms to take in washing."

"There are limits to compromise," Stella declared through set lips. She shook off her mother's arm and went down the little hall. Her name was called from the sitting room.

"Yes, Paul."

He stood in the doorway as she paused. He backed slowly into the room. She followed, drawn by the uncontrollable emotion expressed in his eyes.

"Change your mind," he pleaded. His voice, low, shaken, proved profound agitation of mind. "Come with me," he said. "I have something to say, something very important."

"Of course, Paul, if it's like that. I'll change my hat and get a coat."

Her murmur was hardly audible. Mrs. Benson, watching through the slightly opened door, saw the girl flash past, caught a glimpse of starry bright eyes, of lips shaped to a happy smile. The mother softly closed her door and would have cried for joy if she had not to appear again that day.

In the elevator Stella looked up at the grim anxious face, then looked down, and a vagrant smile flickered. With them was a young athlete of unusual perfection of face and figure. Stella was sorry for this man's girl—there must be one—that he was not like Paul. She tingled when Paul put his hand on her elbow as they got out of the lift. She was exultantly proud to be by his side as they passed through the corridor and into the street. She laughed when he put her by the driver's seat in a brilliant new touring automobile. She knew him so well now that she was sure that he had learned to drive this make in New York.

"We'll go to Richmond instead if it's all the same to you," he said. What did she care where they went so long as he was there!

"I can't talk," he said as they started. "I have to think all the time to keep to the left." What did she care about his silence? He was by her side. He did not speak until they had passed Hyde Park Corner and there was plenty of room. "Tell me about Katinka," was what he said then.

Stella, sharply recalled from dreams, could no more than repeat the name as though she had not heard aright.

They were in the press of traffic at the head of Sloane Street, and a motorbus skimmed their guards. Stella gave a little start and uttered a little cry.

"Nervous in traffic—you?" Paul Neale said incredulously. "We've had a dozen closer shaves already. What do you think of her?"

"She has charming manners," Stella managed to say. She felt cold, literally chilled through, and her teeth were almost chattering. She was glad that he could not look round. She knew that her face was white. Sometimes his arm had touched hers as he moved the wheel; she shrank away to the corner now. Congested traffic at Kensington High Street gave her breathing time. Anger at herself helped her to rally. The night before—his rapt manner; this morning—his atrocious intrusion; at breakfast—his unbridled admiration; after all this to assume without thought or question that it was she—Stella—who had moved him to depths never before disclosed to her; she had behaved as a greedy child, clutching at another's stick of candy. Pride helped; he must never guess. Anything but that; the crowning humiliation.

"What's her story, Stella?"

She forced a laugh. "You've never been in this road before, Paul, I think."

"Never, except on a map."

"And we've passed Piccadilly Circus and the Green Park and Buckingham Palace and Apsley House and Knightsbridge Barracks and lots of other places known all over the world, and all the journey you have seen only Katinka."

"And that's true, too," he assented gravely. "I've seen only her."

"Then why not have stayed at the hotel and looked?"

"Your mother took her away."

"And so you ask me to come that you may talk about her."

"No; that you may, and to ask your help, Stella."

Stella wished that she might scream wild laughter and twist that steering wheel to the right. He would come through all right, she thought; he always did. She looked beneath half-shuttered, bitter eyes at that long sleek head and those braced shoulders—driving straight ahead, driving over every obstacle, over hearts and lives, straight to his goal. The measureless egotism of man!

Across Kew Bridge he drew up beside the road.

"You've helped me a lot, Stella," he said, turning at last and looking her direct in the eyes. "You've been the best pal ever a man had. I owe you a lot. This is the big thing—the most important thing of all. Teach me how to win her, Stella."

"You are mad; you don't know her."

"I feel as if I had known her all my life, as if I had just been waiting for her."

"Oh! And as if she had been waiting for you?" A sneer was apparent in her voice, her eyes looked into his with hard repelling force, her lips were down drawn at the corners.

He looked miserably into the pinched face. "You don't like her," he cried.

"I hardly know her, Paul," she said, gathering up her forces. "I don't dislike her." She added in her thought: "Dislike her? What a little word. I hate her."

"Even if you did," he said confidently, "you'd help me all the same. It's not you who would have to live with her, remember. It's I that want to."

"Very well, Paul. Here's the sure way—the only way." She smiled. "Sidney Carton said that when he went to the guillotine, didn't he? Sorry, Paul, I won't tease you any more. Give me five minutes to learn to believe the unbelievable."

"Tease as much as you like," he told her, "so long as you show me the way."

"Go to the Heralds' College," she said. "Buy a pedigree back to Adam's father, with red seals and certificates all over it, and then unroll it at her feet. Pardon, Paul, I didn't mean to hurt you—but that's all she cares for—family. She's daft on it. I'm frank. You haven't a chance. I am saving you from humiliation, contempt."

"You think that—no chance? And why contempt? A girl might refuse a man, but she wouldn't feel contempt."

How could she make him understand? Why should she? "All right, Paul," she said. "Try—and find out for yourself."

"Oh, yes, I am going to do that, all right. The point is, will you help me?"

"No."

His eyes searched hers. Unflinching she met the intense scrutiny. "Why?" he asked.

"It can't be done," she said.

"There is someone else then?"

"I don't know that. I don't know anything about her except from her own words at dinner. She's as far away from you, Paul, in thought and ideas as a Greek girl in the time of Homer."

"Ah! They won them in battle then."

"You can't club her and drag her to your tent. She's eaten up with pride, Paul. She's a hundred years behind the times. She has the outside of courtesy for us all because she feels so far above us. In her heart she despises us because we have not pride of lineage. She had an affair, she told me—a nice boy, in the peerage; she liked him, but she turned him down because he hadn't ancestors enough. There, doesn't that bring you to earth?"

"Can't you get it?" he asked a little impatiently. "It's not me, it's you. Katinka only can stop me. Until she does, I go on. You could help me a lot."

She looked him over, wondering. "And I never believed in love at sight," she murmured.

"Call it what you like. I've just got to have her."

"And how can I help in this madness?"

"Oh, you know—lots of ways. She likes you. I could see that."

"How observant!" she said with caustic emphasis. "And do I like her?"

(Continued on Page 97)

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"How can you help it?" he asked, grinning. "The only fault you can find is pride, and that is no more than a virtue in excess."

She flung up her hands. "Let's go on," she said. There followed a long silence as they went on past Kew Gardens. It was he who spoke first.

"That's so, isn't it?" he asked.

"What's so?"

"Her only fault—pride?"

"Quite true, Paul. She has a lovely figure, a most attractive face, beautiful manners. And she is very clever. She talks well. That's as far as I've got."

"I think," he persisted, musing, "that she is very kind-hearted."

Stella, recalling the waiter's scalded hands, strained a point. "Very likely."

"And that she is straight and frank." Remembering the secret note, she only nodded. "It's very sad to be as lonely as she is, don't you think?"

"Yes, Paul—and now if you mention her name again I shall scream." He laughed.

"Sorry," said this roughrider as he continued his relentless gallop, "but you haven't wished me luck."

She pealed laughter that she might not scream. "Oh, yes, yes, Paul; the best of luck. And now, do you mind if we turn back? I want you to drop me at Eaton Place."

"Oh, let's see Richmond," he pleaded. "We are nearly there."

She shook her head. "You see Katinka everywhere," she said, smiling, "and I'm fed up."

"And I thought," he said ruefully, "that you'd be enthusiastic and help me in this awful fight."

"I would be," she lied bravely, "if you had the slightest chance."

He turned and they drove back almost in silence. She expressed astonishment that he turned down Sloane Street and found Eaton Place without a word of guidance from her.

"I learned the key points from the map, coming over," he explained. "The way to a girl's heart is just as easy, if only you would show me."

"There's no map shows that road, Paul," she said as the auto drew up, "and I can't help you. Mother is going to Paris in a day or two, and I shall be going with Lady Almondsbury down to her country house."

"The party breaks up, then?" asked Paul, dismayed. "But, then—you can't help. You had better, Stella."

She straightened, frowning. "Is it a threat?" she demanded.

"You know better," he retorted indignantly. "It's just—well, surprise."

"But you threaten mother."

"She doesn't mind, and it's the only way I can manage her."

He got out and opened the door for her. "Stella," he said, "come with us to Paris, please."

"With us," she repeated. "Are you going?"

"Of course I'm going where Katinka goes."

"Oh," she warned, "mother is not expecting that."

"Of course not. I didn't expect it myself a minute ago. Don't wince, Stella. I don't mean to seem dictatorial, but when there's something I've got to have I reach out for it, that's all. Do come with us."

She studied him with an intent, detached scrutiny. "Why?" she asked.

"It won't seem the same without you," he declared eagerly. "I wanted to see Europe with you."

She broke into mirthless laughter. "You can see Katinka without me. Good-by, Paul." He held her hand.

"But ——"

She wrung from his grasp and fled across the sidewalk. He waited, but she did not turn as the door opened for her. He considered for five minutes before he started the auto, recalling with his extraordinary memory scenes from certain European novels which he had read in his intensive course at New York. Then he drove back to the Carlton Hotel. Not finding Mrs. Benson, he sat and waited where he could command the entrance. An hour, two hours passed; but still he sat, and at last she came alone, sailing gayly in. He waylaid her and asked for five minutes.

"What now, Paul? Come up to the room."

"Is Katinka there?"

"Yes; the highborn lady will have chocolate and cream buns at four; and yet she looks like a sylph. How do they do it?

"Haven't I been good?" she demanded, smiling, as they sat down. "Or what is it? Oh, you drove Stella. Of course you did. Where's she?"

She looked at him with a new and vivid interest. Had he proposed at last?

"I dropped her at Lady Almondsbury's, Jane. The countess is of very fine family, I hear. And of course you would wish that everything be done her way. I have the honor to propose a marriage between herself and me."

"Not on your life," the startled lady cried; "but you're joking, of course."

"Presumptuous, perhaps," he said gravely, "but far from a jest."

"Presumptuous? It's the damnedest cheek I've ever come across, and that's saying something."

"It is for you to say whether she should be told now or later, when we've had more chances to meet—the chances that you will make for me."

She thrashed her gloves savagely across her hands as she learned the now familiar lesson from his hard, inexorable eyes.

"You're right off your head, Paul," she said in a pleading voice.

"Yes, about her. I know all about her family pride. Stella told me."

"Oh! Stella knows?"

"Yes; she tried to put me off just the same as you're doing. It doesn't work. What do you advise, Jane, in my interests—in my interests, remember? I do not think the countess should be told just yet, do you?"

"I do not think," was the dry answer, "that it will make any difference to you when she is told."

"Let it rest," he decided, "until after we've all been a few days in Paris, anyhow."

She opened her mouth wide, too wide, almost gaping, but she shut it with a snap.

"Oh," she said in a strangled voice, "you'll get her—I really believe you will. Take us to dinner at eight. We'll arrange about Paris then. Anything else?"

"That's all—for today."

"And quite enough too." She rose and he walked by her side.

"Seen Kirchner?" he asked.

"Not yet. I simply couldn't make it."

"Don't get in wrong," he advised. "Tell about me, if you like. I don't care a whoop if she has any money, remember; and I say, Jane, if this marriage ——"

"Say it out, Paul. This is a day of plain speaking."

"Nobody will lose anything if all goes right."

"You threaten bluntly, but you promise vaguely," she snapped at him. "If I lose by this marriage you will more than make up, and diamonds are your wedding present to me. Is that what you tried to say?"

"You've got it."

They were waiting for the elevator. She glanced this way and that. She spoke so low that he could hardly hear.

"You could have had Stella, Paul. You could now."

His shoulders sagged. She caught in his glance soundless misery. Then the elevator door clanged open.

She forgot as she whizzed upward to paste on her smile. She was profoundly disturbed. At the door she paused. Conscience—remorse? She drew herself up and went gayly in to Katinka.

IX

MRS. BENSON had forgotten Kirchner, the mere pipe through which the money flowed, but Paul Neale's warning—she had been taught to pay great attention to warnings from that "hard, practical boy"—led her to telephone to him as soon as she got to her rooms. She had some people coming in to tea, she told him, and would be glad if he would turn up. She was pleased at his acceptance, for he would see with his own eyes that Katinka was meeting the right people. She made what was for her a quick change of dress, thinking always of this astonishing demand of Paul Neale, which compelled readjustment of all her plans. Would Stella really suffer? "Rough on her," she thought, and let it go at that. "Rough on me"—that was serious; the irresponsible scamper about Europe with this charming girl was not to be. If he succeeded she must be a chaperon right to the altar—appalling thought to a born Bohemian; but there were compensations—diamonds, a check, freedom. Things were not so bad after all. She had completely adjusted herself to the new conditions when she went to the sitting room.

"Katinka," she said, "I have no ties, no house, no obligations except to you. What a pretty dress. Where did you get it? What would you choose if you had all the world to choose from?"

"This is a new language, Jane," Katinka answered with her delightful smile. "For years I have been a parcel with a label about my neck. To hear that I have a choice—it stuns me."

"Well, you certainly have, as far as I have one."

"Well then, I should so much wish to travel ——"

"Splendid! My own idea."

"To Berlin, to Dresden, to Munich, to the Riviera."

Mrs. Benson laughed. "They say that nobody goes to Paris now, but you'll let me stay there for a few days, won't you?"

Katinka looked up. The smoldering eyes were deepest blue as the declining sun caught them.

"What I seek," she said, "is not in Paris."

"What—what are you looking for?"

"A husband," was the calm answer.

The dignity of the utterance precluded as much as a smile. "My dear girl, why should you prowl about the byways of Europe searching for what's under your hand? Or is it one man, Katinka? If so, I'll gladly help you. When did he disappear?"

"You are kind." Katinka showed genuine feeling. "He did not disappear. It is not one man. There is no one under my hand. In these strange new conditions of the world, I have to think, I have to range myself. I see what I must do, dear Jane, but I have told nobody. Now, you say I have some liberty, so I am frank." The girl breathed quickly and her tense look proclaimed her suppressed agitation. "I am only a girl"—her voice was low, her utterance broken—"and I cannot hand on the name of my honored father; but his blood should—not die—must not die. It flowed in kings when the Hapsburgs were soldiers of fortune. It must be there to flow again when aristocracy comes back to its own."

The astonished listener could only stare.

"I am the first woman of the Winneburgs in a thousand years," Katinka went on, "who has had to look for a husband, but I will search in the places I told you of. My countrymen are in all these cities, and among them are some whom my father would have accepted as a mate for his daughter."

"But they are all refugees—broke." The words escaped in a hysterical rush from the staggered listener.

"How many guests are you expecting?" Katinka asked in a pleasant conversational voice; but her hands were clenched tight.

"Pardon, dear child. We Americans will do that, you know—blurt out what we think. Don't believe I don't understand you and sympathize with your views. I'm not entirely free, Katinka, to do as I like, but if I can work it—well, I promise to take you in search of a husband."

"You will?" Surprise, passionate gratitude shone in the eyes.

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And then the first guest was announced. The usual apparently cheerful gathering—buzz of talk, laughter, bright dresses. Stella, who had decided to make no sudden change in plans, brought Lady Almondsbury. The Nugents came with several in-laws. Kirchner, who had a Gentile mother and a Gentile wife, brought with him the subtle ability of the Jew and the charm of the international. There were others, friends of Stella, of Mrs. Benson—fifteen in all. The hostess, exhilarated by her extraordinary talk, was in top form. Emotion, kindled by Katinka, quickly evaporated, leaving a vivid sense of amusement to come. This quaint hunt for a suitable aristocrat must be achieved if possible. There was fun, too, in watching Kirchner trying to interest Katinka. Would she treat him with such stately condescension, Mrs. Benson wondered, if she knew that he held the purse strings? The answer was an emphatic yes. Stella, too, was interesting. The mother eyed her when chance came, and wondered whether the wound was deep. The brilliant eyes shone as usual, the serene manner was unruffled, the cordiality to Katinka marked; "a good sport," the mother thought. Oh, an exciting afternoon, all right.

The Nugents, departing, asked her to dinner; they were leaving on the morrow.

"Join our party," Mrs. Benson said. "We are engaged to dine with a protégé of my late husband, a dear boy. He looks after all my affairs for me. He will be delighted. At eight—yes, here in the hotel—Mr. Neale; yes, he's the host."

Stella's face was stony; she understood. Paul Neale had already seen her mother; he was no longer referred to as a kind of underbailiff; but Katinka could not understand. She glanced from mother to daughter, vainly trying to place this mysterious young man. How strange were these American gentlewomen, who admitted lawyers and young business men on terms of equality.

When all had gone Mrs. Benson snatched a half hour's rest before dressing for dinner. How to get rid quickly of this ridiculous boy—that was the problem. She knew now that he had no chance with Katinka; the sooner he learned, the better. But he would not take no except from the girl, and he would not give her the chance to say no, until he had tried to teach her to say yes. She was second choice anyway. For all his pretended ardor, it was only ambition. He was in love with Stella and ashamed to tell her so because he was an impostor who had robbed an estate of millions. All this based on one look, at the foot of an elevator.

The lady fell into sweet sleep on the confusing thought that she rather hoped he would marry Katinka. It was tragic to think of a marriage with straight-laced Stella. He might confess to her—restitution, poverty, awful!

Refreshed, renewed, wearing a tiara, and armed with her platinum bracelet, she received Paul Neale at ten minutes to eight with a gay familiarity.

"Luck is with us," she cried. "I couldn't have done it except at this time of year. I've grabbed some people flying through—a dozen—the right sort. Those clothes fit you awfully well. You look quite distinguished. I copped Kirchner. He's coming. You've started right, Paul—you have a background. I mean, generally speaking, that is. A hotel dining room is no background for Katinka of course. Such a wild talk with her—but that must wait. Everything's ordered and name cards at seats. Mrs. Nugent will be on your right, Katinka on your left. Stella's friend, Lady Almondsbury, is coming, but she is pally enough to yield precedence to Mrs. Nugent. Do not offer your arm. Lead the way with Mrs. Nugent when I tell you. You're in the swim now, Paul. Swim hard. Come on. We receive downstairs." The maid opened the door for them. "Tell the countess and Miss Burnleigh to come down when they're ready."

The dinner was a success. The guests, on leaving three hours later, were not content with conventional and languid thanks. Katinka, shimmering in flame color, had special reason for gratitude and said so. She had been delighted, touched, that her host had such intimate knowledge of the past glories of the House of Winneburg.

She could not know that a remarkable memory after two hours in the British Museum may carry away stories, legends, history—enough to last for two dinners. In bewildered pleasure she had expressed astonishment that he knew so much of what was dear to her.

"The history of your family, countess," Neale had responded, "is part of the history of Austria."

"Even so," she had admitted, "I do not think that any other American knows it."

"I love history," he had responded, "and especially the romantic splendor of Austrian history. Ah, you are fortunate that you have behind you a magnificent tradition."

"A tradition only—a memory only—now," she had murmured.

He had bent over and almost whispered encouragement and hope.

Stella diagonally across the table, had caught enough to guess the rest. In a brilliant cynical mood, she had turned to Lord Allan Alleyne, younger brother of the Marquis of Trelleck, who had sat on her right.

"How far may an infatuated man go," she had asked, "in deceiving the girl?"

This sunburnt farmer, running the home farm on the family estate and managing the pedigreed herd of shorthorns, had decisively told her that nobody tried to fool 'em, not in these days; they knew it all.

"Suppose the girl specializes in crumbling castles, moth-eaten legends and moldering knights?" she had asked.

"He'd put that girl in a museum," he had responded, "not make love to her."

"But suppose ——"

An idea had struck him. "Oh, you mean an American girl. Rum thing. We're dead off ruins over here because it's all ruins; then you take 'em on."

"Oh, it isn't me. Is the man a humbug and a fraud if he crams on her specialty and pours it over her in bucketfuls."

"I've known worse forms of villainy."

"But the nearest thing to a ruin he has ever seen is one of a ten-story building torn down to make room for a fifteen."

"Not my way but ——"

"What is your way?"

"I should tell the girl what I like and if she didn't like what I like—well, we shouldn't like each other, I s'pose."

Stella had laughed but persisted. "I want the English point of view," she had said. "Is he very clever in seeing almost in a flash what she likes and in pretending he likes it, too, and knows all about it; or is he just a humbug?"

"It ain't what you say, it's what you are, don't you know, that hits the right sort."

"And what is the right sort?"

"Oh, I should say, a girl that knows the countryside and has an eye for form."

"Form?"

"Yes; knows a gee-gee when she sees it and can pick the best milkers out of the herd."

After this, Stella had given up her effort to extract a condemnation of Paul Neale from an Englishman. Her contempt for Katinka had needed no fortifying. The girl was a fool to swallow this stuff. Stella had known this to be an unjust judgment and had cherished it the more strongly. She had not looked across the table after this, telling herself that she did not wish to detect the girl in receiving another secret note.

After coffee was over, Katinka chattered with acquaintances—very nice-looking people, Mrs. Benson thought, and soon the girl came and unobtrusively murmured in the ear of her chaperon that she was going on with the Carlyons for a dance at their club. As may have been guessed from Mrs. Benson's acceptance of Paul Neale's commands, she never seriously protested against what she could not help. She did not even suggest that some girls would have worded the intimation a little differently.

"A jolly good time, my dear," she said. "Be sure and take a key of the rooms." Katinka slipped away.

Stella, wearied out but determined not to plead headache, was greatly relieved when the two men, friends of Lady Almondsbury and acquaintances of hers, suggested a night club and a dance.

"Paul," she said, as she bade him good night, "you have given us a wonderful dinner. As for help—my help," she smiled, "that's the last thing you need." She added wickedly, against her will, "Another day with the encyclopedia and she will elope with you."

He smiled and nodded.

Soon all were gone but the amiable Kirchner, whose pleasures were music, girls and dinner, and who had expressed already a high satisfaction with the surroundings of his illustrious ward.

"Mr. Neale," Mrs. Benson said, "wishes to marry the countess."

"Good luck to you, Mr. Neale. Don't bother about details. Anybody that is satisfactory to Mrs. Benson, satisfies me." He turned to her. "May I speak freely?"

"Please. Mr. Neale is an old family friend, a fast worker, as you see."

"Right-o! It is good of you both to consult me and I like it. My instructions from my Paris correspondent are very brief and I sent them all on to Schmeedell, so I suppose you know them. I have looked up her family a bit and think I read the story right. Father and grandfather, mad gamblers—the family was in difficulties before the war that finished them. Friends and relations are scattered and poor, and perhaps have to lie low. They gather up the bits for the poor girl and very wisely send her to your country, where she can be sure of a marriage that will maintain her as she has been brought up to live. They wish her—that is quite clear—to unlearn ideas absolutely incompatible with the new state of affairs. I infer from the talk at dinner that this young gentleman will make the best of teachers for the most charming of pupils."

Mrs. Benson's shingled hair waved a vigorous negative. "I don't discourage Paul when I say he has no chance," she said, "because he doesn't know the meaning of the word; but that girl is a more bigoted ancestor worshiper than any Chinaman. What if she won't marry an American, Mr. Kirchner?"

"I don't know whether there's more money where this came from or not," he answered. "I should rather think not—or very little. If she doesn't take the chance within the year—well, she makes her own bed."

Mrs. Benson repeated the afternoon conversation with Katinka. "Why waste your time, Paul?" she asked.

"Sounds harsh, but I'll have a try," he persisted.

Mrs. Benson turned to the lawyer. "We've had three invitations tonight to country houses, Mr. Kirchner, and I want to see something of the Continent. I suppose that's all right."

Mr. Kirchner smiled as he answered that it did not seem to matter where she went if Mr. Neale was of the party. He went away obviously impressed.

"Paul," Mrs. Benson said, "I'm bored stiff. Take me to a dancing club."

He had a genuine laugh, the first of the evening at that.

"I'm tired out," he admitted as he looked into the bright eyes of the unquenchable lady. "Besides, I don't know the ropes yet. I might land you in some disreputable place."

"That doesn't matter any more," she declared. "Only the disreputable avoid such places. It's hardly midnight. Come on."

He refused and went away to bed. Mrs. Benson promptly joined the Dorringtons, who were content to be dropped and picked up at the caprice of any rackety lady of good standing.

"Let's go somewhere," she cried. "I've got rid of my family and can enjoy myself." She came in at five the next morning.

Stella was earlier but her night was unexpectedly eventful. She had been taken to the Rhododendron Club, where she saw Mrs. Carlyon. This lady, pleasantly courteous, told her that the countess, pleading fatigue, had just been put in a taxi and gone to the hotel.

Stella, wearied out when she came, stayed amid the glitter and the jazz until two o'clock. She funked being alone and loathed going back to the gilded suite that held Katinka Winneburg; so she awaited the word from her hostess.

"I'll drop you," Lady Almondsbury said.

"You will not," Stella denied. "It's right out of your way." Nor would she permit an eager young man to go with her in the taxi. She saw that it was not taking the shortest way. "Where are you going?" she called out to check this attempt to make the distance longer.

"Hear the hammering, miss," the driver answered. "Don't you want to see a raid?"

"Go ahead, then." From round the corner came a crash as the front door fell. They turned and drew up twenty yards from the little knot of people already gathered.

"Gambling house?"

"I s'pose so, miss. They follow 'em somethink cruel."

"Well, that's all, isn't it?"

"It's only begun. They're collecting the evidence inside and taking names. If you can wait, you will see the swells, and ladies perhaps. There's the police van over there, but they mostly only take the boss and his men in that. Ah! Number One." The little crowd cheered as a lady came on the arm of a policeman, cloaked, her head bent. The constable saluted as he closed the door of the taxi in which he put her. "And that's the end of it for her," the chauffeur said. "She's give a false name and address, of course, but they don't mind that."

Others came—a dozen men, young and old—all in evening clothes, all but one or two meeting the little mob with that calm indifference which centuries of earnest ancestral effort have achieved. Three ladies followed, one sobbing; then a girl, holding her cloak tightly, but with her head held high. She paused, obviously lest her shoulders brush the canaille. Her look to right and left, easily seen beneath the street light, said just that. The police were tardy in making a lane to the taxi; her glance had done it.

"Hully gee," the chauffeur muttered, "she's quality all right—a foreigner."

Stella put her head out and called a policeman. "That young lady—she's been allowed to go home; or has she been taken anywhere?"

"Home, miss. There'll be no charge against her."

"Thank you." Stella sank back, lost in thought. "No—not yet," she said mechanically as the taxi started. The last to come were the proprietors, in custody. Stella did not see them, did not realize that her taxi was alone in the street, until the constable left as guard put his head in at the window.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked abruptly.

"Tell him the Carlton, please."

Entering the suite, she found the sitting room lighted. She had failed then in her object in delaying; she had not wished to meet tonight this arrogant young countess who sneaked off alone to gambling houses. It was the maid, however, who came, in silent list slippers, to meet her.

"Bloxham," she exclaimed in surprise, "you shouldn't have waited up." Stella read alarm in the faded eyes, in the agitated face.

"I must go back to Her Ladyship tomorrow, Miss Burnleigh," she announced. "I can't hold with these foreign ways." Her hands shook as she unhooked Stella's cloak.

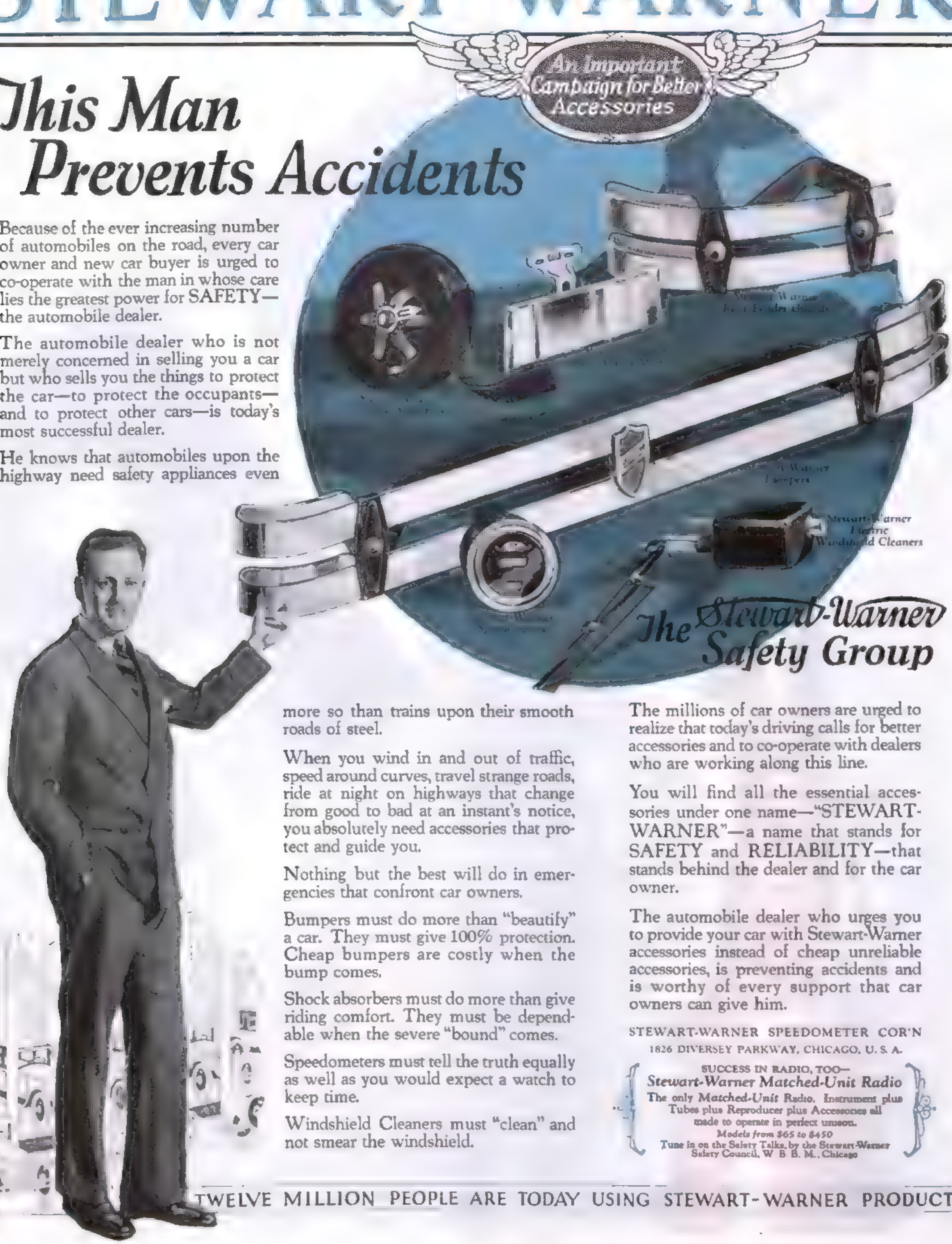
"Of course, Bloxham, if you feel you must ——" Bloxham was bursting to tell, and Stella turned the tap. "Has the countess come in?"

(Continued on Page 103)

STEWART-WARNER

An Important Campaign for Better Accessories

This Man Prevents Accidents



Because of the ever increasing number of automobiles on the road, every car owner and new car buyer is urged to co-operate with the man in whose care lies the greatest power for SAFETY—the automobile dealer.

The automobile dealer who is not merely concerned in selling you a car but who sells you the things to protect the car—to protect the occupants—and to protect other cars—is today's most successful dealer.

He knows that automobiles upon the highway need safety appliances even more so than trains upon their smooth roads of steel.

When you wind in and out of traffic, speed around curves, travel strange roads, ride at night on highways that change from good to bad at an instant's notice, you absolutely need accessories that protect and guide you.

Nothing but the best will do in emergencies that confront car owners.

Bumpers must do more than "beautify" a car. They must give 100% protection. Cheap bumpers are costly when the bump comes.

Shock absorbers must do more than give riding comfort. They must be dependable when the severe "bound" comes.

Speedometers must tell the truth equally as well as you would expect a watch to keep time.

Windshield Cleaners must "clean" and not smear the windshield.

The millions of car owners are urged to realize that today's driving calls for better accessories and to co-operate with dealers who are working along this line.

You will find all the essential accessories under one name—"STEWART-WARNER"—a name that stands for SAFETY and RELIABILITY—that stands behind the dealer and for the car owner.

The automobile dealer who urges you to provide your car with Stewart-Warner accessories instead of cheap unreliable accessories, is preventing accidents and is worthy of every support that car owners can give him.

The Stewart-Warner Safety Group

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

SUCCESS IN RADIO, TOO—
Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio
The only *Matched-Unit* Radio. Instrument plus Tubes plus Reproducer plus Accessories all made to operate in perfect unison.
Models from $65 to $450
Tune in on the Safety Talks, by the Stewart-Warner Safety Council, W. B. B. M., Chicago

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

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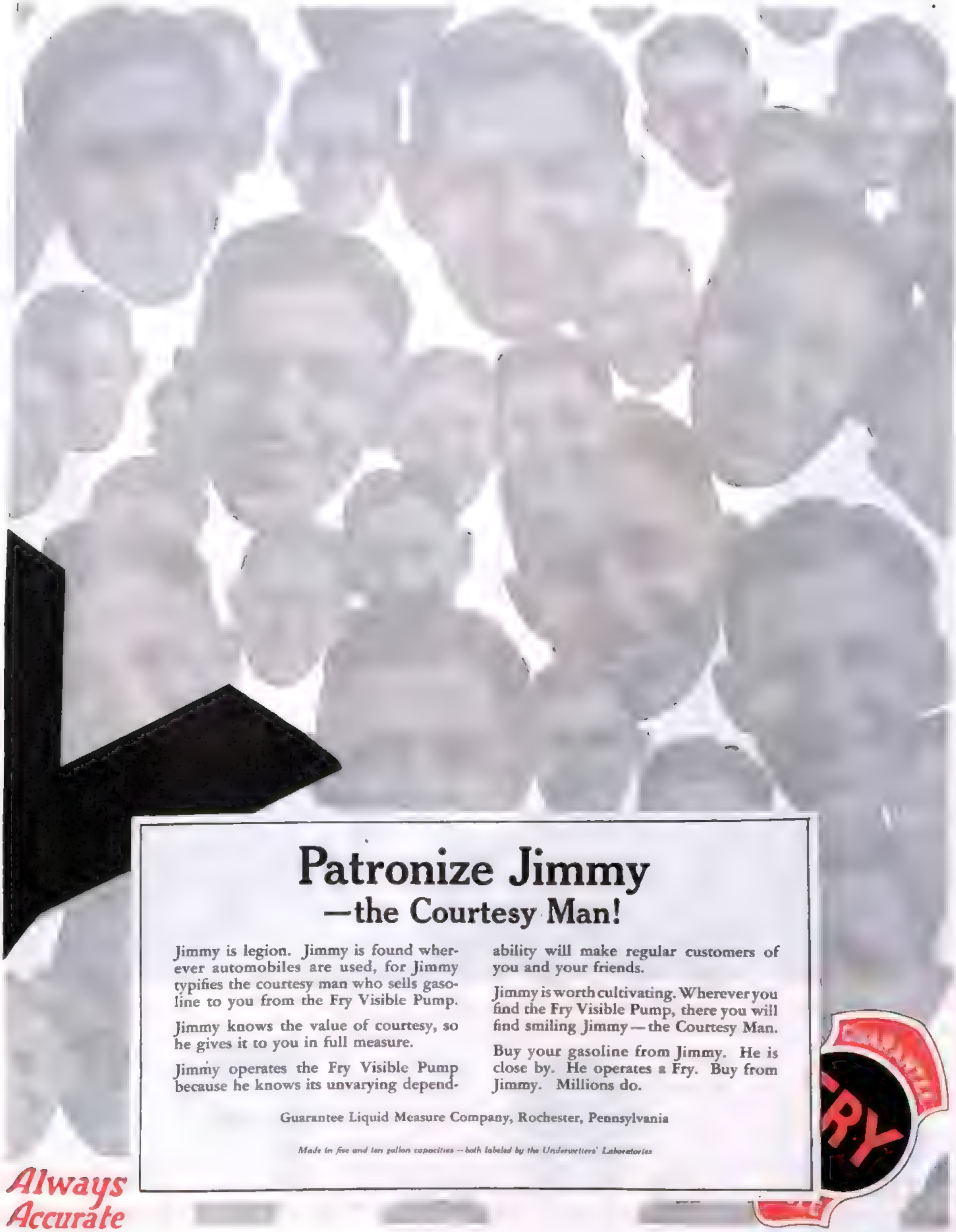

Patronize Jimmy
—the Courtesy Man!

Jimmy is legion. Jimmy is found wherever automobiles are used, for Jimmy typifies the courtesy man who sells gasoline to you from the Fry Visible Pump.

Jimmy knows the value of courtesy, so he gives it to you in full measure.

Jimmy operates the Fry Visible Pump because he knows its unvarying dependability will make regular customers of you and your friends.

Jimmy is worth cultivating. Wherever you find the Fry Visible Pump, there you will find smiling Jimmy—the Courtesy Man.

Buy your gasoline from Jimmy. He is close by. He operates a Fry. Buy from Jimmy. Millions do.

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company, Rochester, Pennsylvania

Made in five and ten gallon capacities—both labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories

Always Accurate

One hundred and forty-eight different automotive manufacturers seeking reliable and economical operation rely on AC products

Their acceptance of AC products is a good indication of their worth—and good advice for the owner to follow.

AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers—AC Air Cleaners—AC Oil Filters—are available through AC dealers everywhere.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

AC SPARK PLUG
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AC
SPARK PLUGS

THE new AC Spark Plug marks the greatest advance made in spark plug construction in years.

A new design, a new alloy for sparking points, a new electrically fused Kyanite insulator core and a new gaze—in a type and size for every motor.

For Fords there is the famous AC 1075, embodying the above improvements as well as many other special features—and it is now made in both one- and two-piece design.

AC
SPEEDOMETERS

THE AC Speedometer for Fords is of the same high quality as furnished for original factory equipment to the manufacturers of Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Gray, Hertz, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Peerless, Pontiac, and GMC Trucks

There is no swivel unit between the instrument and the instrument—it drives direct—exclusively an AC feature, insuring continuously satisfactory service.

Packed complete with all installation attachments, ready mounted and reasonably priced — $15.00 ($21.00 in Canada)

AC
AIR CLEANERS

THE AC Air Cleaner prevents dust from entering the motor through the air intake of the carburetor, thereby eliminating excessive wear on the motor's moving parts.

Original factory equipment on Buick, Dixie Locomobile Jr. 8, Hertz, Nash, Oakland, Stutz, Willys-Knight 6 and Yellow Cab Models available for installation on Chevrolet, Chrysler 4, Dodge Brothers, Ford, Maxwell, Oldsmobile, Star, Studebaker, as well as the 1925 and earlier models of Buick, Nash and Oakland

Packed complete with all installation attachments, ready mounted and ready to use, priced $5.00 to $7.00 ($8.00 to $10.00 in Canada)

(Continued from Page 58)

The answer was the soft closing of the door into the little hall and the silent, mysterious production of a brocaded and gold-braid bordered curtain loop. Only a gambling house, Stella thought, could have curtains heavy enough to need a garish band that weighed a pound. "Well?" she asked.

"She wore it, miss—wore it for a belt."

"Not hooked, Bloxham. Impossible."

"Hooked, miss, and it's only fourteen inches. I measured."

"So much for the belt, Bloxham. Now begin at the beginning and tell me what happened."

"The countess let herself in, miss. I was half asleep and I didn't meet her in the hall. Her door was open. She had dropped a bank note, miss. I picked it up. It was a hundred-pound note. I went to get a tray to hand it to her. I looked in. Her back was toward me. The flame-color dress, you remember, miss, has straps and is cut straight round the bust and behind. Sticking out, miss, all across the back was bank notes, miss, like passementerie trimming, only quite unregular, and she was all bulged out and round so as you could see as notes had been rammed in like as in handfuls. I wonder as she didn't split right down. She was wriggling and bent over and trying to undo the belt and saying things in some foreign language—swearing, I should say; but, thank God, I don't understand them outlandish tongues. I was that astounded, miss, I came near to dropping the note, but I held myself up and went and got the tray. As I turned, her dress wriggled right up with her writhings about, and as true as I live, miss, above the roll in her stocking more notes were sticking up."

"Go on, Bloxham. I hope you found the tray."

"Yes, miss. She was still in a turmoil when I came back. She says to me this morning, 'Bloxham, please when you speak to me, say "Gracious lady,"' and I says to her, 'Gracious lady, you dropped something,' and I holds out the tray. She whips round and grabs the tray. She flings it at the wall. You wouldn't believe the force in them arms, miss. Bits of plaster flew. The tray spun round and round on the hearth with an awful noise. I thought it was never going to die. 'Unhook me, you old fool.' That was what she said, miss, and me fifty-one years old and only here to please Her Ladyship."

"I am sorry, Bloxham. Remember she must have been in great pain."

"There is some things, miss, as is beyond making allowances for. She grabbed the bedpost. 'Put your foot against my side and pull,' she ordered, and I says, 'Yes, gracious lady.' The next thing, I was lying on the floor, the belt in my hand, and she standing in a heap of notes that had fell from inside her right up to the edge of her skirt. She was breathing too hard to talk. She stamped her foot and pointed. I says, 'Yes, gracious lady.' I gets up and turns on the hot water in her bathroom. She holds up her foot and I unfasten her slipper and she kicks it to the ceiling. She strips off everything like they was poisoned, and kicks 'em in a heap.

"'Take them away,' she says. 'I never want to see them again.' I said, 'Yes, gracious lady.' 'Take five pounds,' she says. She pointed at the money and goes in the bathroom and slams the door. I said, 'Yes, gracious lady,' and I does accordingly. I did not know if I was wanted again, so I stood still. I was holding the clothes and the bank note. I was just making a resolve to go when she came out. She looks at the note and at me. She picks up a slipper. 'I told you,' she said, 'to take everything—that too.' She flings it at me. She just misses my head. I picked up the slippers. 'Good night, gracious lady,' I says very respectful, but showing by my reserved manner what I thought of such doings. She says, 'Go to.' She said it in a foreign name, but I couldn't mistake her meaning. I said, 'Yes, gracious lady.' Then I came out and shut the door behind me."

"Were you hurt when you fell?" Stella asked.

"Yes, miss, thank you."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No, miss. It's just a bruise."

"Is Mrs. Benson in?"

"No, miss."

"Well, you need not wait for her."

"And leave you with all that money in there?"

"It is perfectly safe, Bloxham. Yes, you may go back home in the morning. I'll find somebody else."

"Thank you, miss. May I say something?" This was whispered after a frightened look around. "It's an international gang, miss, and she's the one that makes the getaway with the swag."

"Bloxham!"

"Oh, I've seen it many a time on them American films. You ain't safe—not even here, miss. The gang will be coming."

"If you believe that, Bloxham, you have been brave in staying. Now go—and go to sleep. There's no danger in your part of the hotel. Good night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. FLESYM

(Continued from Page 21)

of credit was answered by some interesting though scarcely germane remarks on the subject of Chinese emigration, remarks which developed suddenly into a hitherto unpublished historical anecdote. I quote word for word:

"'The Senate is a problem,' said Vice President Dawes.

"He smiled, lit his pipe and continued: 'Yes, the United States Senate reminds me of the story about the two Irishmen named Olaf and Ignatz.' FLESYM."

In the interests of psychic phenomena and contemporary history as well, I wish that at this point I might be able to confirm Flesym's assertions that the remarkable little story cited was actually told by the well-known statesman to whom it is attributed. Unhappily, I cannot. Mr. Flesym ignored all requests for confirmatory details, and a letter from the Vice President's secretary was as noncommittal as it was polite.

In this manner, and during two weeks, we tried our souls and our patience until one evening Melba remarked: "The time has come when we must force Mr. F. to understand that we will tolerate no more of his nonsense. He should be spoken to severely. What do we know about poor Uncle Hilbert's position at present? Anything at all may have happened. Suppose, for instance, some terrible old mahatma has thrown him into a trance; why, he might stay in that condition for years and then turn up just when everyone supposed he was dead. It would be terrible. You are a man, Jasper. Make Mr. Flesym understand that he must and shall give us news of your only surviving relative. For instance, first of all, it is our business to know whether or not he ever made a will."

"Uncle Hilbert never made a will," I said with the confidence born of certitude. "His attorneys informed me to that effect only last week."

"Then," said Melba, "it is even more important that we know the truth, ghastly as it may be. Think, Jasper! Perhaps by this time poor Uncle Hilbert may have been devoured by some wild beast of the jungle without ever a friendly hand to smooth his dying pillow. We must know and at once. I shall speak to Mr. Flesym myself."

With this introduction she began a few apt remarks, which doubtless were heard by our invisible friend, for my right hand began to quiver in the accustomed fashion.

"What has happened to Uncle Hilbert?" demanded Melba in conclusion. "He is in India. Go to India, Mr. Flesym, and come back immediately and tell us."

After a slight pause, during which Mr. Flesym presumably made the round trip, the pencil responded as follows:

When I demonstrate the yoga-yoga-yoga,
When I start to show the population how,
In my turban and my toga-toga-toga,
I'm a riot, I'm a knock-out, I'm a wow!
Sweet mamma!

"We're in touch with India at last," whispered Melba. "Just read that first line. Now we must keep right after him till he tells us all. . . . Mr. Flesym, what has happened to Uncle Hilbert? We don't want any more shilly-shallying. What has happened to Uncle Hilbert?"

Once more the hand trembled, this time with a violence which communicated itself to my entire frame. Then in rapid swoops and curves, and with an utter lack of interior punctuation, it dashed off the remarkable statement reproduced word for word below:

"You will meet but you will miss him there will be a vacant chair he was eaten by a tiger in a jungle over there over there over there and he won't come back for it's over over there rah rah rah rah rah rah rah rah rah T I G E R."

III

TO BOTH Melba and myself this unlooked-for revelation came as a great shock. Yet when once more in a spirit of comparative calm, I am sure we should have questioned the veracity of this news so impishly stated had not Flesym rendered assurance doubly sure by the addition of numerous intimate details; details which he could not have recounted had he not, in some mysterious manner, been cognizant of the facts.

A watch charm which I had given Uncle Hilbert on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday Mr. Flesym described accurately and stated that it would be found at the foot of a palm tree three yards from Uncle Hilbert's last appearance on earth. His account of the contents of Uncle Hilbert's right hip pocket seemed no less beyond suspicion. But conviction was forced home when at Melba's request he jotted down Uncle Hilbert's last words.

Anyone who had ever listened to Uncle Hilbert during one of the old gentleman's irritated or vivacious moments would have recognized the style in an instant. I shall not try to reproduce Uncle Hilbert's final apostrophe to the tiger. After reading the first three lines, Melba closed her eyes and tore up the sheets as fast as they were written. For myself, though without any great sympathy for the lower animals, I recall at the moment feeling glad that, in all probability, the tiger did not understand English.

But though possessed of the moral conviction that Uncle Hilbert had passed to what we charitably hoped might be a better world, we were utterly without tangible proofs.

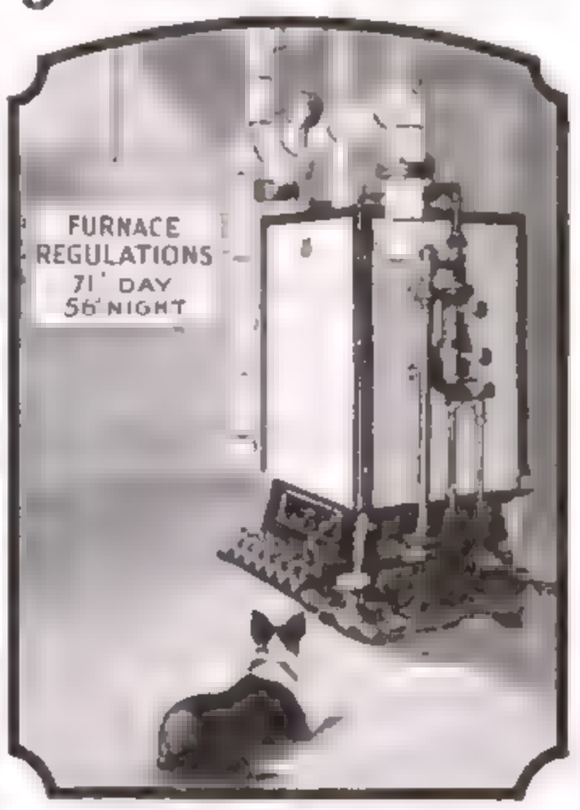
"When we inherit Uncle Hilbert's fortune," Melba would say, "we will make a tour of the globe and then stop off at India and erect a suitable monument where Uncle Hilbert breathed his last."

"Yes," would be my invariable reply, "if only we can locate the spot."

For on this all-important point Mr. Flesym refused to give us the least information. His idea of a reply to the question which absorbed us was to produce three tightly written pages on the League of Nations, or perhaps a series of helpful truths, beginning:

"Practice makes perfect and there is nothing like continuous effort for strengthening

The Gas Company will heat your home



—and the pup can be your furnace man

Don't keep up an endurance contest with the coal pile and ash heap, when you can make your heating so utterly automatic and convenient that it will actually require never a glance at your heating plant for weeks at a time.

Gas at the prices now offered for house heating in most communities—when burned in a plant designed solely for the purpose, is well within reach of most home owners.

BRYANT GAS HEATING

A Bryant does away with the greatest single source of trials and tribulations in housekeeping—fuel supply and furnace tending.

Write for booklet of gas heating information—or, 'phone your local Bryant office if there is one listed in your telephone directory.

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG CO.
17853 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O.
Branches in 21 Principal Cities

—for Hot Water, Steam, Vapor and Warm Air Heating Systems

the will and arriving at the stage of self-control where man becomes his own master."

Though I had suggested to Uncle Hilbert's attorneys that an investigation seemed in order, since I feared our relative had met with some misfortune, they preferred to take the matter lightly, saying that three or four months without mail was no proof of decease, particularly in the case of a person so notoriously well able to take care of himself as Uncle Hilbert.

But what rendered our position not only embarrassing but even painful was the fact that in our first natural reaction to Uncle Hilbert's sad fate we had indulged in several little things which we could not afford. In addition, I had taken a step which, though logical enough, had aggravated the situation. For a long time work at the office had been distasteful to me, as I had needed more time to devote to my stamp collection and general reading. Moreover, it had occurred to me that very shortly I should be obliged to devote many long hours to the checking and inventorying of Uncle Hilbert's estate. Moved by these various reasons, I had resigned my post in the state civil service.

"Something must be done," said Melba. "We cannot continue paying Ingeborg unless a substitute is found for your salary. In fact, from the present we shall have to buy very, very closely from the grocer and butcher. Now I have a plan. Since Mr. Flesym has given evidence of knowing much that remains hidden from mankind in general, why should we not take advantage of his friendship? I mean, why should we not—providing we can be sure it will turn out well—speculate?"

The same idea had struck me, for on at least two occasions our invisible guide and friend had displayed an uncanny knowledge of the future. I quote an example which, I recall, came as a bolt from the blue in answer to a request for the name and address of Uncle Hilbert's last hotel:

"Tuesday we told you we had something pretty sweet for anybody who was willing to go out with a market basket to bring home the grands. The wise boys got aboard and today everybody knows that in the fifth, Polly Tee gave a lot of sick-looking jocks a mud bath in the stretch. Well, we have another little melon on ice and customers who already have more money than they know what to do with had better stay out, because this dope comes straight from one of our boys who has been sleeping in the feed box and who got the info from the high panjandrum himself."

Although I have never attended any professional sporting event of any variety, I have always, and with great attention, perused the pages of the daily journals which deal with these matters. I had no difficulty in recognizing in this paragraph a reference to a horse race. A slight investigation revealed not only the fact that such a horse as Polly Tee existed, but that this identical animal had actually won a fifth race in the fashion described. And though the announcement had arrived after the race rather than before, its wording made clear the fact that Mr. Flesym had previously proclaimed the victory to some other searcher or searchers of the unknown.

But even this, convincing as it might seem, was overshadowed by a second prediction. A local boxing match between Young Kid Servias and an Unk McGrane had divided the experts of the sporting pages

"Which will win?" was my question.

Mr. Flesym answered unequivocally, "The Kid has got his number and will win by a mile."

Two days later a referee's decision confirmed this daring prediction and thereby determined us as to our course of action.

"We have a little more than two thousand dollars," said Melba. "That means there is no use buying outright with the idea of a modest 7 or 8 per cent. We must ask Mr. Flesym for a speculation which will largely increase our capital and which at the same time will be absolutely safe."

We spent much time in considering possible buys. Melba favored a company promoting perfumes guaranteed to withstand and combat the effects of perspiration. The value of this stock was guaranteed to increase 100 per cent in six months. For my part I preferred a proposition which had been laid before me by a clean-cut young college man who had become a bond salesman. He represented the De Luxe Horse Car Company, an association formed to manufacture rolling stock for the transport of race horses from one part of the country to another. He pointed out most convincingly the tremendous renaissance of horse racing, and proved the necessity of more and better cars for the convenience and safety of the contestants. In conclusion he added that the company was about to be reorganized and that stock purchased within a week would shortly double or even triple in value, and would always be marketable.

We decided to let Mr. Flesym choose between the two possibilities. The question was laid before him squarely, and after a few preliminary remarks on the necessity which every citizen should feel of going to the polls on election day, he concluded as follows:

"Any man who invested a hundred dollars in the automobile industry in 1897 is now independently wealthy.

"The De Luxe Horse Car Company now offers this chance to you.

"My name is your guaranty.

"FLESYM."

I shall not attempt to describe the days which followed our investment. Morning and evening and at noon we scanned the financial sections of the daily papers, awaiting the jump in value of our stock as predicted by the salesman and Mr. Flesym and so confidently expected by ourselves.

It was a week later that word came, and it was confined to a simple paragraph.

"The De Luxe Horse Car Company," said the Express, "has gone into the hands of a receiver. Liabilities, $127,624.00; assets, $13.13."

IV

DURING the days that followed our loss, the air, if I may be allowed a figurative expression, was charged with static. Displaying that inconsequence peculiar to women, Melba held me entirely responsible for all that had happened; though I must repeat that the investment had been made with her entire consent and approval.

But bitter as her feeling was for me, it was as nothing when compared with her

(Continued on Page 106)

Easy writes the hand that writes with Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" — an extraordinary five cent pencil!

5¢

6¢ a dozen
Higher on the Pacific Coast
1 foot for a yankee
in 5 minutes

Write for Sample

Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils — enclose five cents—and we will send you a full-length sample pencil.

Made in the U. S. A. by
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Pencil Dept. 8-J
Jersey City, New Jersey

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

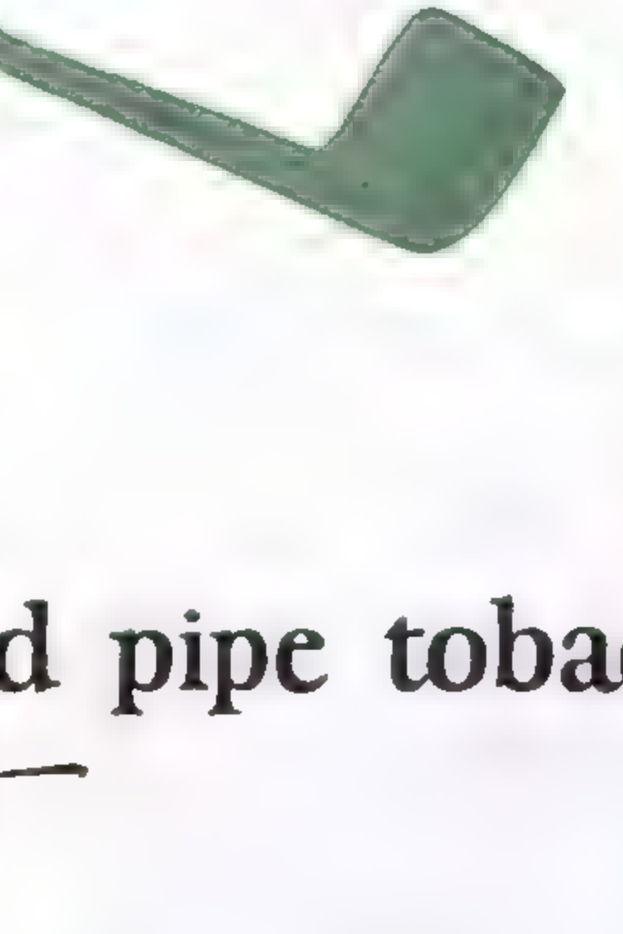
© 1926

Avalon Bay, Santa Catalina Island, California

"I love the fragrance of good pipe tobacco"

Julian Hoyt

It's good and fragrant— *and always*



Quality created the demand— Demand made possible the price

NOW 12¢

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

FIVE AFTER SHAVING COMFORTS IN 4 SECONDS FROM 9 DROPS

You haven't tried after-shaving COMFORT *until you try this new way*

YOUR much-shaved face has yet to reach new heights of all-day comfort, if you haven't tried Aqua Velva.

Aqua Velva is kinder to the skin than powders ever can be. Powders dry up the natural moisture of the skin—that's what they're made for—Aqua Velva conserves it. And this moisture is the one way of keeping your skin smooth and supple, not only after the shave, but all day long.

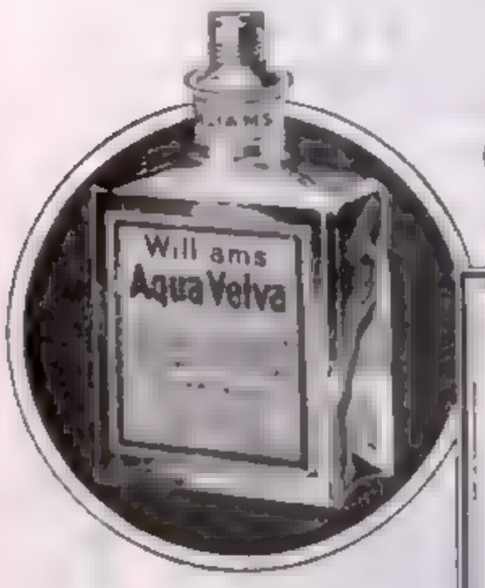
These 5 comforts for your skin

After every shave dash a few drops of Aqua Velva on your face if you'd learn these 5 after-shaving comforts:

1. It gives the skin a tonic, invigorating tingle.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards from sun, wind and cold.
5. It conserves needed moisture in the skin (*powders absorb this and leave the skin dry*). Aqua Velva keeps the skin as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Aqua Velva costs 50c for large 5-ounce bottle (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

We think you will want the after-shaving joy of Aqua Velva too. We will send you a generous trial bottle without cost to you. Send the coupon below or use a postcard.



Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Free trial offer

SEND COUPON BELOW

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 44-B
Glastonbury, Conn.
(Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal)
Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

(Continued from Page 104)

changed sentiments in regard to Mr. Flesym. One night she insisted that I put myself in a receptive condition, and as soon as the well-known tremors began to agitate my writing hand she raised her voice and spoke, telling our invisible friend exactly what she thought of him. I can only add that though this opinion was not couched in the phraseology used by Uncle Hilbert in his last words to the tiger, it was, in its own way, fully as vigorous.

Evidently Mr. Flesym heard and understood, for the hand abruptly ceased its writing efforts and remained immobile upon the blank sheet of paper.

One evening, some nights later, when about to retire I said in a low voice, for I was not sure whether or no my wife were awake, "Melba."

"Yes, Jasper," was the immediate response.

"Melba," I continued, "I have been thinking."

"What an extraordinary coincidence!" was her reply. "Because that is just what I have been doing myself."

"I have been thinking," I said, "that while we wait for some definite news of Uncle Hilbert's demise perhaps it may be my duty to search for some gainful employment."

She sat up suddenly. "Jasper, that was my idea exactly. When will you start?"

The next morning found me on my quest. For the time being the civil service was, of course, impossible; and as for office work in general, there seemed to be an overcrowding of applicants. Thus in the end, after some days of fruitless efforts in an endeavor to sell a patent piano tuner, I accepted a position in one of the local coal and lumber yards.

The work was hard, but it had one advantage—the constant muscular effort kept me from brooding over our misfortune.

Shortly after, in an effort to straighten out our household budget, Melba accepted a position as assistant secretary of the local charities board, and, seemingly as a result of this employment, became noticeably of better cheer. As for Uncle Hilbert, little by little he dropped out of our daily preoccupations and it was by chance that we ever mentioned his name.

Eight weeks had passed when, one morning, I was called from my truck to the office. I entered, wiping my hands. What was my surprise to see standing beside the stove none other than Uncle Hilbert himself, and obviously in the flesh. The spectacle stunned me; but if its effect on me was noticeable, I seemed an equal cause of astonishment to Uncle Hilbert. Indeed, he was visibly embarrassed, and cleared his throat in frantic but vain efforts to speak.

"Uncle Hilbert!" was my introductory remark.

"Well, well, Jasper!" he responded with a painful effort at bonhomie. "Well, well, who would have thought it? Jasper, I am beginning to feel that maybe we are relatives after all." While I stood silent his expression changed. He grinned sheepishly and with an effort to dig me in the ribs resumed: "Well, well, Jasper, no fool like an old fool, eh? I've been and went and done it—and at my age too. Met her in India; neat little widow with a family. That's why I didn't write. Thought I'd break the news personally. You've got four little cousins, Jasper, ready-made; and they're sitting out there in the car at this blessed minute. Come out and meet 'em, Jasper, and shake hands with your new aunt."

I stood there speechless. At this his old jeering expression returned.

"But what happened? Were you turned out of your easy-chair by an act of legislature or did the governor call out the militia?"

"Uncle Hilbert," I said, regarding him sternly in the eye, for his attitude revolted me, "I have no explanations to make. I am working here because I wish to work here. Let that suffice. As for the house which you were kind enough to loan us, please accept the sincerest thanks of Melba and myself. It will be vacated and ready for your use tomorrow noon. And if you will, be good enough to convey to your wife that at present I am not in a position to greet her. I must postpone that pleasure until I have finished loading my truck."

With this I turned abruptly and strode out of the office. But as I went I knew, though unable to state how or why, that Uncle Hilbert remained motionless, his eyes fixed on my back, his mouth open, and his whole visage expressing a petrified stupefaction.

THERE was a little scene that noon when I told Melba the strange news. She protested; but days of loading trucks had given me a force of character of which, until then, I had been hardly aware.

"We have wasted too much time," I said, "waiting to step into Uncle Hilbert's property. From now on we are going to accumulate some of our own, and Uncle Hilbert be darned. Get track of a flat that suits you; I have an afternoon off and I'm going to start the packing."

There were protestations, but I had spoken, and after a short pouting period Melba adapted herself to the situation.

What remains to be told can be expressed in but a few words. Strangely enough, my new attitude toward Uncle Hilbert has rendered him actually solicitous on our behalf. Though I have flatly refused to accept any financial aid whatever, I have reason to believe that, unknown to myself, he has purchased an interest in the coal and lumber yard where I am employed. At any rate, though not unmerited, my promotions have been unusually rapid.

There remains only the mystery of Mr. Flesym. A friend to whom I told the story and who during his college days had specialized in psychology, attempted the following explanation:

"You have a subconscious mind," he remarked, after looking over the various messages which I had preserved. "But don't let that worry you. Everybody else has one too. That subconscious mind is the cellar where everything you've ever seen or heard or experienced is stored up for future use. For instance, you are a newspaper reader. Now then, what is this stuff that Flesym wrote? Mostly nothing but a lot of newspaper paragraphs that you'd read and thought you'd forgotten. And here they are, reproducing a little bit of everything from the editorial page to the Sunday Song Supplement. Sure! As for automatic writing, that's old stuff; read any standard psychology and see for yourself. Predictions? There weren't any real predictions except when you predicted what you wanted to believe yourself."

"Do you mean," I asked, horrified, "that I wished Uncle Hilbert to pass into a better world so that I might inherit his property?"

"Sure thing," he said. "Didn't you?"

I did not reply directly; I feared I might lose my temper.

"But how," I asked, "do you account for Mr. Flesym?"

"In the first place, he never signed himself 'Mr.' That was your own little improvement. In the second place, the subconscious has a trick of reversing things. Spell that name from right to left instead of from left to right. Spell it that way and weep."

I may add that this alleged explanation has never satisfied me in the least, and I regard the composition of the name as no more than a striking coincidence. Moreover, I should like some skeptic to explain the following occurrence whose recent date renders it fresh in my mind:

The night had seemed unusually long. At four A.M., pencil in hand, I seated myself before the table in the hospital, and closing my eyes, concentrated for a moment on the mysterious Mr. Flesym. Then, opening them, I stared fixedly into the corner of the room and demanded in a clear voice, "Which?"

Without the slightest hesitation the hand wrote, "A boy."

It was.

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SAVES COAL

THE HUNDRED ACRES

(Continued from Page 13)

There were hardly half a dozen magnolia trees along the avenue of that name, but the camphor, rubber and live-oak trees were much bigger than in his time, walling the street with green leafage on both sides; and there were a good many new houses, decidedly more pretentious than the regulation story-and-a-half or two-story packing cases that he remembered. Number 718 was new, on the corner—gray stucco with a long sloping roof that came out over the glass-cased porch. He walked round the corner. The door of the garage stood open, exhibiting a shiny new inclosed car.

So that was the way Hurd had been living, with everything a reasonable man could ask! A ghost of the miserable years he had gone through came up to him and constricted his heart with sharp self-pity. He was suddenly stung by his shabby clothes, broken shoes and greasy hat. A bum whom the maid would hardly let into that house back there! He swallowed; self-pitying tears almost came into his eyes. And the mean shrimp wouldn't give him car fare if he could help it! This real-estate boom was just a windfall anyhow. He was really as much entitled to a share in it as Hurd was.

Returning, he had to cross Main Street in order to reach the King Alfred. Here was the corner where he and Ned Hurd used to lodge, over Jim Harris' drug store. The dingy frame building was gone now, replaced by a fine four-story affair of pressed brick, with Harris' City Pharmacy still on the ground floor. He strolled past the corner to cross the broad cement sidewalk of Main Street, along which at this early evening hour an idling throng of tourists drifted, while others perched on the green benches at the outer side of the walk.

Beckwith glanced up the street. There was Jim Harris standing at the door of the pharmacy—one of the three old acquaintances whom he had so far encountered face to face and shaken hands with. A man was standing beside the druggist. At sight of Beckwith, Harris clapped a hand on this man's arm and sang out "Hello, Alf! Come here!" at the same time starting toward him. It occurred to Beckwith that Harris and this man had been watching for him in the crowd. He had told nobody except Hurd that he was staying at the King Alfred.

Then Harris was introducing him: "Shake hands with Mr. Loftus, Alf—Mr. Beckwith, Mr. Loftus."

The stranger stood soldierly and smiling—six feet, with the trim figure of an athlete, in a blue suit with little white stripes that seemed just to have come off a tailor's dummy, glossy shoes, and a slim glossy walking stick. There was a pink flower at his buttonhole; but Beckwith would have guessed his age at fifty.

"I've been looking for you, Mr. Beckwith," he said with engaging forthrightness. "Can we have a little talk? My office is on the next corner."

The office, one of a suite, was furnished with a mahogany desk and an Oriental rug. The sign on the anteroom door said Martindale-Loftus-McGraw Syndicate, and Beckwith knew what that name meant, for he had seen it on some whole-page newspaper advertisements and read it in the news columns. That was why there had been something familiar about the name even when Jim Harris introduced him. Obviously Loftus had been looking for him, and somehow had got track of his former relations with the druggist. He comprehended that Loftus was going to make him some kind of offer about that land. This handsome office was odorous of money. These people dealt in millions. As he realized that, a clutch and bound of the heart persisted; also there was a subtle, hungry hardening of the nerves.

After a few preliminary words Mr. Loftus was asking him, with that genial forthrightness, about the deed he had put on record that morning. And Beckwith was explaining it very coolly.

"Hurd and I were partners here. He bought me out. All he could raise in money was five hundred dollars. Finally I agreed to take that land for two thousand dollars. I didn't think it was worth much then, but it was all I could get. Fact is, you see, I forgot to put the deed on record—just neglected it. I got mixed up over in Mexico. There was a report I was killed. Seems Hurd thought it was true and he needn't bother about me any more. But I had the deed back in Los Angeles, so finally I got it and put it on record. That's all there is to it. It's a good deed. The notary public that acknowledged it is still here." The words came readily, smoothly, without a catch.

Loftus gave an amused little smile as he replied, "I know the deed is good. I've looked up the notary."

Two minutes later Beckwith heard him mentioning two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But what was far more wonderful, he heard himself replying soberly that it wasn't enough; he'd take two hundred and seventy-five thousand. That also seemed to amuse Loftus. He touched the end of his neatly waxed, military-looking red mustache, and considered a moment.

Then: "Very well. We'll take it at that." And still twinkling genially, "You understand there's likely to be a row about the title. We'll deposit the earnest money in the bank until our lawyer's satisfied about that."

Strangely at his ease, Beckwith laughed. "That's all right. Only I've struck some hard sledding lately. I want some cash to live on."

Loftus dismissed it with a light, "Oh, certainly, there'll be no trouble about that."

A little later he had taken pen and paper and was drawing a brief agreement, which he studied over carefully, touching his mustache, before handing it to Beckwith. Alf signed it and left the office with a check for five thousand dollars in his pocket.

Down on the sidewalk they shook hands, Loftus still genial and amused, swinging his polished stick jauntily as he walked away with springy steps. It came to Beckwith that five thousand dollars was mere chicken feed to him. That was what it meant to be in the swim!

Beckwith himself turned away from Main Street, and trudged toward the King Alfred Hotel. He didn't in the least mind the King Alfred now; in fact, he was hardly conscious of it. Of course he had been aware, ever since the morning's talk with Hurd, that he could claim all the land if he wanted to; his deed was valid; Hurd hadn't a scrap of evidence. But he had thought of that rather as a trump card against Hurd. Then, in the meeting with Loftus, his mental landscape suddenly changed, like the shifting of scenery in a theater, and what followed had fairly happened of itself. In a word, he meant to keep it all. With a single motion he simply pushed Hurd over the precipice, out of sight.

He had no time to think of Hurd now, but was absorbed in the vista that opened before him. Two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars! He had been so starved for years. Dreams full of hungry appetites swarmed in his head like honey bees. He dropped down on a broken green bench in front of the warehouse below the King Alfred Hotel. The graceful shape of a girl tripped by; the bright lights and holiday crowd of Main Street were only a minute's walk away. But he had no inclination toward present satisfaction. He wanted only to sit and wonder at his luck.

Meanwhile a glum conference was going on in the living room of No. 718 Magnolia Avenue. Hurd and his wife had held their breaths a little over the price of this new house—thirty thousand dollars. But they could afford a good house now, and the old

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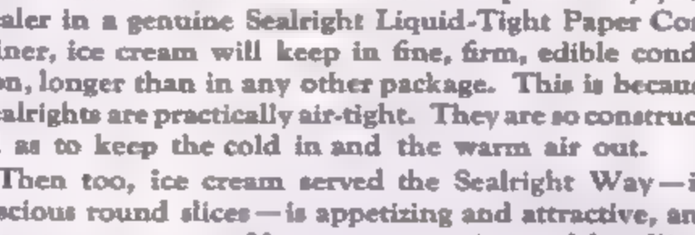

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bungalow on Pine Street had brought fifteen thousand dollars. "You've been inking the hole in your sock ever since we were married," Hurd had said to his wife. "Cut loose now and furnish this house to suit you."

Mostly the nine years since stubborn Hurd bought out his restless partner for five hundred dollars in cash and a contingent promise of two thousand dollars more within two years had been an uphill pull—the much-encumbered little soft-drink factory laboring like a water-logged craft in an unfriendly sea. Presently Hurd had induced Metzler, over in Tampa, to put in some capital, and the going had become somewhat easier. But never any margin. As fast as a dollar of profit blossomed there was an eager hand outstretched to pick it.

That hundred acres of wild land, in the hot still pine woods up by Decimal, was a sentiment but not an asset that any bank would recognize. Two children came, filling the little bungalow in Pine Street to the brim. Orawine began to develop a bit of speed. Hurd could draw a full breath, and even step into the office of John Thorpe, president of the Sunport National Bank, without misgivings. Then there was talk of a new bridge and boulevard; and almost out of a clear sky Hurd was offered ten thousand dollars for that hundred acres. It was a temptation; but he was not so pinched nowadays, and refused the offer.

A year later he was offered one hundred thousand dollars; but they were actually building the bridge then. Now that bridge and boulevard were built, and the boom was full-fledged, it was just a wild scramble for land up there. Taut as a fisherman with the first tarpon of the season on his hook, Hurd had angled—to get all he could for his land, yet not overstay the market. In particular there were two rival syndicates—Martindale-Loftus-McGraw and Butz & Langley. Finally Hurd had closed with Butz & Langley for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—fifty thousand dollars down to bind the bargain, and two hundred thousand dollars in sixty days, when the deed passed.

He was rich! He bought Metzler's Orawine stock, let the contract for an addition to the plant, and purchased this new house. There was a third child now—only a boneless, vacant-faced pink bundle, but requiring a nurse and house room. "Cut loose," Hurd had said; "furnish the house to suit yourself." Picking out new pretty things for it had been a thrilling adventure. But this evening the bills weighed dismally on Mrs. Edward Hurd's mind.

The baby was only three months old. There was a soft maternal fullness in Mrs. Hurd's figure, and in her soft brown eyes a world of troubled speculation. Only fifty thousand dollars had been paid down; but the other two hundred thousand dollars had seemed as good as in the bank. Hurd, impatient to get on, had borrowed against it in order to buy Metzler's stock and the house, and for the addition to the factory. Thinking how much they owed—now that this thunderbolt of the old deed had been launched upon them—rather dazed her.

Hurd showed many little signs of mental disorder—staring into the empty grate, abruptly twisting in his chair, needlessly adjusting his glasses.

After a moment's pause he broke the heavy silence by repeating, "I've looked high and low for it. It was just an ordinary longhand letter, you know. I didn't attach much importance to it. I hadn't a doubt in the world that Alf would send on the deed. I didn't know, really, that the land was worth the fee for recording the deed let alone two thousand dollars. Getting the land back was half sentiment, anyhow. My father had it. I didn't really pay any attention to the letter, you see."

He rubbed his puckered brows restlessly. "It seems to me—way off in the fog, you know—that I did something with it; put it by somewhere." His voice fell. "But that was seven years ago. I can't really remember. We've moved from the old office into the new one since then—got new desks. And now we've moved out of the old house." He turned to his wife anxiously and with some suggestion of an accusation. "You're sure you didn't bring it away in anything?"

He had asked that before. Of course an important document having been lost—a document which might, possibly, have been in the house—she would be more or less under suspicion.

She answered patiently but firmly, "Why, Ned, I've told you before. The only papers and letters that I brought away from the house were in the old yellow suitcase. I burned some things, some old letters and papers; but I looked them all over. I don't believe there was an old letter from Alf Beckwith or I would have noticed it."

Hurd had to say, stupidly, "Probably you burned it."

The third conferee was Hurd's father-in-law, James Westover. His round gold-bowed spectacles seemed to shine benevolently, and there was something sympathetic in his manner of holding his head a little to one side as he listened. But he sat in his chair with a sort of judicial erectness, and to Hurd his voice sounded uncommonly dry and contained.

"There it is, Ned. As it stands, you haven't a scrap of evidence. You can say that he agreed to hand back the deed any time in two years for two thousand dollars; that he wrote you a letter accepting the money you had put in the bank and saying he'd mail you the deed as soon as he got to Los Angeles. Of course the man's a rascal. He'll swear that isn't so. And he's got a valid deed to the land. If you had his letter accepting the two thousand dollars, no doubt you could win the case. Without his letter I don't believe you can. You best compromise with him. A thug with a pistol at your head—you give him your watch and money and save your life."

"I suppose so," Hurd muttered, and choked. "The dog!"

"Tough," Westover commented. "But rather than face a lawsuit and the chance of being tripped up on cross-examination, he'll probably take fifty thousand or less. Better give it to him, I should say."

"I suppose so," Hurd repeated gloomily.

In obedience to that brutal necessity, next morning, he looked up the address of the King Alfred Hotel—which he did not remember ever to have seen or heard of before Beckwith pronounced the name. Loathing the errand, he willfully attended to some matters at the office before setting out, dragging himself by the scruff of the neck.

So this was the joint, next the railroad and over a fruit-packing house! He climbed the dim and narrow stairs to a small office where there were half a dozen well-worn cane-seated chairs and a little desk with the landlord behind it. And Beckwith in front of the desk, handing over a bank note.

Beckwith saw a man step in, and once more the two ex-partners confronted each other. Outwardly they were the same as on the day before—the lean one neat and span, the heavy one in rumpled clothes, a grease spot on his slouch hat. But inwardly what a difference!

Beckwith had just returned from the bank. There was a roll of bills in his trousers pocket, and a check book in his coat pocket good for anything up to five thousand dollars, less the cash he had drawn. He was paying his bill so as to move at once to a decent hotel. Then he was going out to buy some right clothes. The five thousand dollars was only a sample of the flood to come. Inwardly, then, he was like the prince in the play who has just tossed off the shabby cloak and disclosed his rank; at a snap of his fingers an army would spring forth.

He mentally towered above Hurd as he inquired coolly, "Want to see me?"

"Yes," said Hurd, as though he begrudged the expenditure of that much breath.

Like one dealing with a needy supplicant in careless good nature, Beckwith replied, "All right. Wait here a couple of minutes till I pack my bag."

Struggling with his temper and eating his wrath, Hurd sat in one of the cane-seated office chairs. The two minutes stretched out to ten. Then Beckwith, cheap suitcase in hand, called to him from the hall door, "All right."

Blood surging in his brain, Hurd followed the bulky figure down the narrow stairs. Out on the cement sidewalk Beckwith halted, still holding his bag. A broken green bench stood against the cement-block wall of the building, but he did not even offer to sit down on that. No one was near them at the moment.

"What is it?" he asked, much as one speaks to a tramp who has hailed him on the street. Ever since his eyes fell upon Hurd up in the office a primordial instinct had been setting him on to strike his enemy down and trample him into the dirt.

The fingers of Hurd's lax right hand were trembling. He swallowed and looked down, not wishing the other to see his eyes, and made a great effort: "I want to talk to you about that deed, Alf. Come over to the office."

The enemy was down, and with a lust of victory Beckwith trampled him. "I got nothing to talk about. Nothing for anybody to talk about. The deed's there. The land's mine. I've got to get a room in another hotel now and buy me some different clothes. I got nothing to say to you."

And he walked away deliberately, suitcase in hand. His manner was cool, but there was a primitive heat and rush in his blood. Vengeful phrases danced in his head: "The stingy shark! Let him play that on his ukulele! He was going to do me, but I'll do him! I'll teach him to blackguard me!"

Hurd stood in his tracks, shaking and glaring after the retreating form. A moment later he was dragging himself over to Main Street and up the stairs to James Westover's law office. The stenographer noticed that he was pale and moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue when he asked for his father-in-law.

In the private office he dropped absently into a chair and said at once, with some effort, "The dog means to keep it. He won't even talk to me." He was suffering, and added rather plaintively, as though he were being deprived of a right, "I ought to kill him. I would kill him if it wasn't for Nell and the children." But a minute later he pulled himself up out of that brainless vortex. "One thing's sure; I'll fight him as long as I've got breath left in my body."

II

HURD'S bill praying that his deed to Beckwith be set aside furnished the town with a major sensation. The defendant was represented by the attorneys for the Martindale-Loftus-McGraw Syndicate. Everyone knew that Butz & Langley had contracted with Hurd to buy the land, paying fifty thousand dollars down, and that Martindale-Loftus-McGraw held an option from Beckwith—a fight of heavyweights.

But lawsuits progress with glacial slowness, and Sunport could not long hang on one sensation. Time soon came when hardly anybody except those directly interested mentioned Hurd versus Beckwith.

And Alf Beckwith was examining the set of his new white flannel trousers and blue coat. The very decent hotel to which he moved from the King Alfred had held him only a week. He was now established on the eighth floor of the new million-dollar Hotel Royal. Nowadays, it seemed, nearly everything worth mentioning in Sunport was new and million dollar. The gray rug on the floor looked like velvet; the apple-green bed had flowers painted on it; so had the bureau and dressing table; fixtures in the tile bathroom shone in white and silver; the large closet contained seven new suits of clothes; the bureau drawers were amply stocked with haberdashery.

A tall mirror with two leaves surmounted the dressing table, and in that Alf surveyed himself. Too much belly, of course. His face was still very red, but lotions recommended by the hotel's head barber had toned down the bricky look, and the manicurist had labored on his hands. He examined the polished nails with approval.

He had the feeling of having awakened from a long, long sleep—a long nightmare, rather. Even before that youthful venture with Ned Hurd in the soft-drink business—even before he first came to Sunport as the young salesman of a patent smudging device to protect citrus groves from frost—something like this had lain possessively in his mind; it was coming to him, as his due.

In their Orawine enterprise it had been decided as a matter of course that he was to be the salesman of the firm, while lean, laborious Hurd looked after the factory. Naturally he would have been the salesman. He was only plump then, with a ready chuckle and a ready story. That had been what he was like before they rode him and trampled him year after year in Mexico.

But sunshine had brought him back. It wasn't only the two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for his land. Almost from the first he and Wes Loftus had discovered a kinship. He'd got on well, too, with Colonel Martindale and Tom McGraw; so he was practically a member of the syndicate. That is, they had agreed orally that when this lawsuit was out of the way and the title settled, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the purchase price of his land should be invested with them. In a couple of years, the way those birds piled up the profits, that would be a million. He had a great hunger for it.

Settling a yachting cap on his head, he laid a light overcoat on his arm and walked into the corridor, holding up his chin, moving with assurance. Yet in a queer sort of way the Alf Beckwith who had sneaked into town like a tramp so short a while ago was down below, lost in wonder but not obliterated. Across from the hotel a curving path led through the shrubbery of a public park and came out at a sea wall. The yacht harbor, inclosed by a breakwater, was in front of him, and beyond that a blue and placid sea twinkled in the sun. A new yacht, white as a bride, lay at the third pier down. Several men and women already lounged in the bright-cushioned wicker chairs under an awning at the stern, where a speckless brass railing glistened. They hailed Beckwith familiarly as he stepped aboard.

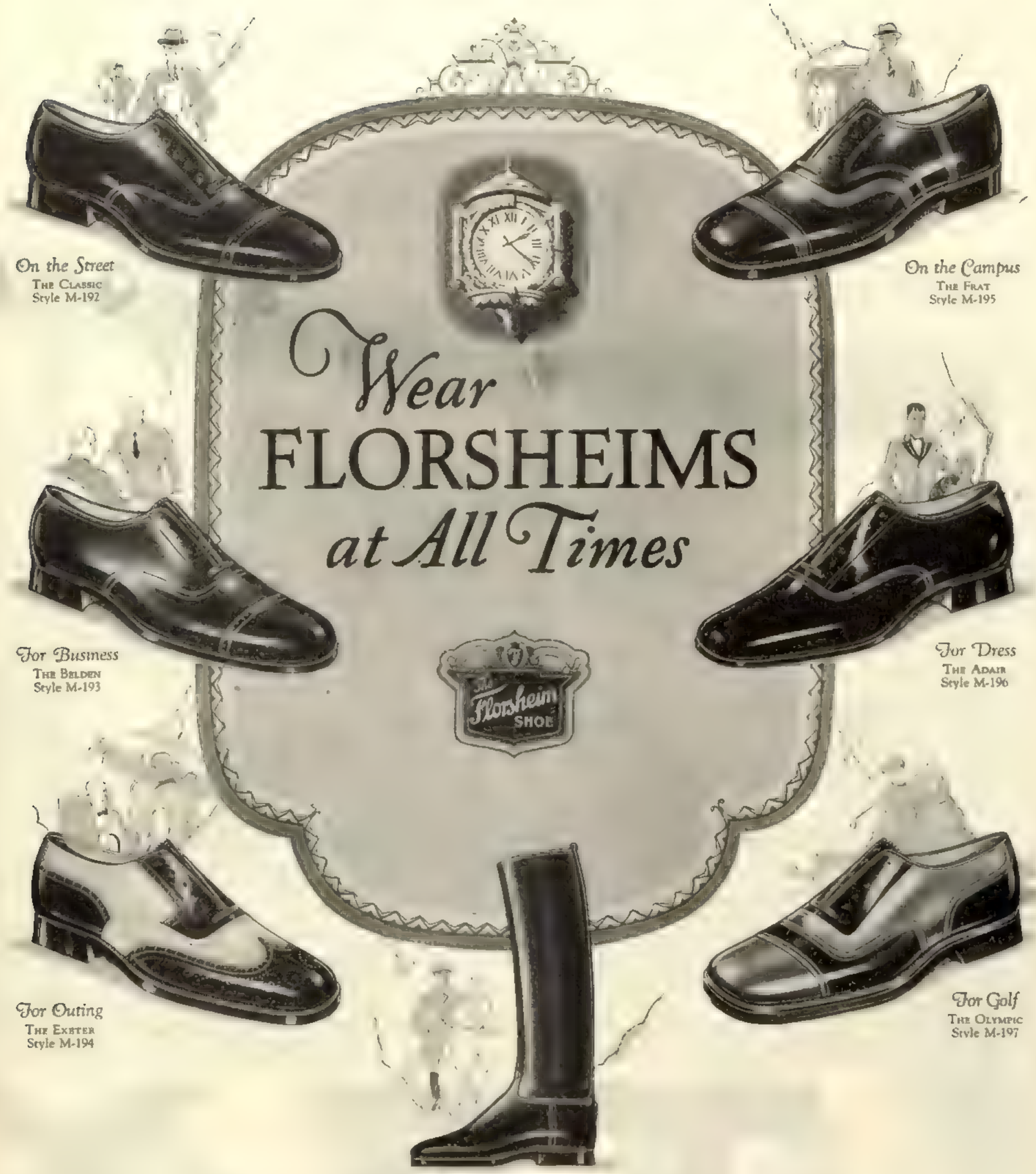
This was Colonel Martindale's new boat. Bigger and costlier private yachts visited here. Alf had been aboard one such. But this craft brought the water into his mouth. It was just right—not so big that nobody but a billionaire could afford to run it, but with plenty of room for a jolly little party, and everything about it from tip to tip dead swell. To possess a boat like this, sailing the sea at will, entertaining your friends! It was like owning the earth. Of course it would take some time; these things ate up money like the devil; but he meant to have just such a yacht of his own.

He took the vacant chair beside Mrs. Martindale, wife of the owner. Sympathetic imagination might evoke girlish grace or even beauty out of the débris of age and fat which had overwhelmed her; and she still had fine dark eyes that every now and then glanced toward her husband, who stood at the rail beside Mrs. Claire Tobin.

Colonel Martindale was by no means handsome, being slight in figure and washed-out blond in complexion. Yet he bore the trade-mark of a mysterious gravitational force. Never under any circumstances was he ignored; when he spoke people paid attention; his wishes seemed to weigh more than other people's wishes. There was something in his gray eye. It was a roving eye, perhaps a gambler's eye.

Mrs. Wesley Loftus was in Europe this winter; so, besides the Martindales, Loftus and Claire Tobin, the party included jolly Miss Fletcher and young Mr. and Mrs. Buford, from New York. Seven of them were, or seemed to be, advantaged people, quite used to yachts and the like; yet the eighth, who had been little better than a tramp so short a time ago, was not ill at ease.

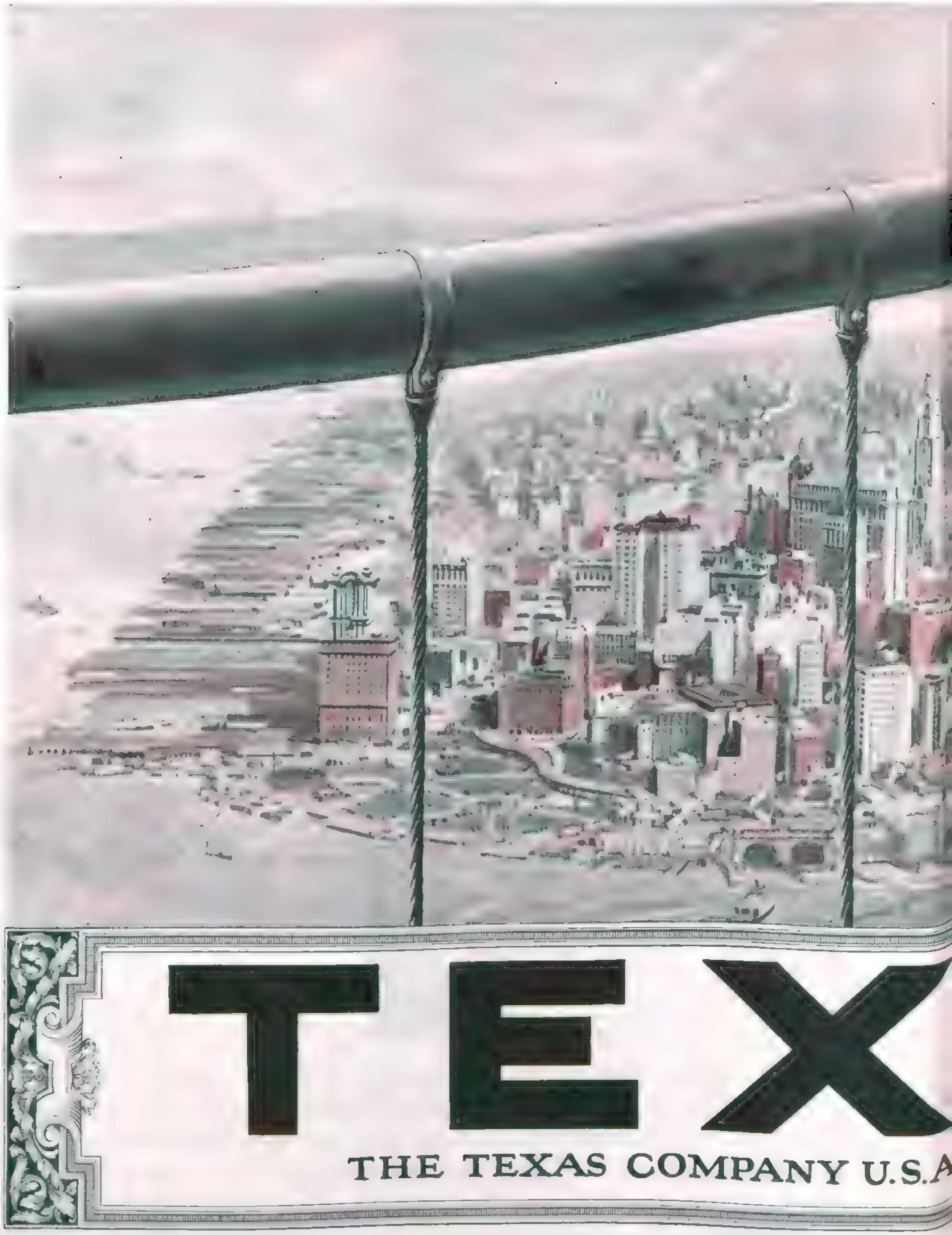
(Continued on Page 115)

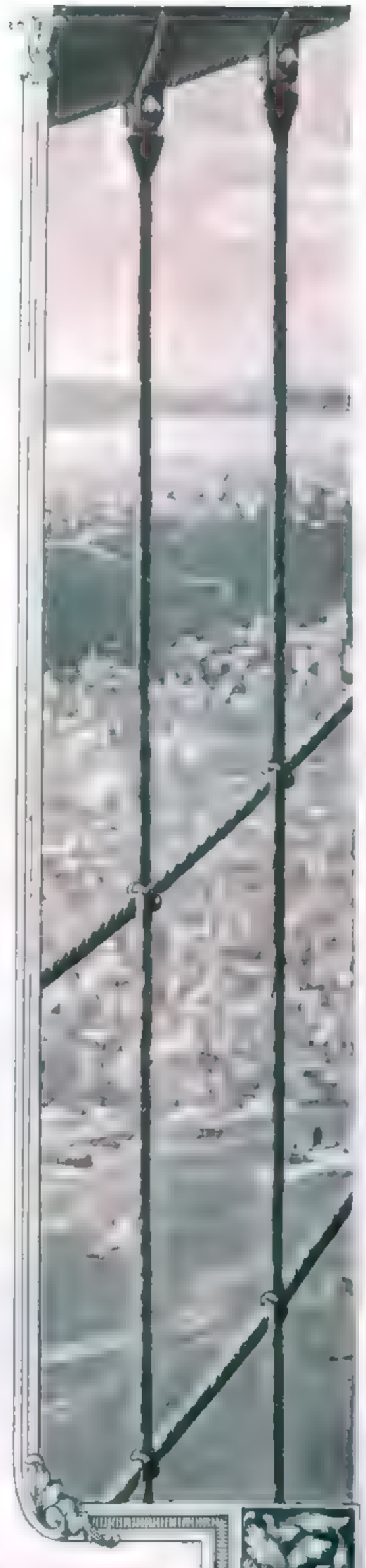


To be well dressed, have the right Florsheim style for the occasion–a suitable shoe for business and street wear –a smart sport shoe–a refined patent low shoe for dress.

Most styles ten dollars · Look for name in shoe · Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Manufacturers* CHICAGO


TEX
THE TEXAS COMPANY U.S.A



The Strength of an Ideal

Anchored in bed-rock, behind twin towers of Supply and Demand, the corded cables of Quality support the Texaco highway—a dominant landmark of international commerce.

Quality is no single strand; it is wrought of many, in multiples of strengths.

Quality in Texaco petroleum products is a fabric built up of physical equipment and moral intent; of ample resources and sincere ideals; tests and experience; study and energy; complex organization and human understanding; machinery and personnel; wells, pipe-lines, refineries, terminals, ships, cars, trucks and tanks.

There is no Texaco product—not one of the hundreds of Texaco engine oils, railway lubricants, signal oils; nor the road asphalts and the Texaco lubricants for the wheels of industry—of which the twenty thousand Texaco employees are less than proud. There is no Texaco product that is not steadily and deservedly increasing in acceptance by its valued patrons.

And one emblem everywhere identifies and guarantees this Texaco Quality; the Texaco Red Star and Green T.

Texaco Motor Oil

Clean, clear, golden in its perfection of purity, Texaco Motor Oil gives the highest lubricating value at all temperatures and pressures—*and no hard carbon.* The name TEXACO is the guarantee; the clear, golden TEXACO color, your protection.

Texaco Gasoline

Devoid of mystery, and asking no premiums in price for superior performance, Texaco, the volatile gasoline, gives you a well-rounded, more powerful fuel that starts easily, picks up quickly and accelerates to the maximum without flooding.

In addition to these two internationally favored Texaco motor products, The Texas Company manufactures hundreds of other petroleum products, no less well known among specialized groups of consumers.

Texaco Industrial Lubricants, from the lightest spindle oil to Texaco Crater Compound for the heaviest gearing, are everywhere easing the load of friction. The Red Star and Green T of Texaco marks them all. *Texaco Marine Lubricants*, for every shipboard purpose, are used throughout the world.

TEXACO

Texaco Railway Lubricants are accepted by the country's leading railroads as the highest in quality and efficiency. *Texaco Asphalts and Road Oils* have won a place second to none in paving the streets and surfacing the roads of America. 1,600 cities and towns in every range of climate have durable Texaco Asphalt pavements.

TEXACO

Texaco Petroleum Products

"What do you think of those Kelly-Springfields, Joe?"

"To tell you the truth, Ed, I don't think of them at all. They came on the car and they've never been off the rims. Tire trouble is one thing I don't have to worry about."

(Continued from Page 110)

Sunshine had brought back the old Alf who was a good mixer, good at telling stories, with a ready emollient chuckle. Nor had he permanently lost the old knack of salesmanship.

For example, he made it a special point to be attentive to Mrs. Martindale because that would help his pull with the head of the syndicate. In only a minute he had her laughing heartily at a droll yarn. Colonel Martindale, at the rail, looked around and smiled approval.

Claire Tobin also looked around, her parted lips showing beautifully even milk-white teeth. She was half a head taller than stumpy Colonel Martindale. The movements of her body conveyed a suggestion of firm elastic muscles. She had blue eyes and abundant pale-yellow hair. When she looked at him Alf became self-conscious. If he found himself near her, with no one at hand to mar the spell, an odd embarrassment settled upon him. He understood, with no details, that she was divorced, and moved in distinguished social circles in New York; or maybe it was Philadelphia or Washington.

No doubt Wes Loftus could have told him more; but he had an odd shyness about asking questions concerning her. Yet he had no possessive intentions toward her and was not unhappy about it. She was a star out of his sphere. In a few weeks she would be floating back to the Vanderbilts, or whoever her fellow celestials were. No doubt he would never see her again. If there was any pain in that thought it was only a diffused poetic feeling that had its own compensation.

They sailed south over a blue mirror that was broken into white only in their wake, under an immensely high blue sky in which buzzards and man-o'-war birds wheeled. There was always the low green line of mainland or a key, tufted with feathery palm tops.

Once they followed a tortuous channel between jungle-banked keys, and that was like navigating a crooked river.

Their objective was San Marlo Key, and a shore dinner at the little sun-faded hotel there. It was quite dark when they finally made fast to the long frail pier that stretched far into the shallow water from the shore of the key—dark, but wonderfully starry.

As they sat at dinner on the screened veranda of the hotel a vast blood-red moon rose in the east—slowly and portentously, like a scene in the original act of creation. A dark frieze of tree tops etched against the glowing surface seemed to slip down like a curtain, disclosing more and more of the orb, until the whole round red world swam above the horizon and struck out a ruddy path across the sea. As though that were a signal, the little waves on the sand beach began breaking in phosphorescent lines of silver.

"Yes; it's pretty as a picture," Beckwith replied to Mrs. Tobin—and felt foolish, in spite of the fortification of several cocktails.

After dinner, for a few minutes, he walked along the dusk beach with her. Silver waves broke on the sand with faint murmurs. A fish of white fire leaped high, shedding diamonds. They went hardly twenty rods. Coming back, the tide had made a tiny bay in their path.

"Come on; we'll jump it," she said, and caught his hand.

He ran two steps with her and jumped. On the other side she stood holding his hand, looking into his face and laughing, her cheeks pale as marble in the light of the moon, which had now climbed miles high and turned from red to silver. He laughed also, unconvincingly, and went back to the pier with his nerves in a jangle. It seemed as though she had stepped down to the earth.

It was midnight when they nosed into the slip at Sunport. They were all very jolly, even Mrs. Martindale. At parting, Alf held Mrs. Tobin's hand a second. He walked across the park to the hotel, tall as a tree and strong as a rock, the world his footstool. He had never been so tall and strong before.

III

ALFRED BECKWITH'S swift rise in the social scale had been observed with especial interest by Milton Stowe, once the Orawine Company's bookkeeper. That was back in the days of the frame shed, when the company's clerical department consisted of himself and a stenographer. Since then Stowe's progress had been in the opposite direction. Periodical inebriety and a growing independability had finally caused his discharge from the little soft-drink factory—about two years and a half after Alf Beckwith sold out and departed for California. Nowadays he was a just-tolerated hanger-on at a real-estate-and-insurance office, where he earned small sums as commissions from time to time. An occasional postal money order from a married daughter in Tennessee made an important item in his budget.

But his conversation at the long oilcloth-covered dining table in Mrs. McArdle's boarding house blossomed with such casual remarks as "I was telling John Thorpe only a week ago" or "Nels Butz was saying to me this afternoon"—from which it would appear that he was in the confidence of the leading men of the town. It seemed, also, that he had been the first man to think of most of the improvements at Sunport.

The boarders were mainly single men—a mechanic in a garage, a salesman in a grocery, and so on. The greater part of them, it appeared, were migratory, going North somewhere or other in the summer. They held different opinions of Milton Stowe. All agreed that he was a good deal of a liar, but they disagreed as to how much he lied.

With some of them he put himself on more intimate terms—now and then of an evening when it was obvious that he had taken too many drinks. Then, in a corner of the veranda, with an unpleasant excitement in his voice, he disclosed secret and scandalous episodes in the lives of persons of local note, particularly women. A critical listener might wonder how these hidden facts had come to the knowledge of an untidy, red-nosed old man. At such times bursts of horselike laughter would be heard from that corner. Obviously the old man was a carrion crow. Sometimes a boarder had reason to suspect—or even red-handed proof—that Stowe was possessed by the crow's impudent inquisitiveness when it came to prying into letters, and the like, that did not belong to him.

He talked a great deal, did Milton Stowe. He told a great many things, mostly untrue. Yet he knew well enough when to hold his tongue. With a crow's inquisitiveness, he could be very secretive. Like every other literate person he had read about Hurd versus Beckwith. He had even gone over to the courthouse and examined the papers. Having once been employed by Hurd and Beckwith, he might have found a fruitful source of conversation in this famous lawsuit; but he never opened his head on the subject. He was no lawyer, yet knew enough law for his purpose. And he was in no hurry, for it would be months before the lawsuit came to trial. Finally he made up his mind to act.

He was not nervous about it, for he had one element that was a tower of strength—that is, he was quite shameless, with no need to waste energy putting down qualms, as Beckwith had been obliged to do. He merely took the common-sense precaution of going to bed early and completely sober, so as to have a clear head.

Next morning the distinguished tile-and-mosaic lounge of the Hotel Royal received an elderly man whose short, thick-chested, somewhat bandy-legged figure was clothed in threadbare garments, and on whose noble head a discolored stiff straw hat sat at a rakish angle. His prominent nose was ruddy and his cheeks veinous, but his long thin horseshoe mustache had been trimmed the afternoon before. He approached the desk confidently, wrote "Milton Stowe" on a blank card, and inquired briskly, "Is Mr. Beckwith in?"

The caller's black-and-yellow four-in-hand tie, of imitation silk, had loosened a little, disclosing a tarnished collar button, which struck the clerk as comical; but he answered politely, "Mr. Beckwith went into the dining room a few minutes ago."

"I'll wait till he comes out," said the caller, and moved over to a black-and-orange chair that faced the dining room.

His eyes had a permanently blurred look, but he kept them steadily on the dining-room door. Coming out of that door, with the creature comfort of a good breakfast, Beckwith at once saw the old bookkeeper, and quickened his step. His hand went out.

"Well, Milt! How are you? I've been wondering about you; meant to look you up. How you been making it?" He was smiling, shaking the old man's hand, patting his shoulder.

"I'm pretty fair for an old man," said the bookkeeper. "You look as though the world was using you pretty well. I been thinking about you, too; got something I want to tell you if you can spare a few minutes."

His manner was faintly obsequious, and Beckwith, at the moment, would as soon have dreamed of mortal harm from that porcelain dog on the mantel as from this seedy old man.

"Sure! Sure!" he replied in genial encouragement. "Got all the time in the world. Suppose we go outside." Chin up, he led the way out of doors, where there were many comfortable chairs and, at this hour, few guests. They walked down the colonnade. "How'll this do?" Alf asked, indicating two chairs.

Milton Stowe silently made the comment, "He ain't stuck on himself any, is he?" But that lent zest to what he was about to do. He selected a cigar from the fine leather case which Alf proffered and waited until both weeds were alight. Then he said, quite cheerfully, "I've got a copy of a letter here that I'd like you to read."

The hand that offered it was a little dirty, and the shirt cuff was frayed. At ease, unsuspecting, Beckwith unfolded the three sheets of letter paper; then his heart stood still. Stowe had meticulously copied even the verbose letterhead of the hotel at Yuma. The original, Alf remembered, was printed in red ink. The date was December 7, 1916. Beckwith read:

"*Dear Ned:* Your letter was forwarded to me down here from Los Angeles.

"For exhibit A, it's all right about the deed to the 100 acres. I will send it on to the bank and take the money, thank you. But the deed is not here. It's with my things back in Los Angeles. It may be four or five weeks before I get back there. But it's all right. I'll send it on soon's I get hold of it.

"Here's a funny thing. You remember that peachy little Mrs. Orthy with blue eyes? I'm sure you do. I came back to the hotel yesterday, and she was in the elevator with a man that wasn't Orthy. Then, that same afternoon, your letter comes in. What do you make of that, Sherlock?

"No, there's no callouses on my thumbs from cutting coupons. That Millerburg stuff blew up. But I'm on track of something else now.

"The deed will come along all right. If you want to deed the land to somebody else before I get back to Los Angeles, go ahead. Good luck to you and remember me to everybody. ALF."

The last two sentences of this letter became only blurred hieroglyphics before Beckwith's eyes, conveying no meaning, and he sat gaping at the paper until Milt Stowe's voice sounded.

"I've got a kind of habit of picking up stray pieces of information. I knew Jenny Maxwell long before she married Orthy. What you wrote about her kind of interested me, so I stuck the letter in my pocket. Nobody else seemed to want it. I've got it now—in your handwriting." There was a

(Continued on Page 117)

Repeat 10 10 10

Neatness

10 10 10

A Bates Numbering Machine makes your forms, orders, tickets, etc., look neater and more business-like, besides saving time and eliminating error.

Wherever numbers are used, and that is wherever business is done, Bates Machines are at work. No store, office or factory is too small to use one Bates Machine—many of the bigger corporations use them by the hundreds and some by the thousands.

Bates Machines are sold by rubber stamp dealers and good stationers everywhere—mail the coupon for a descriptive circular.

THE BATES MANUFACTURING CO.
Established 1891 Orange, N. J.
New York Office, 20 Vesey St.

Triplicate 9 9 9 8 8 8

Duplicate 7 7 6 6

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BATES TELEPHONE INDEX

Saves precious time on the office desk and in the home

BATES AJAX EYELETER

Instantly, neatly and securely fastens together papers, materials, envelopes, etc.

Bates

COUPON

The Bates Mfg. Co., Orange, N. J.
Please send me information about
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☐ Bates Ajax Automatic and Hand Eyeleters

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S E P 4 17

Today

the world's most useful building wood—

Douglas Fir

—*with the Long-Bell Trade Mark*

Douglas Fir today has a greater variety of uses than any other wood.

From beautiful flooring to the heaviest construction, its qualities adapt this lumber product to a variety of uses in which texture, strength and beauty of grain often make exacting demands.

So important, in fact, is an intimate knowledge of Douglas Fir today that this complete statement is made.

These Varied Uses

In home building, Douglas Fir finds a fitting place as framing, rafters, joists, sills, flooring, siding, frames and interior trim . . . all the essential duties that lumber must perform in home construction.

For industrial construction Douglas Fir lumber and timbers are eminently satisfactory because of their strength. Timbers bearing the Long-Bell trade-mark may be had in lengths up to 80 feet and in any commercial size.

Modern Production Methods

Douglas Fir manufacturing methods have improved steadily over a period of years. Outstanding developments have been made in methods and processes in Long-Bell manufacturing plants at Longview, Wash., assuring unsurpassed quality and uniformity. Today well manufactured Douglas Fir lumber . . . *dry* lumber . . . is available to the builder, the most widely useful wood obtainable.

33 *Important Douglas Fir Points*

Here in readily understandable form are 33 *points* about Long-Bell trade-marked, kiln dried Douglas Fir which every builder or prospective builder should know:

1.—Douglas Fir varies in color and texture only with the age of the tree . . . a uniform species of commercial wood.

2.—Douglas Fir is unsurpassed in strength and elastic limit.

3.—It is light and easily placed in construction.

4.—Nails have great holding power in Douglas Fir.

5.—Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir timbers may be had in lengths up to 80 feet and of any commercial size.

6.—Long-Bell Douglas Fir lumber and timbers are straight and free from crooks or kinks.

7.—Straight dimension makes straight walls and level floors. Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir dimension stays straight, and flooring, ceiling and siding do not have to be forced to make tight joints.

High Percentage of Heart

8.—An average of 86 per cent of the pieces of Long-Bell Douglas Fir dimension and common boards are *all heart* and more than 78 per cent of the entire production is *all heart*.

9.—Douglas Fir of such *heart volume* is especially suited for exposure and in contact with the soil.

10.—Rift sawed or edge grain stock is most serviceable. The amount of edge grain stock produced in Douglas Fir is many times that obtainable in any other wood.

11.—Long-Bell forests contain a high percentage of large yellow Douglas Fir, which produces the softest fir finish of great *heart* content and beautiful grain effects.

The Best Kiln Drying Methods

12.—*Properly cured* Douglas Fir lumber is dependable in any construction.

13.—Long-Bell dry kilns at Longview, Wash., are of the latest design, having the largest capacity in the Pacific Northwest, and the kiln drying is scientifically controlled, which assures properly cured lumber.

14.—All growth and fibre stress are eliminated in this proper curing in Long-Bell dry kilns. There the resin in the wood liquefies, volatilizes and passes off in the curing, so that Long-Bell Douglas Fir lumber takes paint perfectly and retains it.

15.—Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir lumber is stacked flat, cured flat and stays flat.

16.—It is cured in classes, according to sizes and grades . . . one class to the kiln room . . . hence properly cured.

17.—In shipping, the car is properly prepared to protect lumber from injury, and closely stowed to avoid shifting.

The Advantage of Heart Wood

18.—Stepping, perfectly vertical and *all heart*, can be had ten inches and wider in Long-Bell Douglas Fir.

19.—*Heart* wood is matured wood, dependable and enduring. A greater percentage of *heart* wood is obtained in Douglas Fir lumber, than in any other wood.

20.—*Heart* framing, or flooring for porches, or *all heart* cornices or planch boards easily obtained from regular shipments of Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir.

21.—*All heart* picket fence rails or base boards from regular shipments of suitable sizes of Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir.

22.—The color and texture of Douglas Fir are uniform.

Important to Users of Lumber

23.—Special attention is given to improving methods of manufacture in the production of Long-Bell Douglas Fir.

24.—Devising and adopting the best processes, *in the interest of the user of lumber products*, give added reason for the superior quality of Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir.

25.—Douglas Fir timbers may be stacked solid for storage; being practically *all heart*, no harm results.

26.—Douglas Fir lumber is pleasing in appearance.

27.—Douglas Fir lumber is well adapted to use in silos, tanks, porch floors and in refrigeration.

28.—Reliable tests prove that Douglas Fir timbers have ample strength to meet any requirements of heavy mill construction.

29.—Douglas Fir flooring in Pueblo, Colo., withstood the ravages of the recent flood, although submerged to a depth of twelve feet with sediment and water, and when cleaned was in as good condition as when first laid.

30.—Douglas Fir is suitable for a greater variety of uses than any other wood.

31.—It produces structural timbers that have no equal in size or length.

32.—Douglas Fir is practically impervious to water, holds nails firmly, is strong, takes stain well in any shade or color, and combines beauty, utility and durability.

Unusual Strength for Weight

33.—"Douglas Fir has unusual strength for its weight," says an expert. "From the fine-grained, soft, old growth wood of the finished lumber, to the hard, tough wood of the structural timber, it is excelled in strength by no other softwood species."

Use Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir!

Long-Bell trade-marked California white pine lumber is regularly dependable in construction and for industrial uses.

All Long-Bell products have behind them an experience of *more than fifty years* as lumbermen . . . these products trade-marked to identify the highest standards in lumber production.

Long-Bell Trade Marked LUMBER

Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers; Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, Piling; Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers; Oak Flooring; California White Pine Lumber; Sash and Doors, Box Shooks.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company
R. A. Long Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.
Lumbermen Since 1875

KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 115)

pause, and again Stowe's voice sounded: "Hurd will give a lot of money for that letter."

Two guests, strolling down the colonnade at leisure, with after-breakfast cigars, took chairs not far away, both nodding at Beckwith. His head bobbed at them automatically.

"Let's go upstairs where we can talk," he said in a daze.

"All right," Stowe agreed with cool impudence; and they went upstairs.

In the elevator, with several other guests, Beckwith felt vaguely embarrassed by his shabby companion, wanted to apologize for him somehow; but that was only a byplay.

At first—when he began considering this adventure—he had been afraid of that letter. Hurd might have kept it; having it in his possession, he might defy the adventurer. All along, the letter had been his exposed flank.

Then it seemed the letter had disappeared and he felt perfectly assured. Now the letter stared him in the face. There was something like fate about that—leading him on only to betray him. A baffled feeling of having been tricked by destiny left him confused and impotent.

In the distinguished bedroom Stowe calmly seated himself and threw out a suggestion: "I could have gone to Hurd first, but I'd rather deal with you. That skinflint fired me."

In the confusion, that struck a responsive chord, and with some show of animation Beckwith answered, "He is a skinflint and a crook. If he'd treated me decently he wouldn't have had any trouble."

That might establish a bond between them, but there was a menacing look in Milton Stowe's dim eyes as he assented: "Sure! He's a hog. But I know what that land is worth, and what the letter is worth. Money talks."

"Sure; that's right," Alf answered. "I'll give you a fair deal, Milt. You needn't be afraid of that. But you can see how I'm fixed. Martindale-Loftus-McGraw have got an option on that land; but they won't pay me any money till the title's cleared up. Hurd has brought this suit to set aside the deed. That ties up the title. I can't get any money till the suit is out of the way. Of course, if Martindale-Loftus-McGraw knew about this letter I'd never get a nickel out of 'em. It's as much to your interest as it is to mine to lay low."

That sounded plausible, but the very frankness made Stowe suspicious. He eyed the younger man rather hostilely and retorted, "You've got some money out of 'em, all right."

"I got just exactly five thousand dollars," Beckwith replied. "I'm giving it to you straight, Milt. Just exactly five thousand dollars. And that's two-thirds gone. It's fact. I'm practically living on credit right now. You can see how it is yourself. I'm claiming some very valuable land—a lot of money, you understand. Public opinion counts for a good deal in a case like that. It's to my interest to live at a good hotel and wear decent clothes and act as though I was used to having money. That's why I insisted on having five thousand dollars cash. But if I keep my end up it'll all be gone in a little while."

He argued the point with earnest elaboration, like a needy debtor trying to propitiate a creditor.

Stowe studied him a moment and remarked bluntly, "I'll want one hundred thousand dollars."

Beckwith shook his head in sorrow rather than in anger, saying mildly, "That's too much, Milt. You must be reasonable. I'll give you fifty thousand dollars."

Stowe considered that, and made a terse rejoinder: "Write it down."

Again Beckwith shook his head. "No, no; no writing anything down in a case of this kind. That's the biggest mistake you could make. That's where the trouble comes in, nine times out of ten." He interrupted himself to ask anxiously, "You sure you've got that letter safe—where nobody will find it?"

"Safe as a silver dollar at the bottom of the sea," Stowe replied positively.

"Well, there you are," Beckwith argued. "If anybody gets hold of that letter we're both sunk; neither of us gets a copper. The more you write, the more risks you run. No writing things down in a case like this. But I'll give you a square deal, Milt. You can depend on that. It's all up to you really. If you peep to anybody we're sunk. If you sit tight you'll get yours."

Stowe's glance seemed somewhat malevolent, and he was frowning. He thought it over a moment and announced brusquely, "I want some money now."

Beckwith replied patiently, "Why, as I told you, Milt, I have no money to speak of, and I can't get any till this lawsuit is out of the way. I don't even know you've got that letter. You've showed me something in your own handwriting. But I don't really know you've got any letter of mine. You must be reasonable."

"I've got the letter all right. You know I've got it," Stowe asserted truculently; "and I know you've got some money. I've got only three dollars to my name. You can come across with something."

"I'll divide with you, Milt," said Beckwith, taking out his pocketbook. "There. You can see what I've got—two fifties, four twenties and some change. That's supposed to cover my living expenses the next two weeks at least. I'll divide with you. There. Take the two fifties. I'm going to be square with you, if you'll be square with me and give me a fair show to pull this thing off."

Deliberately, and with an air of reluctance, Stowe took up the two fifty-dollar bills and remarked coolly, "All right; if that's the best you can do today. I'm willing to give you all the show in the world to pull this thing off." He added significantly, "But I mean to get mine."

"Sure! Sure, Milt; you will," Beckwith assented heartily.

So Milton Stowe strolled out of the distinguished lounge of the Hotel Royal with a hundred dollars in his pocket. He could hardly remember when he had had that much money before, yet his mind bristled with truculence. "That lobster don't need to think he can soft-soap me! He's got to come across right. He was scared stiff—got no more guts than a rabbit! I'll show him a trick or two before I'm done with him. Huh! Guess the old man ain't a dead one yet, by a long shot. I'll show 'em all!" He consciously squared his shoulders.

Beckwith, up in the distinguished bedroom, remained seated where Stowe had left him. He knew that he had caved in, yet he was not more cowardly than most men. It was the baffling sense of fate in this affair, as though he had glimpsed a face that no man can withstand. He felt cold and heavy, as he had that morning at the railroad station.

That letter in the hands of Milt Stowe, an old bum! It was like being ruined by a rat. Now that the great shock was passing, he saw how it had happened. Sneaking old Milt had found the letter and kept it on account of the reference to a pretty young woman. Reading about the lawsuit, he had understood the importance of the letter. Alf could readily explain it, yet the fatelike stroke, coming out of the blue, had shaken him to the foundation.

Of course the old goat meant to bleed him white. A hundred thousand, he'd said; a hundred thousand to that dirty old soak! But he had no hundred thousand for anybody now. Two months ago that sum would have seemed a fortune; but now it was quite inadequate. He must have every cent of the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars which he had provisionally subscribed to the Martindale-Loftus-McGraw Syndicate. Nothing less would do.

Besides, the situation was full of dynamite. Boozy old Milt might blab. He might, at any moment, take it into his head to go to Hurd.

An invincible conviction grew upon him. At any cost he must get that letter. For that matter, he had seen plenty of men killed in Mexico. The sight made one sick at first, but one soon got used to it. Nothing like that would be necessary, however; only a punch and a shake. He must string the old man along and think up some scheme for getting him alone, in a favorable spot, with the letter in his possession.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Tetons, From Jenny Lake Road, in the Proposed Yellowstone Park Extension

The Sky-Blue Passport

With only the sky as the limit of its helpful, personal service to travelers in foreign lands.

Money is the greatest of all passports.

The American traveler is known by the color of his money.

If it is "sky-blue" and bears the name of the American Express Company across its face he is recognized instantly as one who knows how to travel; and is treated accordingly.

Thousands of Americans traveling in distant lands have been amazed at the seeming magic of the ***"sky-blue"***

American Express Travelers Cheques

But there is no magic about these simple ***"sky-blue"*** slips—just a hard, cold fact, plus a human sentiment.

The Fact is that these Cheques—backed by all the financial strength and world-wide reputation of the American Express Company—***protect the traveler's funds against loss or theft.***

The Sentiment is the Confidence the peoples of the earth have in these Cheques. They have tested them for 35 years, under all conditions, and found them ***Good.***

With its many offices and thousands of correspondents around the World, and with its experienced personal attention to travelers—the American Express Company puts an *individual* and a *special* value into its American Express Travelers Cheques.

Your personal signature, twice, upon these cheques, once when you purchase them, again when you spend them, insures the safety of the money you invest in them.

American Express Travelers Cheques are issued in bills of $10, $20, $50 and $100. They cost only 75c for $100 worth.

FOR SALE BY 22,000 BANKS AND EXPRESS OFFICES

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Buster and Tige

Broadcast From KMOX, Wave Length 280

Every Monday and Friday from 7 to 8 P. M.
Central Time

THE Brown Shoe Company offers these weekly radio hours for the entertainment of Buster Brown's millions of friends. Buster and Tige broadcast novel programs, and invite boys and girls to join the Buster Brown Radio Club of America.

Ask to join at stores that sell

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

For Boys—For Girls

Buster's Picture In Every Pair

The shoe illustrated is a child's Buster Brown Gunwood Calf Elf Strap with hazelwood calf appliqued trimming. There are larger sizes for misses, with medium heel, and girls' models with 1½ inch heels, up to size 7, all the same design.

Buster Brown Shoes are made over the famous Brown Shaping Lasts that safeguard the correct development of your children's feet.

Patronize the shoe and department stores that sell them.

Brown Shoe Company

ST. LOUIS *Manufacturers* U. S. A.

Also makers of Brownbilt Shoes for Men and for Women

Sixteen great specialty factories. Daily capacity 45,000 pairs

UNCONSCIOUS AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 25)

the grass. And she smiled no more at the children.

Jeanne, being a child, thought Gabrielle was pale because she had caught some strange malady. But she fooled the old miser in the end, for presently a whisper ran around the village: Gabrielle was with child, and it was not the child of the farmer, so she was packed off to a convent and the young man went to America. "And scandals like that were always arriving, for the reason that Nature is stronger than laws." So she and François had married without a dot, and that was one reason she liked America—the poor were not constrained by their parents; they could marry where they loved.

There was another reason, she explained to *la patronne* one day, leaning upon her broom, why she preferred America. Here one was not always thinking about money:

"When one has no money, mademoiselle, one is obliged to think about it; one can think of nothing else. But when one has it one can begin to think of other things; and in America one does not think so much about money where there is plenty of it as in the old country where it is not."

For example, the other day François forgot his umbrella—François at this time was working at the Ritz—and as he did not wish to spoil his good clothes, which had just been pressed, or to catch cold, he took a taxi. He rode right up to the door like a gentleman, and she, Jeanne, saw him spring out and tip the chauffeur like a man of affairs. Chic, eh? Of course he did not do a thing like that every day, but it showed he was not afraid to spend a little money.

And then there was the question of food. She, Jeanne, always bought the best of food, for which one must pay a good price. There were some people in her neighborhood, a noisy, gabbling suspicious lot who kept boarders and slept five and six to a room, and bought bad meat, rotten vegetables, decayed fruit—everything cheap, cheap. Their dirty, foul-smelling little flat housed over a dozen souls. Of a truth, it was like vermin under a stone.

"But perhaps they are poor?" suggested *la patronne*.

Cleanliness Next to Happiness

Jeanne sniffed. "Don't get that idea in your head! They have money. *Pas de danger! Beaucoup, même.* There's something else behind. One night François, to amuse himself, made a little addition just to see how much money went into that flat each week, and he arrived at a pretty little sum—more than a hundred dollars a week! *Pas mal, eh?* Enough to afford decent food if they wanted to, eh? But they're saving it. They're changing it into their own money to send back to Europe. Very good. But we also, François and I, are saving. We also hope to return to our native land. We also are turning our dollars into francs. But we will not eat bad meat or rotten vegetables or sleep four or five in a bed. For that is not respectable."

"The trouble with you is, Jeanne, that you're acquiring American standards," said *la patronne*. "These other foreigners don't mind congestion and dirt, bad food and bad smells. If they did they'd pay money to be quit of them; but they prefer to hoard their dollars."

"That is true; they are still in the pigsty stage; but we prefer to pay and be clean. For look, mademoiselle, life is hard. We pass this way but once, and why should we not take a little comfort without always thinking of these *malheureux sous?* So we buy good vegetables and good meat. My husband loves the porterhouse or a tender leg of lamb with garlic—*la vanille de Marseilles.* When he has need of an overcoat he buys a good one, and the same with shoes. And as for me, mademoiselle knows how I love the American commodities—gas, electricity, hot water, a bathtub, mademoiselle's percolator—all the little machines which render life supportable as one goes along. That is what I like about America—the poor can live in comfort as well as the rich."

Chef and Master of Ceremonies

With years of this thrifty but comfortable living Jeanne and François had amassed a tidy sum invested in French government bonds—enough to buy the *jolie petite maison* with a plat of ground and still have sufficient left in the bank to afford them a minute but steady income. The final weeks in America drew to a close, and one morning Jeanne, bringing in the letters, demanded:

"When will it suit mademoiselle to dine for the last time *chez nous?*"

This annual ceremony of dining was a sort of feudal rite, a breaking of bread to signify loyalty, friendliness and good will between the server and the served. These fêtes were naïvely formal, each side playing solemnly its rôle with great politeness and *savoir-faire.* Thus *la patronne,* dressed in her best, took a taxi instead of the plebeian street car; and Jeanne, on the lookout from her fourth-story window, cried, *"Voici la patronne, François!"* And François, cook for the occasion, and master of ceremonies, tore himself away from his savory casseroles and came forward, sleeves rolled back to the elbow and immaculate in a great white apron and chef's cap.

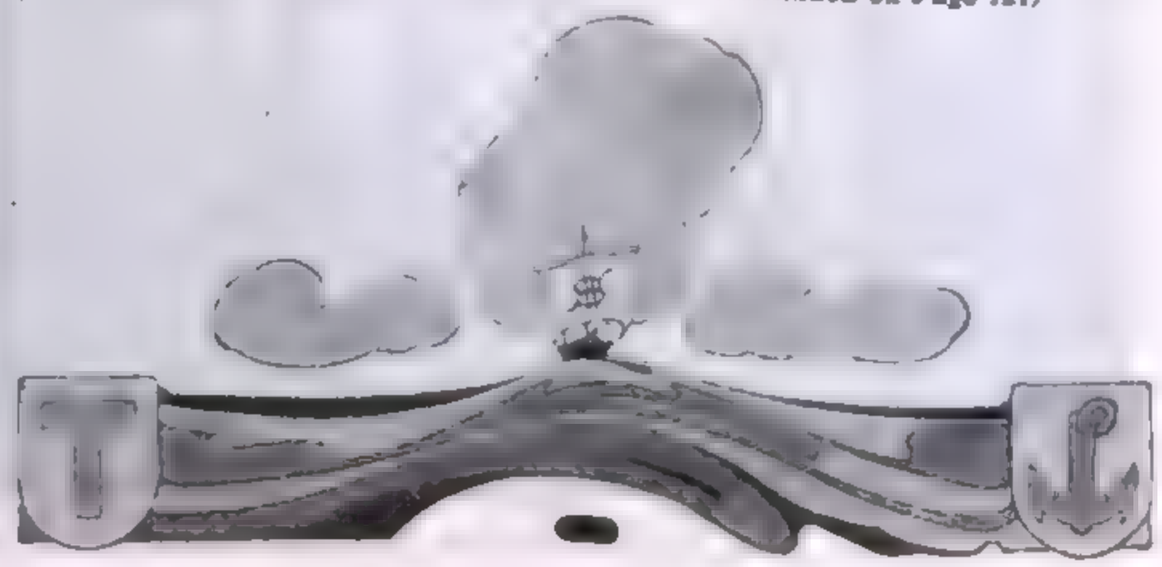
"Aha! Cordon bleu!" said *la patronne.*

"Non, non! Pas cordon bleu," protested François simply. "Just plain ordinary French *cuisinier.*"

First on the order of the day was an *aperitif,* served by the chef.

The dinner followed in courses, a delectable feast of Gallic dainties for which the entire French quarter had been ransacked. François, as man of the house, directed the conversation as he changed the plates. He conversed politely on politics, prohibition, and income tax, French bonds, the falling of the franc, and recounted stories of the Great War, when he was in upper Africa fighting the natives, and those devils would crawl on the sand like serpents through the outposts, knife in mouth, for a midnight sortie. He, François, had escaped with nothing worse than a slash on his right great toe. Not bad, eh, for a war of that size?

(Continued on Page 121)



ATWATER KENT RADIO

In the home of ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, *the well-known humorist, is the Model 20 Compact, with Model H Radio Speaker*

"It is just as magical as if Hermann, the Magician, pulled twenty orchestras, thirteen jazz bands, two complete Chautauquas and five grand opera companies out of one size 6¾ high hat."

—ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

A GREAT many persons feel the same way about the Model 20 Compact Receiving Set, but it took the author of "Pigs is Pigs" and many other blithe tales to put it into words.

Read the rest of Mr. Butler's letter:

"I can get Miami and Chicago so strong they peel the varnish off the piano or so soft they don't awaken our canary, and our canary is a light sleeper. This Compact does everything a radio set need do and it looks like a gentleman. It is at home in the parlor or the boudoir but it can sit in at a poker game without sprawling all over the place.

"Personally, I don't need such a small set; my house is big enough to lose a set as big as a grand piano; but this set does its job to perfection and I don't want any bigger set any more than I want a safety razor as big as a lawn-mower. Except my wife, my three daughters, my son, our dog, the canary, and my ankles, it is the neatest and prettiest thing we have in the house."

And the Butler home is only one of the hundreds of thousands where this beautiful (it looks like a jewel box), unobtrusive (it is only 6½ inches high), yet full-powered (it has five tubes) Receiving Set is giving as much happiness as it does to the Butler family.

It's just the instrument for your home, too. You'll agree with the whimsical Mr. Butler.

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	New York	WFI	Philadelphia
WEAR	Providence	WJAR	alternating
WEEI	Boston	WCAE	Pittsburgh
WCAP	Washington	WGR	Buffalo
WEAI	Cincinnati	WOC	Davenport
WCCO	Minn.-St. Paul	WTAG	Worcester
WEAR	Cleveland	KSD	St. Louis
WGN	Chicago	WWJ	Detroit

Write for illustrated booklet telling the story of Atwater Kent Radio.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, A. ATWATER KENT, PRESIDENT, 4703 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

—cleans thoroughly without electricity

Combining the convenience of a carpet sweeper with vacuum cleaner efficiency

GLIDE the wireless Vacuette easily over your floors, and it creates a steady, powerful suction that's irresistible to hidden dirt embedded in your rugs and carpets. And there's a fast-revolving bristle brush that snaps up threads, lint and any surface litter, without repeated "going over."

After a moment or two with the Vacuette you'll find the rich, renewed beauty of your floor coverings a supreme satisfaction to you. The dull, gritty look will be gone. In its place will be sparkling, immaculate cleanliness.

The non-electric Vacuette is wonderfully light, and easy to handle. There is no heavy motor, no connections or dragging cords. No noise either! *And yet it is wonderfully thorough in its work.*

To innumerable women whose homes have no electricity, the Vacuette means sure relief from cleaning drudgery. And in hundreds of thousands of wired homes this wireless machine provides a lighter, handier, quicker method of daily vacuum cleaning.

The wireless Vacuette has also found a place in many larger establishments. Hotels, office buildings and public institutions are using it as a supplement to their stationary vacuum systems. Some of them have abandoned their former cleaning methods entirely in favor of this newer, quicker and more modern method.

And the cost is amazingly low. Test the non-electric Vacuette thoroughly yourself and you'll be astounded to know that such a remarkable cleaner can be sold for so little. Easy terms, too. And no cost for current! Phone "Vacuette" in your town, or, write direct to us. A machine will be put in your home for a free trial, with absolutely no obligation to you.

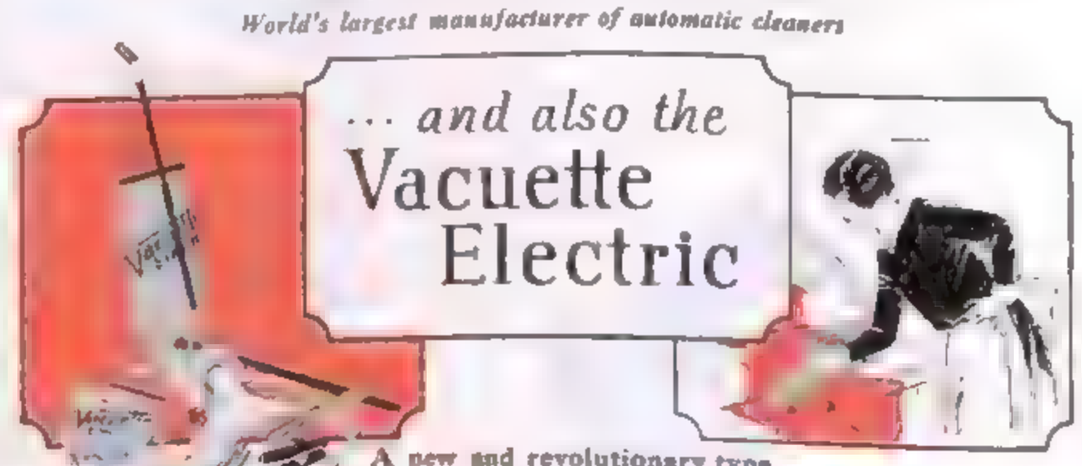
THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Toronto; London, England; Sydney, Australia

World's largest manufacturer of automatic cleaners

SALESMEN:

More housewives want to see the Vacuette than our present sales force can possibly reach. Vacuette—with both electric and non-electric cleaners—offers a wonderful money-making opportunity to salesmen who possess real initiative. If you're interested, write us.



A new and revolutionary type of vacuum cleaner that is actually two cleaners in one. You can quickly detach the long handle and snap on the convenient small one. This gives a light portable cleaner as well as a floor cleaner.

The Vacuette non-electric vacuum cleaner

(Continued from Page 118)

He touched the war lightly, but in truth it was a terrible interlude which had shot to pieces their little dream. For François, drafted in New York, was sent to Africa; and Jeanne, left alone, without letters for months, sickened from terror and despair and wept until her eyesight failed so she could not see to sew on black, only white; and the precious nest egg wasted away. But finally the long dark night was over; François returned, lean as a lath and black as a Moroccan, but with his old happy laugh, his old nonsensical kidding, declaring that now he was a *vrai homme du monde*, a cosmopolitan who knew three continents as the palm of his hand and could ask for a drink in each one; and immediately he found a fine job and the dream crept out of the shadows and became a reality again.

The final dinner was like the others, save that the toasts took on a deeper significance, for the dream, formless all these years, was about to put on flesh and be born. Its nearness frightened Jeanne. She declared to *la patronne* in an undertone that she was nervous as a cat in a thunderstorm.

"*Nous avons soupés en amérique!*" cried François gayly, stirring the coffee in his glass, which was to say that they had eaten their fill of America, were through with her, fed up.

"But America is very good," said Jeanne gently, with a placating smile to *la patronne* as if to say, "Do not mind him; he has a good heart."

"Oh, America is all right," replied François, condescending, "but France is much better." And he fell to comparing the two.

Dinner cleared away, the powers went into conference and the dream was brought out on the carpet for the last time, taken to pieces architecturally and each part examined and tapped to see if it was structurally sound. There were many aspects to consider, many details to polish off. First, what part of France should they choose—the *pays* of François or the *pays* of Jeanne? It was the ancient controversy; but François, after kidding Jeanne unmercifully about her paradise, settled the itinerary thus: First, they would visit his brother's *pays*, Normandie; then his own *pays*, Bourgogne; then they would drift down to Jeanne's *pays*, and if it came up to the prospectus they would invest in a château there. To which Jeanne assented with shining eyes and a whispered, "Did I not say he had a good heart?"

Time to Go Home

The second problem concerned itself with the locale of the dream house. Should it be in the city or the country? The vote was unanimous for the country. Third, should the house be old or new? This aspect was argued extensively. A new one would undoubtedly cost more; but on the other hand, those old French houses were dank and dark and so moldy that verily green salads grew on the walls. They were totally without conveniences and the expense of remodeling was so great that perhaps it would be better to buy or build a new house outright, make it light, airy and commodious and install American plumbing. For both were determined not to sink their present standard of living to primitive French habits, but boldly to inaugurate the comfortable American mode. Everybody knew, said François oracularly, that it was those dark old houses, sealed up like coffins, which gave the French tuberculosis. So a brand-new structure, fitted out with a bathtub, toilet and running water in the kitchen, was duly decided upon.

Fourth came the matter of relatives, and here François took a firm stand. Their house, he declared, should be at least a day's march away from them all. The devil fly away with relatives! All they cared for was money. Well, there would be no money; he and Jeanne intended to spend every sou while they lived.

He swore he'd nail a placard on his chicken house to that effect.

Fifth, should they sell their furniture or take it to France? Sell it, said François; 'twould cost like the devil to transport all their impedimenta and hold them in storage until they found a place; besides, an army traveled faster in light-marching order. *Allons!* What next? The question of the niece and her family, who also were returning to France. Should they wait until the children finished the school term and all go together? Certainly not, decided François, the general; they would wait not an instant. "When the army is ready it moves—*heure militaire!*" Those infants of his niece, he growled, were turning into veritable little Americans since they had started to school. Why, they even talked American to their *maman* at table, when it was the established rule to speak nothing but French in the house. The little rascals let on that they could not understand French and they would say, "What-t?" instead of "*Pardon?*" or "Uncle Frank, please pass the bread!" High time they returned to France!

Making a Dream Come True

Seventh came the question of clothes, and once more a dispute arose. For Jeanne desired simply a new suit of decent black, inconspicuous, useful; but François would not have it so. To the devil with usefulness for once, he declared. He wanted something gay, chic, that would make people turn around and stare. He was a man of the world; he had traveled in France, Africa and America; he had worked at the Ritz where *grandes dames* went in and out; it was obvious he knew something about women's clothes. Moreover, he wished to make a good impression upon his return, to show his relatives that he, François, had not been asleep in America. He desired them to think he was rich, affluent, *dans le mouvement*, on the crest of the wave—and how could he do that if Jeanne wore black? To the devil with black! The Frenchwomen wore too much black.

Now his idea was this: While working at the Ritz he had one day seen *une dame anglaise* alight from a fine limousine in a costume simple but chic—a checked plaited skirt, black and white checks of a large pattern; black tailored jacket braided like a man's; checked stockings as for golf; black satin sailor hat with a *coq's* plume—the ensemble astoundingly chic; the very thing for his wife on her travels.

Jeanne threw *la patronne* an imploring glance; she declared her relatives would think she had gone stark crazy if she appeared in such a bizarre rig; it would create a scandal they would never live down. Eventually they compromised on a black plaited tailor suit, gray silk blouse and hose and a gray hat with a red rose. But François grumbled; he swore he'd buy an overcoat with fur on the collar to offset his wife's plainness; for what was money for, *mon Dieu*, if one couldn't swell around a bit after working like a stoker all these years?

Eighth and last came the question of money, and here again a difference of opinion arose. François, gleeful at getting rich so fast, due to the falling of the franc, was turning his dollars into francs as fast as he could and buying French bonds. To *la patronne's* suggestion that he leave his savings in good American dollars in a bank in New York, and then transfer them from time to time as he had need, he turned a deaf ear. French government bonds, he declared, were assuredly the safest investment in the world; and the franc would rise; it was bound to rise, and he, François, intended to make hay while the sun shone. His faith in his country's solvency was boundless, absolute; seeing which, *la patronne* held her peace. Besides, the franc might rise any day, and his guess was as good as hers.

Thus the final minutiæ of the dream were hammered out to the last detail, the tickets bought, furniture sold, handsome presents chosen for the kinsfolk, new steamer trunks bought and their clothes packed. Jeanne appeared a thought pensive, but François was happy as a king in a new crown. After all, he declared jovially, they were taking along with them the best part of America—her gold.

But in all these calculations, threshed out to the last detail in conversation, as the French way is, Jeanne and François had overlooked one factor—even *la patronne* had underestimated its power—and that factor was the strong shaping hand of their new environment. They had become Americans without aware. The new country's standards were their standards; its thoughts their thoughts; its ways their ways. They had come over here young, plastic, vital, and they had not resisted American standards. On the contrary, they had fed on them and flourished as a plant flourishes in a new and favorable soil; they had thrust down sturdy roots. Even their very language had altered; the solid, full-blooded, idiomatic French, not of the aristocrat but of the peasant, had become shot through and through with American idioms. American slang, sometimes translated literally into French but more often lifted bodily and planted, roots and all, in their speech, making a kind of Franco-American ragout, indescribably racy, high flavored and strong. And as the soul of their language had changed, so also their souls had changed; they had become unconscious Americans, though consciously still French. What would happen when they were once more confronted by the environment and traditions of their ancestors? Would the American side of them rebel against that narrow, iron-bound régime, cabined and confined, against which Jeanne so passionately railed? Or would the French side of their natures, heredity against environment, drag them back to old ways?

Adieu, New York!

"We are going to have things comfortable the same as we have here," reiterated Jeanne stoutly the last day. "François says we shall." But who was François against the mighty pulling power of tradition?

The final hour came; they embarked, Jeanne quiet, François bubbling with vivacity, cracking jokes; the gangplanks were cast off; the piers lined with friends drew rapidly astern; François waved his hat. Adieu, New York! Adieu, *statue de la liberté américaine* forged in France!

Of a sudden faithful Jeanne was dissolved in tears. They had been years struggling toward that high moment; they had made their little pile, lost it in the long dark delirium of war, begun once more at the beginning; and now, with their dunnage in the hold of the ocean liner and nothing between them and the green shores of France, the woman unaccountably wept.

"*Ne pleure pas, grand Dieu!*" growled François tenderly. "We're going home!"

In the ensuing weeks *la patronne* was the recipient of a lively barrage of postal cards whereby she was enabled to follow the itinerary of this honest, industrious couple who had shaken the dust of the New World from their feet, not because they loved America less but because they thought they loved France more. Their flight, carefully planned, had been, *au fond*, as instinctive as that of wild geese flying south. The niece and her family had left on the next boat.

The postals revealed that the dream was materializing exactly according to the carefully wrought out blue-print plans. They had said they would do thus and so and they were doing it. First, they visited the *pays* of François' brother, Normandy, where, it appeared, François had been restrained with difficulty from buying a house simply because it was fitted with electricity; thence they journeyed to Paris, but prices in that fashionable center were too high for country cousins; so, after a hurried visit to Napoleon's tomb, they continued on their pilgrimage to François' *pays*, fair Burgundy. But money was leaking away rapidly, and after a sojourn of

WHAT *is happening to the bob in* PARIS?

A RECENT newspaper dispatch from Paris says that since the correct bob requires weekly trimming, the use of hair clippers has become a regular thing in French households.

This is nothing new to the U. S., where it is estimated that over two million homes are now using clippers regularly to keep the edges of the hair neat between trips to the barber and to the hairdresser.

As a matter of fact, the bob would never have reached its tremendous popularity without the assistance of the hair clipper in the home. Without Brown & Sharpe clippers many of these homes would never have known what perfection of smoothness and precision can actually be put into a hair clipper.

It is the children, however, who are the greatest enthusiasts for Brown & Sharpe. When a cheap clipper begins to catch and pull the hair, how the children do hate it. When mother or daddy gets a really good clipper, how those same children rejoice. One mother wrote us, "Your clipper has turned what used to be a harrowing task into a perfectly pleasant and normal event."

After all, Brown & Sharpe quality does count not only by making the hair clipper last longer, but by making a hard job easy.

Our clipper especially designed for home use is packed in a neat case. Upon request we will gladly send you our booklet on bobbed hair, 'Keeping the Smart Bob Smart.'

BROWN & SHARPE

Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

only ten days they set forth again, this time for Jeanne's *pays* in the south, to the little village of twenty souls perched on the flank of a mountain, where one of her sisters still lived. And here they lingered for seven weeks.

Postals revealed the fact that the fountain in the center of the village was still doing business at the old stand and modern plumbing was naught but the wild chimera of an unhinged brain. One postal showed an old wrinkled hag, centenarian by her looks, with a huge jug of water under each arm and another on her head, which was protected by a straw mat of sorts reënforced by a twist of cloth. The woman, though aged, was straight as an arrow; but stay—was she so old after all? For Jeanne had said that in her native *pays* life was hard and women aged rapidly, broken on the wheel of infernal, unceasing drudgery, so that a dame of fifty looked twice her years. Reckoning thus, this weather-scarred old scrag was probably a matron in her middle forties.

And the village, how small and cramped it was, scrouged up against the elephant dusk of the mountains like a shivering old hag bent over a fagot fire by the roadside. It was easy to imagine that life in that little hamlet flowed on in the same harsh, narrow confines as in Jeanne's childhood; she would come upon the same habits, the same prejudices, the same thoughts, for these people lived like the coral polyps in their little bony cells while the generations passed. What did François, *komme du monde* in three continents, think of it all? Was his turbulent vitality content? Evidently not, for the next postal brought tidings that they had wound up their visit and were now stopping in a large town in the south and looking for a house—which indicated that an overdose of primitive life had flung them again into the swifter current of a metropolis. The next letter conveyed the information that they had bought a house—a new house in the outskirts of town. That meant electricity, running water and probably a bathtub. François and Jeanne, it appeared, were hewing straight to the line.

Back Home and Back Again

Then followed silence, month piled upon month. *La patronne* dispatched a letter, but no reply came. The silence continued—and the franc continued to drop. It dropped and dropped, hit four cents, bounded up and fell back again lower than before. But *la patronne* was not unduly disturbed. She trusted François, that shrewd, long-headed man of three continents, to figure out something advantageous to himself; and if worst came to worst, he could give up his career as independent gentleman farmer and snare a job. And still the silence went on.

But one day, like a leaf falling through blue air, a letter arrived—from Jeanne, by the crabbed hieroglyphics. *La patronne*, staring at the superscription, received a great shock. That red stamp! Why, it bore the features of good old George Washington, founder of this country! And the postmark—the legend said plain as day, "New York, N. Y." From which *la patronne* was able to deduce that Jeanne and François were back once more in the land of the imperfectly free. But where was *la jolie petite maison avec des fleurs tout autour?* And the pig and the rabbits and the chickens? In short, where was the dream? In her brief letter Jeanne stated nothing but the bold facts: They were back in New York, stopping with their niece, who, with her family, had returned several months ago; they would be happy to see *la patronne* at her convenience and were, with respectful salutations, and so on. So the niece and her family had likewise returned! The whole kit and boiling had hit the old home trail! But why? Was it that the new and the old had faced a Waterloo and that these unconscious Americans had become conscious at last?

A meeting was arranged for the returned pilgrims to spin their little Odyssey. They arrived with gifts and laughter, talking sixteen to the dozen, the same rich, juicy Franco-American ragout, interlarded with American slang. Jeanne wiped away a happy tear; François straightway began to kid.

"That wife of mine," he complained, "got homesick the first day out! And the morning after we landed she was begging me to return. It was as if the very air of France made her sick!"

"It's true," admitted Jeanne simply. "I didn't like it at all."

"But why?"

"I don't know." She seemed to grope among her emotions. It was all so strange, so droll, she explained haltingly, that she felt like a mouse in a strange cuisine. Pressed still further, she said that the streets were so narrow, the houses so old and dark; no conveniences, not even in the big cities; and in the smaller towns the pavements were so narrow that she was jostled right out into the middle of the thoroughfare. People seemed to have no street manners at all.

The Shrinkage of Dreams

"There's a severe critic for you!" cried François with a burst of laughter. "You'd think she'd never been down on the lower East Side of New York!"

"But these were French!" said Jeanne calmly. She explained that the strange oppressive feeling had continued and she had hustled François out of Normandy, out of Paris, out of Burgundy and down to the *pays* of her youth. Surely that strange, uncomfortable restlessness would leave her there! But, to her chagrin, it was worse. The souvenirs of her childhood, dim as faded handwriting on old letters, had somehow got all awry; things in reality were not at all as she had pictured them in her mind's eye. For example, what she had always remembered as a great, splendid, fine place, almost a château, was nothing but a little low, crampled, tumble-down affair—and everything had shrunk the same way. It had been very strange and bewildering, and she could not seem to fit herself into the scene at all.

At this juncture François briskly took the helm, malice in his eye. Did mademoiselle recall how Jeanne had bragged of her native *pays*, boasted and taunted him all through the years, flung it in his teeth that there was no *pays* like hers for beauty and for charm? He declared solemnly that one reason why he had returned was to look upon this marvel of a country, to see and appraise it with his own eye and judge whether it came up to the advance press notices of his wife. Very well. But what had happened? His friend here—he cocked a sardonic eye at Jeanne, who giggled—had got the jimjams the very first day they set foot in France. Nothing pleased her. She had yanked him out of Normandy, she had yanked him out of Paris, she had yanked him out of Burgundy; it was not a pleasure trip; it was an army in rout. The retreat continued. But the farther south they got the more steadily it rained. It rained a steady torrent in that condemned country of his wife from September to May. Finally they had come to Jeanne's village perched up in the air like an eagle at the end of a long white steep road.

"Mademoiselle," said François earnestly, "upon my word of honor, that road was as steep as this palm." He held up a perpendicular hand. "It had rained—*grand Dieu*, how it rained!—and great rocks and bowlders from the mountains rolled down that road in a veritable river and ran after you like devils and tried to knock you down. I never saw such a road! Is not that true, Jeanne?"

"Assuredly it was a bad road," murmured Jeanne with a smile.

"And the village—cramped, mean little old houses, with a manure pile in front and the stable squashed down on the kitchen behind, so that the cows looked in at the door and the cookery was perfumed by the odors of the pigs and the sheep and the goats. Filth everywhere, so that one had to watch where to set down the foot. In my own *pays* we have no such filth as that; at least we do not mix the cows and the cookery. Is that not true, Jeanne?"

"It is true," giggled Jeanne. "I had forgotten the filth."

He continued his accusation: "And there was no water inside the houses, though outside it poured like a waterspout every day for seven weeks, and it would have been no difficult matter to conduct some of that liquid weather inside the house." He explained that his ration of water consisted of a minute jugful each day. In that he washed first his face, then his hands, then his body, then he shaved in it, and afterward they used it for the soup.

"*Non, non!*" protested Jeanne. "Now he's lying."

Well, anyhow, laughed François, at the last instant there was often no water for the soup, and he had had his suspicions. "You see, mademoiselle, Jeanne's sister fetched it each morning from the fountain, which was an hour's march ——"

"A little half hour," corrected Jeanne.

This sister, proceeded François, got up while it was still dark and kept on the run all day. It made him tired just to watch how his wife's relatives worked. Everybody worked. The children, the grandfathers, the grandmothers—they rose at daylight, went to the fields and drudged until dark. He related a story of his little niece who desired to ride on her grandfather's horse. Grandfather and grandmother were up betimes preparing to go to work in the fields. Grandfather led out the decrepit old horse, and he and grandmother marched along the road, the beast between them, hanging its weary old head. In France, one walked to work beside the horse, thus conserving its strength. But the little girl had begged for a ride. "Let me up on him, grandpa!" she cried. "Let me up for a little ride." But grandpa had been stern. "*Non, non, piota*"—patois for *petite*—he said. "Horses are not for pleasure. Their strength must be conserved for work." That remark, somehow, had stuck in François' craw. It epitomized the whole régime.

Mademoiselle had seen, he continued, that postal with the picture of the water carrier at the fountain? Well, that was an exact resemblance of Jeanne's sister.

"Why, they are primitives'" cried François. "That old village is just the same as it was three hundred years ago. To tell you the truth, mademoiselle, I felt all the time as if I were in a movie—one of those historical romances, you understand, in which they portray a primitive age. I walked around in that movie for seven weeks, and Jeanne and I were alive; but all the rest—they were dead; they belonged back in the Stone Age. And so at last Jeanne and I got out."

Eaten Out of House and Home

They returned to civilization and bought a new house on the outskirts of a large town. It was small, it had no acreage and yet the price was outrageously high.

"The politicians up in Paris, mademoiselle, had been playing football with the franc; it dropped and dropped, but the living costs did not drop. The politicians did not arrange that little affair."

"And is there plenty of employment in France?"

"Wherever I went, yes; both in industry and construction; but it took so many francs to buy anything." Beefsteaks, for example. François, accustomed to live on the American model, loved a rich, thick, juicy Delmonico or porterhouse.

"But would you believe it, mademoiselle, when I went into a butcher shop and asked for a *pointerhaus* the imbecile didn't know what I meant. '*Pointerhaus! Pointerhaus!*' I shouted. 'Here, I'll show you on the carcass. It's a *coupe américaine*.'" But the butcher refused to cut his meat that way; it was not thus they cut beef in France. Upon which François blew up; he advised the butcher to go to the devil, who at least could show him a good American cut. Nevertheless, he did not get his porterhouse.

"And last night," concluded François, "down on Seventh Avenue, I bought a delicious little beefsteak for two for eighty cents for which I'd pay thirty francs in France. In truth, to live in France now in a respectable fashion requires the pocketbook of a millionaire."

"And what do the French workers do?"

"They do without," said François promptly. But, of course, they had not been nourished on porterhouse steaks.

"And your house, Jeanne? Did you have a bathtub?"

"Oh, no, mademoiselle!"

"What? No bathtub?"

"No, mademoiselle; they do not build bathrooms in France."

"But running water? Surely you had running water in your kitchen?"

"No, mademoiselle. I was very lucky to have it in the yard."

"But at least, François"—*la patronne* turned to him—"in spite of the drop of the franc you were not so badly off. You had your vegetable garden, and with your chickens, your rabbits and your pigeons, you wouldn't need to bother the butcher much."

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, mademoiselle, but you do not count their feed! You have no idea how those *poules* ate and ate. They would lay one month and lay off three; but they never laid off on eating, so that they cost like the devil to maintain. Actually, when Jeanne roasted one on a Sunday, I used to groan as I carved him up; it was like eating pure gold. *Non, non*, the *poules* were a failure." Likewise the rabbits. And they did not achieve a pig.

Dreamless But Happy

The dream, therefore, it seemed, did not march from the outset; it limped and had breakdowns and blow-outs; for it was a dream made in America on an American model, and there were no spare parts of its kind to be had in France. But still Jeanne and François stubbornly refused to trade it in for a French make, with the result that things went from bad to worse. Their niece and her family had given up months ago and returned to New York—on account of the children, Jeanne explained. The children were accustomed to American schools and they preferred American ways. But she and François stuck it out; they were the stuff from which stickers are made and they had been a long time tinkering at this dream; perhaps they could get it into shape yet.

But one day François came home and said shortly, "We're going back to New York." He had discovered that he did not want to live in France like a Frenchman; that was no fun at all; what he wanted was to live in France like an American; but this he could not achieve without ripping up the whole works. So he decided to get out. And having decided, with characteristic energy he sold off the furniture and leased the house, bought the tickets and boarded the ship. And here they were back in New York, dream smashed, but surprisingly happy and content.

"It was a good old bust, anyhow," said François, lapsing into English with a grin.

"And you have another job?"

He had; he had gone out and trapped one the very next day. And now the franc could drop to China if it liked.

"And where are you living?"

"With the niece, until we can find an apartment and buy furniture."

"All back home again, safe in America," mused *la patronne*. "Well, I am glad."

"Me also," said Jeanne fervently. But not François. You can never get François to say he had committed a miscue—that's because he's from Burgundy, says Jeanne. She likewise states that the next dream will be located over in Jersey, within commuting distance from New York—in case of another breakdown.

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NO tooth can sidestep this scientific brush. The way it is built is a guarantee that it will *reach every tooth*. If you have a brush that does that, you cannot neglect any part of any tooth.

A glimpse at the pictures on this page shows you why the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches *every* accessible surface of every tooth. First there is the curved bristle surface. It curves the way your jaw curves. Next there is the big, cone-shaped end tuft. Just ask a Pro-phy-lac-tic user what a valuable feature this is.

It makes those remote rear molars as accessible as your front teeth. And then you have a curved handle, curved so that it goes toward your teeth—the direction in which you are exerting the pressure when brushing. This helps you to clean *all* your teeth every time you brush them and makes the Pro-phy-lac-tic one of the most comfortable brushes to use.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets *in between teeth*. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice and dislodge particles that otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

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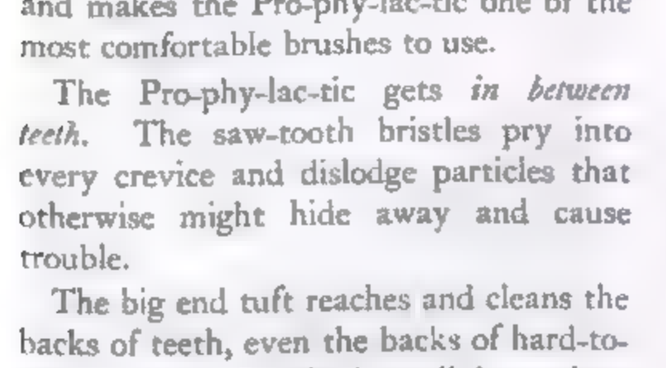

ABOVE. This picture shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic gets behind the rear molars and fits the inside contour of the teeth. It hugs the curves of each tooth and penetrates deeply into the crevices between.

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IT CURVES THE WAY YOUR JAW CURVES

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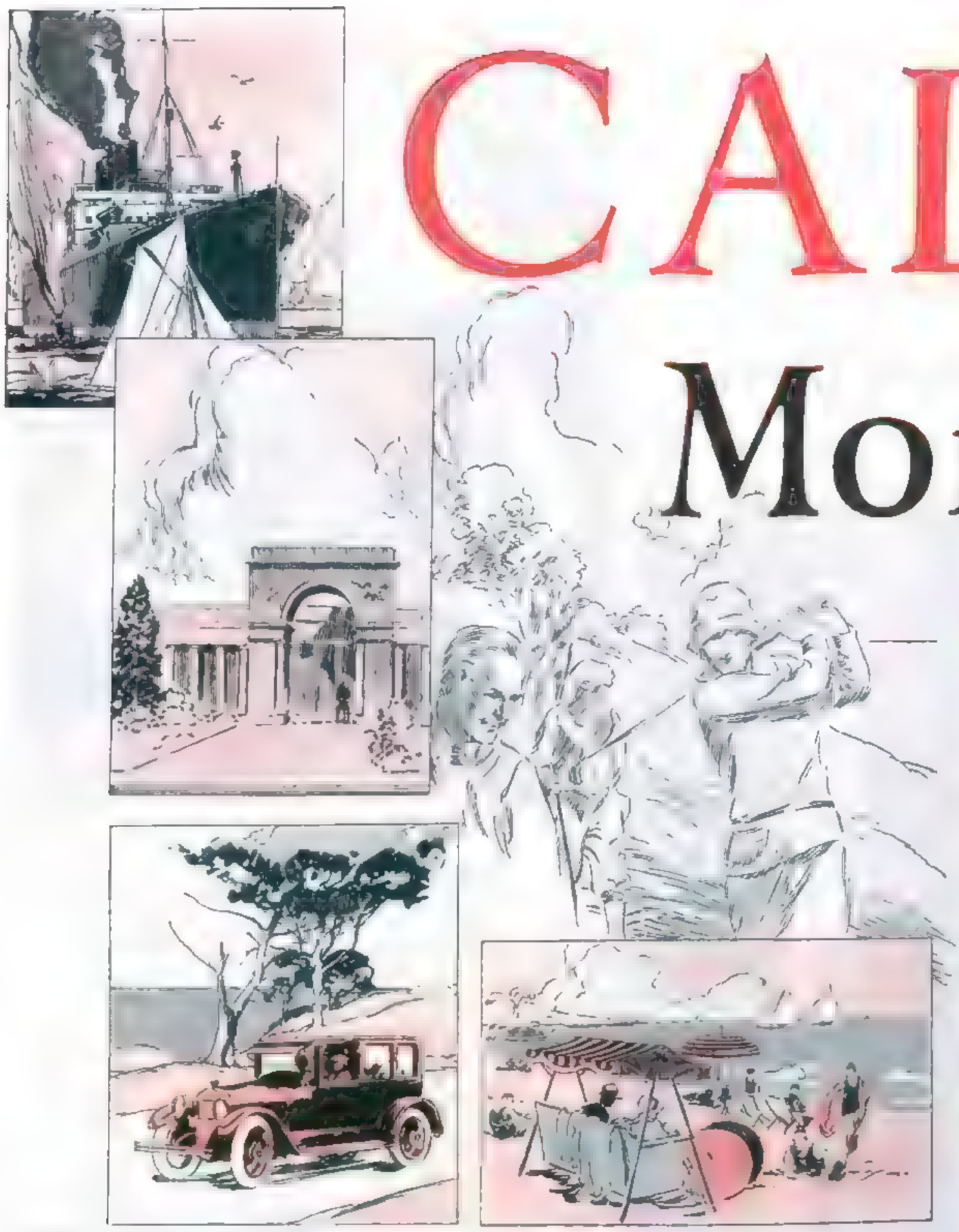

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—If you and your neighbors had twice as many passenger automobiles as you now own,—that would be the way you would find California people living.

—If twice as many houses in your community were wired for electricity, and the people who could afford telephones was nearly 50 per cent more than it is,—that would be the way it is in California today.

—If the same effort brought you more returns in money and enjoyment, that would be, for you in material things, the way we live in California,—the way you can live by simply finding a place for yourself.

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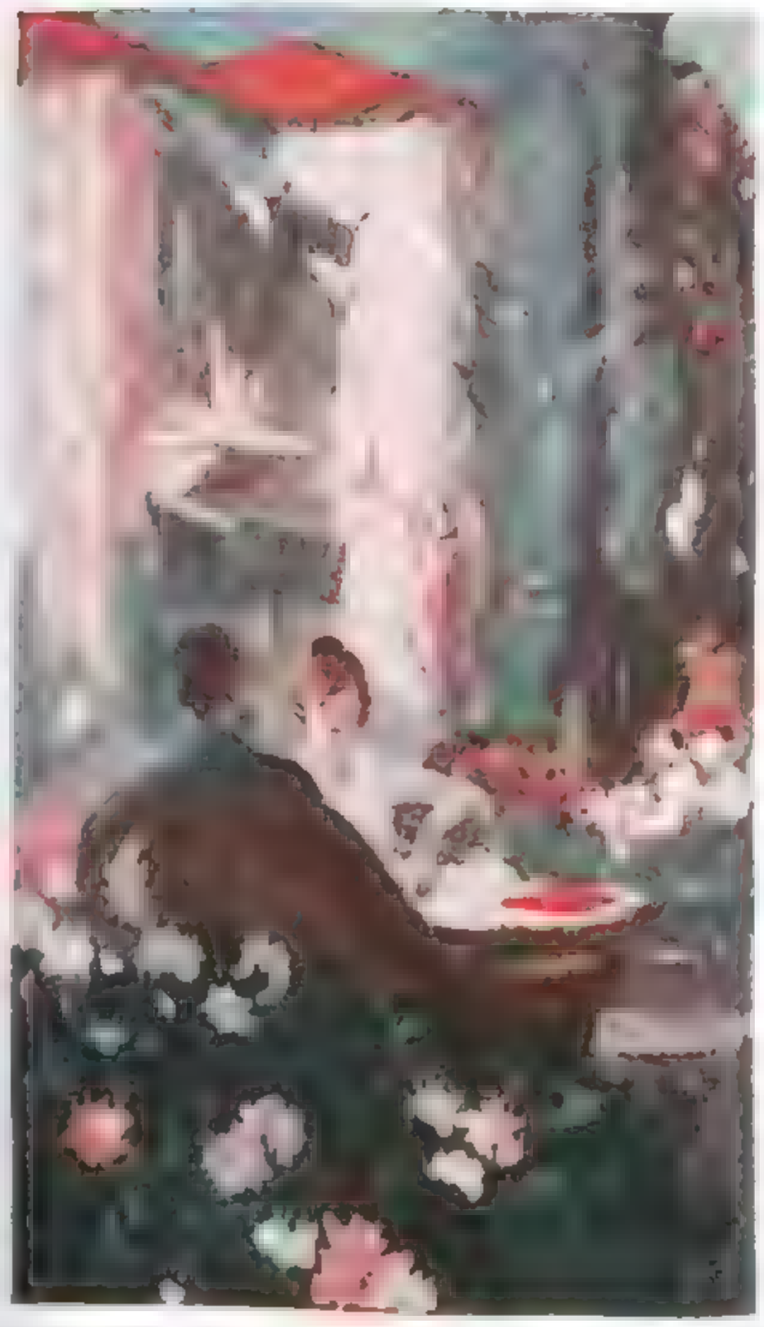
Prosperity in California is just about everybody's prosperity. The number of income tax returns is 50 per cent above the average elsewhere. The year-'round growing season, which brings the hay crop up to more than a hundred million dollars a year, is equally good for the dairy farmer and market gardener, the orange grower and the garage owner, the fig planter and the merchant—the manufacturer and the employe. It works for everybody all the time and it will work for you if you give it a chance.

That's why we have more automobiles and more time to use them for pleasure; more telephones, larger incomes,—more of everything. Life *is* better, because Nature is always helping out. We use more than three times the average amount of electricity because we have lots of it. Our fruit and vegetable and dairy products bring in more than half a billion dollars a year, not only because California is big, but because the crop value per acre is more than twice the national average, and is rapidly increasing. Rich as we are in agriculture, two-thirds of us live in cities of 20,000 population or more, with their amazing opportunities for business progress and the rising values of communities already wealthy, long established and fast growing.

We say frankly to you that California, growing richer and more prosperous all the time, will be your land of opportunity whenever you come. But don't wait too long. Learn about California now. The year that goes by is a year that is lost from your new progress. It is a year that is lost from your children's opportunity.

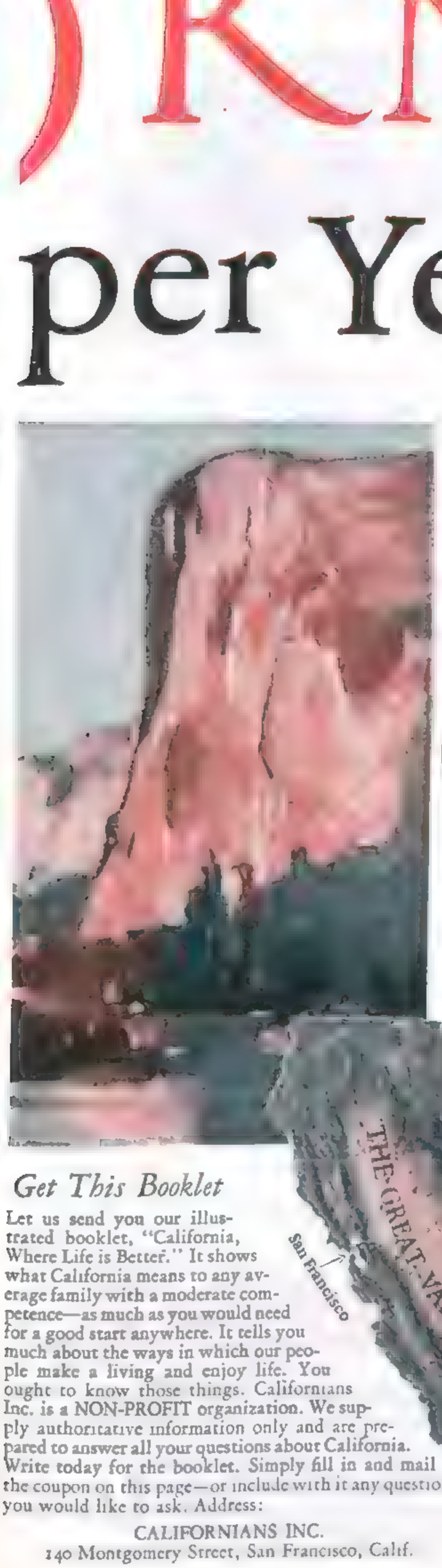


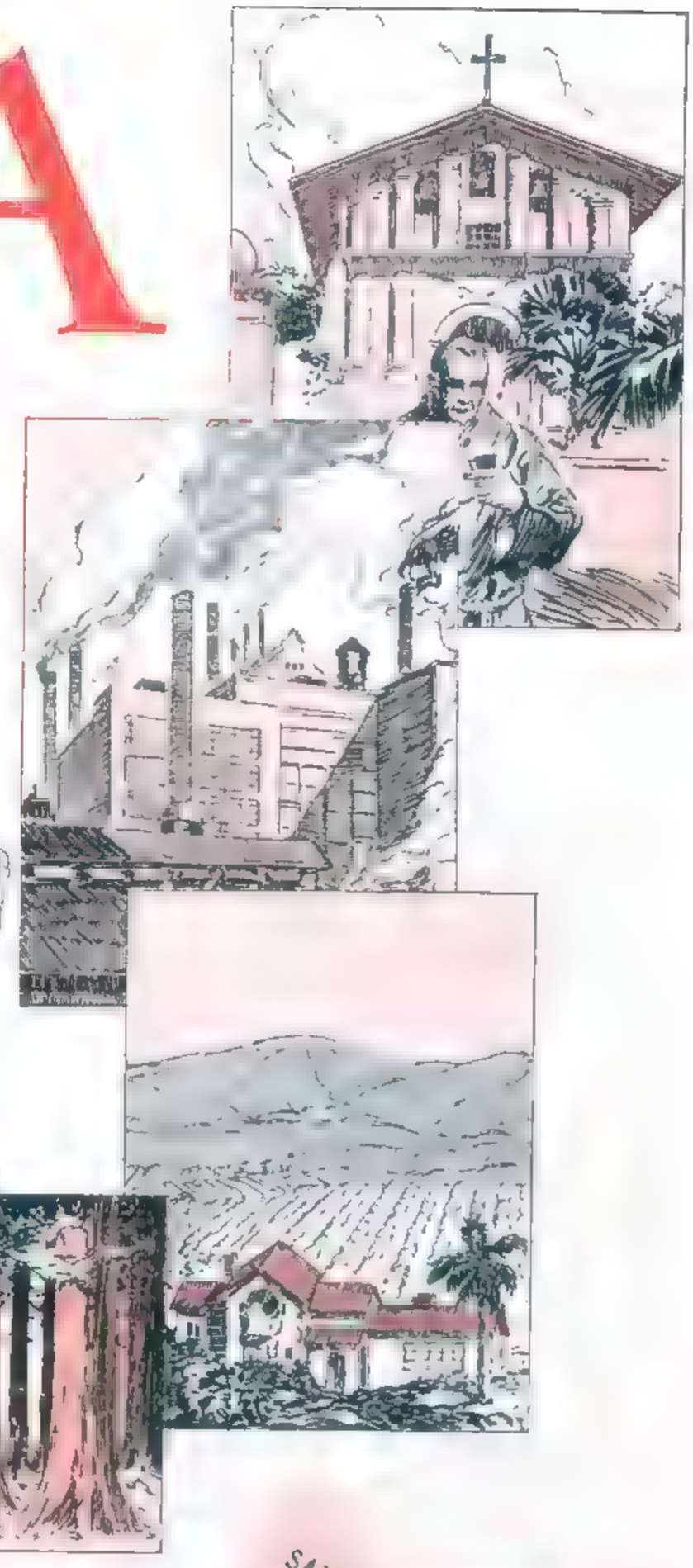
How Will Your Children Live?

The best place for you to live is where the same effort produces the most money and enjoyment. Prosperity—twice the average—is California's story year after year. Millions of people have proved it. That is why we ask you to remember that in California there is an amazing diversity of ways to get ahead in growing communities with their rapidly increasing populations and values. At no greater expense than you would find in establishing yourself elsewhere, you are reasonably sure of a greater opportunity for success, on the average, more advantages as you go along, and greater security and comfort in old age. You are sure of happier years for your family, more days to play for the children and an ideal physical and cultural environment. You are sure of a better future for your children because the opportunity is larger and California's educational facilities are unsurpassed.

)RNIA

per Year





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TODAY, cars are masterpieces of engineering skill. Few would ever give trouble, if given proper care. And by far the most important item in the care a car receives is lubrication. Yet, *complete* lubrication has not always been easy to get. Nor has it been of a uniformly high quality.

Far too often, when you ask for complete lubrication, you get grab-bag lubrication instead—a motor oil of one make, an entirely different brand of transmission and differential lubricant, and a chassis grease of still a third make.

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Complete Veedol Lubrication

This Complete Veedol Lubrication Service is convenient, complete and reliable. It consists of these three steps:

First: your crank-case is drained of old, worn-out oil and refilled with the correct Veedol motor oil.

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Your car can be completely Veedol-lubricated while you wait—in a few minutes you can drive away knowing that the Veedol "film of protection" is on the job safeguarding every friction-spot in your car

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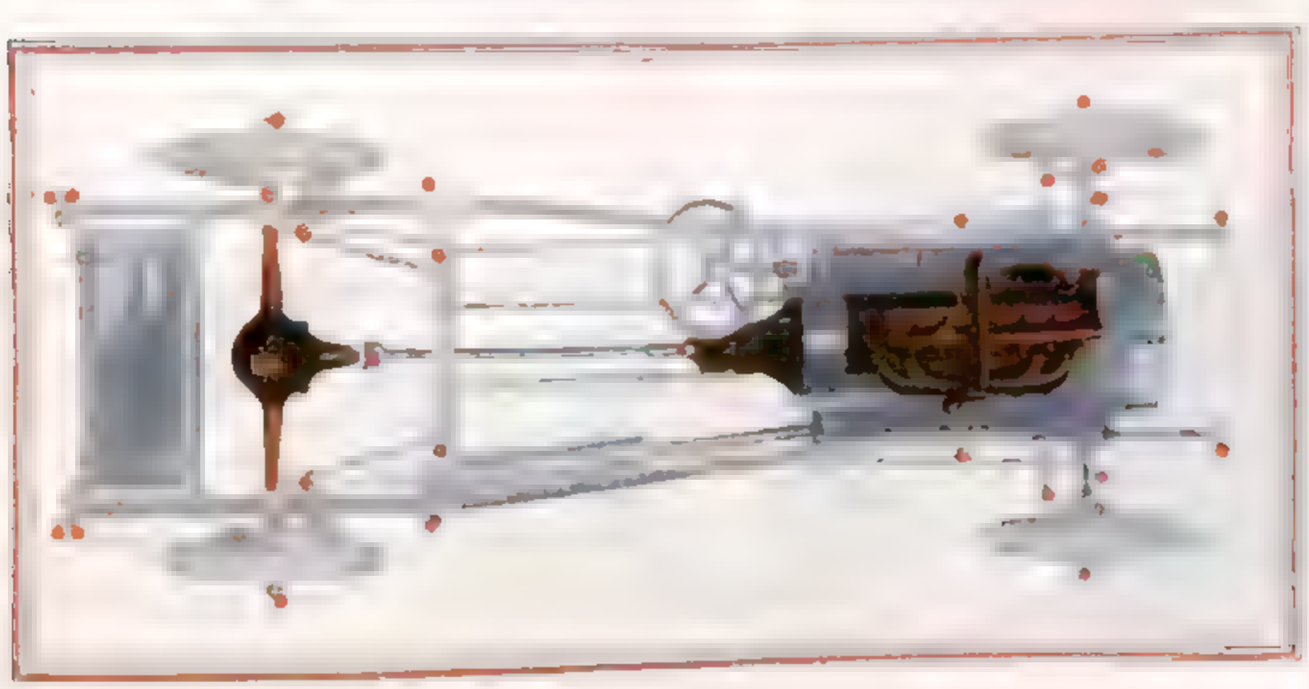

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THE CORRECTION OF FOOLS

(Continued from Page 23)

only a miraculous turn of the market could save him. He had, in fact, accepted the destruction which was become inevitable, and had made his plans to evade the blow. The only question now was whether Rand could be drawn to his support, but he put the possibility aside. The older man was canny and shrewd; he would want to ask questions, and Wormell was not in a position to answer them.

"It's a small affair," he said at last. "And somewhat speculative. I know your inclinations, sir; you'd not be interested, or I'd have spoken to you."

Rand looked grave. "I distrust even small speculations," he commented. "In a banker."

Wormell smiled. "You need feel no uneasiness," he retorted.

But he was himself uneasy, and made more so by a fact which Rand seemed not to remark. Wormell had been listening in vain for the sound of the departure of the motor bicycle. Its popping exhaust must have been audible if Shibles had gone; therefore Shibles had not gone, must be still in the neighborhood. And Wormell found his eyes drifting to the uncurtained windows, wondering whether from somewhere outside the little lame man was watching them. He became more and more nervous, and by the same token more and more constrained as the evening passed; and Rand at last was led to comment upon this.

"You've seemed on edge lately, William," he suggested. "Time you took a rest, isn't it?"

"I'm a bit tired," Wormell confessed. He added carefully, "Matter of fact, I'm planning to go away next week. Start sometime Saturday, and drive up into the woods to the camp." Wormell had a sporting camp on one of the Maine lakes. "Thought I'd lie around there a week or so."

"Going alone?" Rand inquired; and the other nodded.

"Dave'll meet me, do the cooking," he assented. "I'm not even going to fish. Just rest. Get away Saturday night if I can, and I'll meet Dave sometime Sunday."

"Better get a night's sleep and start Sunday morning," his father-in-law advised; but Wormell's reply was interrupted when Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Wormell came downstairs. A little later Mr. and Mrs. Wormell said good night. When they came out of the house Wormell found himself looking up and down the street for some sight of Shibles or his machine, but neither was visible. He decided that Shibles had been unable to start it, had ridden it silently away. He cursed the nervous uneasiness which made him so alert to the movements of the other man. But he could not forget that Shibles had observed the fact that he was worried, for he knew the night watchman to have a certain shrewd insight, and Wormell's position was such that he dreaded shrewdness in those about him now.

During the remainder of the week—it appeared to Wormell to drag interminably—he seemed to be forever encountering the lame man; seemed to meet, wherever he turned, Mat's watchful and attentive eye. Tuesday morning, sitting at his desk, he noticed a man's shadow against the ground glass of his office window. Other shadows came and went across the glass, but this one did not move; and there was something about it so familiar that Wormell was at length drawn to the window. He looked out and saw Shibles standing there; and the banker went back to his desk with beads upon his forehead and a twitching lip. He wondered whether Mat could hear what went on inside the office; and at length he was driven to send out and tell Shibles to move on.

He regretted this as soon as it was done, but the watchman made no protest. Only Wormell heard him having the usual altercation with his bicycle; and he crossed at last to the window, reluctantly enough, to watch. The perverse machine resisted the efforts of the lame man to start it, until at last, while he stood shaking it to and fro, it started of itself, and he had to scramble awkwardly into the seat. As Shibles rode away Wormell noticed that the rest which supported the rear wheel when the machine was at a standstill now dragged on the ground; and he thought that if it caught upon some projection the little man might be thrown and hurt. But Shibles disappeared safely enough, the rest still dragging behind.

Twice that evening Wormell heard the motor bicycle pass his house; and the second time it turned into the alley at one side and stopped beside his garage. Wormell sprang to his feet, furiously angry; and he rushed out to vent upon the lame man all his accumulated spleen. But when he reached the garage he saw Shibles disappearing at the other end of the alley, trundling the bicycle; and he went back indoors, his wrath all punctured even while his uneasiness was increased. Shibles might have meant to stop and spy, might have heard him coming, and so hurried away. He lay long awake that night, canvassing all the plans which filled his mind; and in his thoughts he came upon Shibles again and again, like an obstacle which blocked his road. The miserable bicycle, so near collapse that it seemed a miracle on wheels, began to personify in his thoughts all the threat which Shibles by his watchfulness implied.

He hated the lame man, but even more he hated this atrocious piece of machinery which seemed to dog him to and fro.

When on Thursday night he worked late at the bank, the light in his office burning, he heard the puffing little motor approach and stop; and he waited interminably for it to depart again. At last gave up the attempt to concentrate his thoughts upon the matters which engaged him and came out to drive home. The bicycle, on its absurd rest, was at the curb immediately behind his own car; and he saw Shibles in the drug store next door, sitting on a stool at the soda fountain, talking with the clerk. Wormell would have preferred to get away without being seen, but through the window the other's eyes met his, so the banker went boldly in.

It was the first time they had met since Saturday, and Wormell was prepared for entreaties, but Shibles merely said pleasantly, "How-do, Mr. Wormell."

"Good evening, Shibles," Wormell responded. He asked the clerk to mix a lemon and lime.

"Working tonight, was you?" Shibles suggested.

The banker nodded. "Yes. Yes, a few little things." He drank the lemon and lime, tried to laugh. "I should think you'd be home abed, Shibles," he suggested. "You're a pretty old man to be around town this time of night."

Shibles grinned. "I ain't slept at night for twelve years," he reminded the other. "Can't get the trick of it now. And it's easy to get around with that motorcycle of mine."

The clerk grinned. "Some motorcycle!" he chuckled.

"That's all right," Shibles assured him. "With this foot of mine I wouldn't get far if I didn't have it."

"Look out or somebody'll steal it on you," the clerk suggested derisively; and Mat chuckled.

"Wouldn't do them a bit of good," he boasted. "You've got to know how to handle that old girl. Good night, Mr. Wormell."

Wormell said, over his shoulder, "Good night!" He wished, as he drove home, that someone would steal Mat's absurd machine; the effect would be to keep the lame man at home, keep him from prying into affairs that were none of his concern. The possibility stayed in his mind, preoccupied him while he prepared for bed, filled his thoughts till he fell at last into the troubled and uneasy slumber which had increasingly of late harassed him.

When he drove to the bank next morning he took with him a leather traveling bag, small and inconspicuous. This bag had its part in his plans; it would be in his office this day and tomorrow. His plan to leave town Saturday night he had permitted to be known; Craven and the others about the bank would see nothing remarkable in the bag. Any idle curiosity they might feel would be thwarted by the fact that he had turned the key in the lock. Nevertheless, he intended sometime during the day to let Craven have a chance glimpse at the contents. They were innocuous enough. A small box of flies, a reel, a box of cigars and a few pieces of linen. His mind was busy with this scene he meant to stage for Craven, when he stopped his car beside the bank building, around the corner from the front door. He had no thought for Shibles.

But when he rounded the corner he saw that absurd and somehow ominous bicycle standing against the curb by the drug store; and before he could obey his instant impulse to step back out of sight, Shibles came out of the drug store and saw him.

The little man said amiably, "How-do, Mr. Wormell." His eyes were on the bag in the banker's hand.

Wormell did not pause. "Good morning, Shibles," he said gravely, and stepped into the doorway of the bank.

"Leaving us, are you?" Shibles asked. And something in the other's tone checked Wormell, so that he paused and turned, and in a level tone explained.

"Yes," he replied. "Yes, for a week or so. I'm going up in the woods."

"Guess you need a rest," Shibles agreed. "You're looking kind of bad."

Wormell hesitated, choking, seeking some word; at length turned with a movement astonishingly like flight and stepped through the revolving doors. In his office he crossed to the window to look out. Shibles was standing where he had last seen him, a curious attention in his eyes. The bicycle leaned against the curb beyond; and Wormell noticed a bit of string fast to its rear mud guard. He speculated as to the meaning of this, his thoughts seizing the relief this new conjecture afforded, and he remembered how that rest which supported the rear wheel when the bicycle was stationary had dragged in the dust a day or two before. He had thought at the time that if this caught upon some obstacle in the road Shibles would be thrown; it seemed to him possible now that Mat had tied it up out of the way with string. The very slovenliness of the device angered him, accentuated the hatred he felt as much for the bicycle itself as for Mat who owned it.

He wished again that someone would steal the bicycle. Steal it, for example, before tomorrow night. It seemed to Wormell immensely important that Mat should not witness his departure when the hour came for him to go. If Mat lost his bicycle it was not likely that he would come uptown, so that Wormell would be able to depart without remark. He found himself reverting to this again and again that day. It obsessed him; filled his thoughts. He knew where Mat lived. A little house, no more than a shanty, on the hill above the bridge south of town.

Driving home late that afternoon he overtook Mat, puffing along on the bicycle, blue clouds of smoke spouting from the exhaust pipe behind. Wormell, without being conscious of what he did, swerved his car to that side of the road; he overtook the little man so rapidly that before a measure of caution returned to him his fender was almost upon the rear wheel of the bicycle. Then he swerved with a desperate twist and passed and went on, and perspiration burst from his forehead. Another instant and he

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must have struck Mat, perhaps killed him. This in broad day, no excuse possible, useless to plead accident. . . . The banker was gasping for breath as he turned into his garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Wormell dined out again that night, and his abstraction was remarked, and it was agreed that he did well to plan a week of rest. When they came home together toward ten o'clock Mrs. Wormell spoke to him, not with any tenderness, yet with a certain grave sympathy in her tones.

"I've been concerned, Will," she said. "I hope your trip will rest you. You've been talking in your sleep lately, and that's always a sign you're worried."

Wormell felt a clutch at his heart at her words, but he asked no questions. "I've had some rotten dreams," he agreed. "Absurd things. . . . But I'll be glad to get away." They said good night, and she went to her room, and he took care to close the door of his. If his slumbers this night should be disturbed by phantasy she must not hear.

But though he went at once to bed, he did not sleep; and by and by he thought he heard Mat's bicycle, far down the street toward town. The sound abruptly ceased, but a minute or two later he heard someone on foot passing the house, and there was a halt and an uncertainty in the gait of this passer-by. When Wormell rose and went to the window, peering out from the security of the darkened room, he saw Shibles trundling the bicycle, saw the man's glance turned toward the window. And though Shibles went upon his way without pausing, he left Wormell trembling with fear and with futile rage.

For hours thereafter the banker lay trying to think coherently. There seemed to be no doubt that Shibles was watching him; that he deliberately spent his evenings near the bank. If this were true, the man would be there tomorrow evening when Wormell went away. There seemed nothing Shibles could do to prevent that departure, but if he were sufficiently bold he might bring Wormell's desperate enterprise all to wreckage in the end. The banker had moments when he would willingly have killed the little man, or maimed him. But more and more it seemed to him that if the bicycle were gone Shibles would be unable or unlikely to make the long trip to town. And at about half-past three in the morning, dressing hurriedly, Wormell slipped downstairs and left the house and took the way toward where Shibles lived.

He was trembling, his teeth chattering; and he sought by common sense to down this absurd panic, to assure himself the thing he meant to do was quite simple and secure.

This little man, this Shibles, dwelt in a little house on a side road beyond the last houses of the town. His house was set upon a hill; and beyond, the road dipped steeply to a bridge across the tidal river—a bridge, little used, floored with planks badly worn and pitted by traffic. In the middle there was a draw, seldom opened, formed by two leaves which met a foot or so above the bridge level, so that a car crossing this draw rose sharply and nosed down in a manner which put a severe strain upon the springs. The river, wide and full at the flood, had even at low tide a depth of water sufficient for the passage of small craft. Wormell thought that if he could find the bicycle he might wheel it down to the bridge and drop it into this stream.

He went now afoot and as swiftly as possible; and he turned off the main road at last with a feeling of relief, taking his way through the scanty growth of the wooded hillside. So by and by—the night was starlit—he saw the bulk of Shibles' house against the sky; and he crept nearer to study the place, discover what difficulties were still before him. He lay on his stomach under a straggling clump of lilac, watching and listening. The house itself was dark; on this side it presented a wall broken only by windows. One of these windows was open, Wormell saw; and he guessed that Shibles slept within. And the thought of the little lame man helpless there woke in him such a boiling anger that he was afraid, pressed his cheek to the turf and lay trembling, fighting for self-control. In the end he drew back and made a little circuit around the house, toward its other end.

There was no garage, no barn in which the bicycle might be housed, but there was here a little lean-to woodshed and upon this Wormell's attention fastened. Secure in his certainty that Shibles was asleep and at the other end of the house, the banker went boldly toward this shed. He had a moment's terror lest the door be locked, but this gave way to vast relief when he found that there was neither lock nor door, but simply an opening on the side toward the road, into the shed itself. He stepped cautiously inside and ventured to strike a match and saw the absurd bicycle leaning there against the wall.

Thereafter all moved swiftly. Wormell dared not try to wheel the machine through the littered shed; he lifted it by seat and handlebars and moved it very slowly toward the door, holding it in the air, moving by inches so that if there was any collision between his awkward burden and the walls of the shed the sound would be slight. Once a handlebar touched the wall, and once the front wheel turned sharply and struck Wormell in the side, startling him unspeakably. But he reached the open air without a sound.

He set the bicycle then upon the ground, but remembered that it had a squeak in one of its wheels, so that even when the motor was not running the noise was audible. Shibles might hear! With this in mind Wormell lifted the bicycle again and moved cautiously away from the house, not yet attempting to reach the road. He carried the bicycle perhaps a hundred yards, then lifted it painfully over a stone wall into the road and carried it a little farther still before venturing to set it upon the ground.

It was at about this time, no doubt, that the banker perceived a lightening in the east and realized that his time was short; that he must make haste if he wished to be safely home before the first folk were abroad. Yet the bridge at the foot of the hill was still a quarter of a mile away, and trundling the bicycle was slow work. Wormell had not ridden for many years, but he ventured at last to bestride the machine, and found the trick of it returning to him; and in his haste he pedaled desperately on his way. The road was bumpy and uneven, but after a moment he came to the crest of the hill and began to descend; and the increased speed was immediately reassuring. He trod the pedals hard, and the intermittent whine of the rusty bearing became a succession of quick and tortured chirpings, so fast the wheels revolved.

He was about halfway down the hill when it occurred to him that the increasing speed was dangerous; the pedals turned so rapidly that he had difficulty in keeping his feet upon them now; and if there was any means of braking the machine and checking its speed, he could not discover it. He had a momentary panic, and his right foot lost the pedal, and while he strove to regain that contact his left foot also let go. The flying pedals struck his legs, tearing at the flesh, making the machine swerve dangerously; and in a frozen fear he held his feet wide, gripping the handlebars like ice, frozen and helpless in the grip of this demoniac thing beneath him. A moment later he came to the end of the bridge, and as he did so the motor, perverse and malignant, caught from the magneto and added its impetus to the momentum of the wheel.

Wormell saw ahead of him the steep rise and fall of the draw; and he realized that this obstacle would inevitably throw him off the bicycle. But even as this realization burst into his frantic fear, the front wheel pitched upward on the nearer side of the draw. Then the rear. . . . Wormell had remarked a day or two before that this rest which, when the machine was still, held it erect, when it was in motion had a tendency to drag upon the ground. It was dragging now. The leaves of the draw were hinged; the great hinges set with bolts stood up from the worn boards of the bridge. And as the flying bicycle struck the draw, this rest caught upon one of the bolts. The affair was stout, stout enough to bring the bicycle to an instant and disastrous stop; and Wormell was projected upward and forward through the air.

This flight of his seemed to him interminable. He had time to perceive its finality; had time to understand the colossal irony of his end. It seemed a hideous jest that he, who had demonstrated a certain genius for great thefts, should make only ludicrous and tragic failure of a lesser one

His senses worked with incredible speed, but his muscles were as slow as snails. He swung a little sidewise, by his own momentum, in the air; and when his head struck, it was against one of the posts which supported the railing of the bridge, wrenching sharply backward and aside. He crumpled there and lay.

The absurd bicycle toppled forward and over and down, and the engine spat and the spinning rear wheel now and then touched the flooring of the bridge, driving the machine ahead so that it seemed to writhe this way and that as though in the throes of a tremendous and sardonic merriment. The staccato exhaust rang far through the still air of dawn. It was heard a mile away; heard instantly by little Shibles, who presently came hobbling down the hill.

The lame man treasured this bicycle of his; so he took care to cut off its ignition and stop its destructive activities before he turned his attention to what had been Wormell.

In the days that followed, when all Wormell's activities had been dragged into the light and scrutinized, there was a good deal of bewilderment among those who had trusted him. It was hard for old Mr. Rand and Jefferson Day and the others to understand why, at the moment when his flight was all prepared, he should have involved himself in this absurd affair with Mat Shibles' bicycle.

They even asked Shibles his opinion. Shibles made no adequate reply; but he might, if he chose, have expounded the mystery.

For the little man had, as has been said, a shrewd and active mind.

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So a miller has but one sure way of knowing how his flour will act for *you*. By "Kitchen-testing" it! By baking with samples from each batch first.

This is the "Kitchen-test" all Gold Medal Flour must pass—before any of it can leave the mills.

How "Kitchen-test" is made

Each day the Gold Medal Kitchen bakes with samples from each batch of Gold Medal Flour milled the day before.

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If at any time Gold Medal Flour does not give you the most uniform good results of any flour you have ever tried—you may return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer.

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As we test the flour in our kitchen, we also create and test delightful new recipes. We have printed all "Kitchen-tested" recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes.

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"Service to the Northwest"

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THE SPITE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 29)

"Unless what is carrots?" asked a voice over the hedge. "Nothing can be carrots except—er—*Daucus carota Umbelliferæ*, can it?"

"Well, I am a very new gardener," she said without looking around. "But it is always a mystery how they know what to be, isn't it? We don't, invariably." She turned her head then and gave this unknown person a glance. She had expected it to be Doctor Anthony—nobody but a scientific Johnsonian would have known the Latin for an ingredient of Irish stew. A swift lovely color flushed her face. "I'm sorry," she said. "I thought you were our doctor, and you spoke first."

"I didn't," he returned positively. "And I am the doctor."

"Then it's all right," she said, with a little laugh. "I was told to hang around to receive you."

"You don't call this receiving me, I should hope?"

"But we don't own the street. If you'll come in at the gate I'll do my best." She dropped the trowel by her watering pot and rose. He was glad that her gloves were so muddy that she had to pull one off to shake hands with him.

"I thought you were going to have a long gray beard," she said.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to stay till I grow one."

"Do you call this a bedside manner?" was her amused comment. "Are you really Doctor Anthony?"

"I don't see why you should doubt it. I am perfectly willing to believe you are—you might tell me who."

"I am Cicely Wallace, your patient's niece," she said. "Shall we go in?"

He fell into step beside her. "I am very glad you have come," he said in a quiet way, with a sudden change in his voice. "This poor Mrs. Wallace is going to need you, you know."

"You think ——"

"I come every day expecting to hear that he has never wakened from his sleep," he answered.

"It will be like that?"

"I think so. In any event, he will not suffer."

"But what is he dying of?"

"He isn't dying," said Doctor Anthony gently. "He is just tired of living. Don't come up, Miss Wallace; I know the way." He paused on the steps to look at her. "I hope you will be about here when I come down."

He was a tall, square-shouldered man with a face of infinite gentleness and inflexible force; just the sort of man, she decided, for his work. She liked the way his brows jutted out over his blue eyes. His nose was aggressive and his jaw a very rock, but the mouth between was kindly, sensitive, humorous.

To him, she seemed a sufficient offset for all the sickly people in his bailiwick. Vitality and charm informed her, as if she were highly charged with mysterious magnetic fluids. Look at her with as professional an eye as he could muster under the assault of her feminine enchantment, he could not see that there was anything the matter with her. The mere man of him saw, too, that she was not to be improved. But must it apply in all senses that she had no use for a doctor?

Quite suddenly he set his bag down at his feet. "I won't go till you promise," he said stubbornly.

"Oh, that!" she said, with a little rise of color in her cheeks, as she realized that in looking at him she had forgotten to answer. "I promise."

When he came down again, she had washed her hands and smoothed her hair. She considered it an improvement of sorts, but Doctor Anthony realized at once that she had only made matters worse.

"Can you cook?" he said, dropping to a seat beside her on the paintless steps.

She turned her eyes upon him in a slow scornful look. "I happen to be an authority on the subject," she replied.

"Then what do you mean by letting your uncle starve on stewed pincushion stuffing?"

She looked genuinely distressed. "I thought those messes were what you wanted him to eat."

"It wouldn't make any difference if I did," said Anthony. "No man could do it."

"But Aunt Mary ——"

"Your Aunt Mary is a good soul; about the goodest soul I know. But she has no more head than a wooden skewer. You know it doesn't make much difference what Mr. Wallace eats—give him anything he likes, in reason. It can't do him either harm or good, but it might make him happier. . . . Now that I look at you," he went on as if he had been doing anything else in her presence, "you do have a certain authoritative air about you."

"Haven't I? It comes of running the household page in a newspaper. I am on my vacation."

"Can you make beaten biscuits and Maryland fried chicken?"

"For an invalid!"

"I am not an invalid. I am inviting myself to supper tomorrow night."

"Provisionally!" she laughed. "Yes, that is pretty bad. I can do better. You shall have the biscuits and chicken, and I will send up to Uncle Henry an alluring tray every three hours from now on."

"I shall instruct the managing editor of your paper to discharge you," said he cheerfully.

II

CICELY was in the kitchen next morning when Malcolm came again, rounding the house in search of her and spying her through the open door. He clambered up the back steps and stood at the top, smiling at her till she dropped her wooden spoon and went out to hug him.

"What is the use of being able to cook when anyone could eat you just raw?" she said, laughing.

"I couldn't tell grandfather," said Malcolm promptly. "Aunt Carrie said not to disturve him, yessaday and today."

"You can tell him the very first chance you get. What do you think? I have something to show you. Guess!"

"Can't," said Malcolm.

"Well, our cat has kittens," said she. "The deceitful thing had them hidden away in the greenhouse."

Here was an extraordinary thing—kittens! He felt he must see them.

"I have put them in a box. Come and look"

She took his hand and led him down to the little glass shed that adjoined the barn back of the house. It had been Henry Wallace's one interest, when he had had any at all. A visiting nondescript, a sort of man of all sloth, still kept a desultory fire going in the little stove that warmed it; but otherwise there was nothing being attended to except kittens. The air felt soft and wet. It smelled delightfully of loamy dirt.

"Here we are," said Cicely, and sat down on a big inverted flowerpot by the side of a wooden box. Malcolm looked in. There were five little gray creatures with rudimentary ears, surging weakly in their blindness close to the flank of a long flat cat. He had never seen a cat look so long and flat.

"Why is it lying down?" he demanded.

"I think she's been feeling sick," said Cicely. "She's better now. When you are sick, you lie down, but not like sleeping at night."

He noted the difference. Still, the cat looked very comfortable. But those kittens! Where had they come from? He put the question politely, his grave little face bent over the struggling individualists who had no more concern for their fellows than to plant swimming paws directly on defenseless faces.

"In a greenhouse," said Miss Wallace, "things happen like that. Plants do all sorts of queer things too. Sometimes bunches of bright flowers as big as your head come out of little green stems no thicker than a string. It's all very mysterious. Wouldn't you like to have one of these kittens for your very own?"

He turned his face to her breathlessly, lips parted on an ecstatic "Could I?"

"When they are old enough to leave their mother," she said.

This was quite the most momentous thing that had ever happened to him. It filled him with an emotion that set his heart to bumping inside of him. It would perhaps have seemed incredible to Cicely Wallace that in this small heart was a terrified but passionate adoration of Gideon Perrinder, yet Malcolm gave immediate evidence of it.

"I must go tell grandfather!" he cried.

She saw in it only a pathetic evidence of submission to rigorous authority. He must ask permission to receive this gift.

Malcolm looked one last yearning at the squirmy occupants of the flannel-lined box and rushed away. He ran through the shabby expanse of the Wallace grounds into the small inclosure of his own front yard, and so much more barren was it than even the utter neglect of the garden next door that something in the contrast chilled him as if he had already met with a repulse to his hope. He steadied to a walk. Nothing was ever planted here. Obviously his grandfather did not like the things that grew in greenhouses or he would have one. Then perhaps kittens ——

A desolating apprehension that the kitten might not be welcome brought him to a collapse upon his usual stair. But there was that in small Malcolm Perrinder that drove him to face an issue. He presently trudged upstairs and into the dread presence.

Grandfather watched him come down the narrow room. There was something infinitely valiant about the little figure, blue eyes wide with an emotion that denied fear, lips apart. In his accustomed silence, he stopped beside the chair. Unconsciously and for the first time, he put his hand on the plaid rug that covered grandfather's knees. But the hand was closed into a very small fist. Grandfather looked down at it. The silence was longer than usual.

"There's a cat," said Malcolm finally, "that has kittens. I saw them. When they are older, I can have one. Will you let me?"

There was a dreadful pause during which every taut muscle in the small body tightened.

"Yes," whispered Gideon Perrinder. The awful moment relaxed. Malcolm stood utterly quiet, flooded with a tremendous sense of gratitude and happiness. Grandfather, looking at the clenched fist, saw it slacken, uncurl, become a limp confident hand. The touch of it brought an odd sensation to the withered body in the chair.

Malcolm's eyes became dreamy, looking past grandfather into a warmly remembered vision of feline anarchy in a wadded box. He saw the flat-headed writhing newly borns, and, quite spanning the length of their simple *crèche*, the flat supine outline of exhausted motherhood.

"She was a frail cat," he said.

The remark hung undisturbed in the air about them for a moment, and then Malcolm became aware that something was the matter with grandfather. He began shaking. It shook Malcolm's little hand and he instinctively lifted it away. He looked in alarm at grandfather's face. But though deep and strange wrinkles appeared there, making it unfamiliar, it was not the vindictive hatefulness he feared that widened the mouth. Still, grandfather went on shaking, and he could only think that some sort of pain had seized the invalid.

Well, it was true. Gideon Perrinder was laughing and it hurt him. Tears came into his steely eyes.

"Oh, Lord!" he whispered. And, "Oh, Lord!"

This was too much. Malcolm turned to run, but a gasping faint word recalled him. "No!" Then, "It's all right. Come back. It's all right." Malcolm came back, watching him anxiously. Grandfather took out a large white handkerchief from the pocket of his dressing gown and wiped his eyes. "Well," he said. Faintly he shook again. He put the handkerchief away and looked down into the lovely wondering boy face.

This was to be a day of days. Grandfather looked from the face down the sturdy little figure and seemed to ponder. He had stopped shaking and Malcolm was no longer afraid. Whatever the seizure had been, it seemed somehow to have done him good. He put out a long bony hand to the secretary and drew toward him a box, and from the box, from under several packets of papers, he took out a wonderful disk of gold. Malcolm had seen bright pennies before, but never one so huge as this. As his grandfather held it out to him, he naturally put his small hand under it, and there it lay, almost as big as his palm. It was a beautiful thing.

"Pants," whispered grandfather, and gave a nod.

Pants! Well, you know—pants! Malcolm caught his breath on a shout of delight and flung himself forward. His hot happy face rasped against the rough dressing gown. One hand clutched the gold, but the other went instinctively upward to render thanks. He patted his grandfather hysterically about the nose.

Aunt Carrie came to a paralyzed stand in the doorway, to stare at this remarkable scene. Matters were explained to her, but she did not seem to understand the tremendous significance of the occasion.

"Should have had 'em long ago," susurrated grandfather.

"I never thought," said Aunt Carrie. This was true. She seldom did.

"And I can have a kitten!" cried Malcolm.

"Kitten?" echoed Aunt Carrie. "Who's going to give you a kitten?"

"Cicely Wallace," said he.

Above his head two pairs of eyes met in a startled stare. Gideon Perrinder had not connected the idea of kittens with the house next door.

"Who is—that?" whispered grandfather. He would not repeat the name.

"It's a niece, come for a visit," said Aunt Carrie. The opening gave her an opportunity to mention other matters that she had been reluctant to touch upon. "He's sick abed—dying, they say."

Malcolm, engrossed in his gold piece, hot and moist from his clasp, was not paying attention. He did not see that hateful look come into grandfather's face.

"I said he could have the kitten"—after a long pause, the harsh whisper laid down Aunt Carrie's instructions—"but he is not to go there."

"Don't put it on me," said Aunt Carrie, with totally unexpected resistance.

Grandfather gazed at her a moment and then touched the child. "You must not go to the house next door." It banished all the happiness from the little face. Malcolm stood staring piteously, and Gideon Perrinder was conscious of another unwonted sensation in his hard old bones. "Aunt Carrie will take you to buy your pants," he said. Like many people, he totally miscalculated a child's capacity for sustained regret.

III

MASCULINE advancement brings new perplexities as well as bifurcated garments. Malcolm had never gone back to see the lovely lady, but he had now deserted his former place on the stairs and sat often in a chair near a window upstairs where he could see her in the garden; now a much prettier place, all pale-green shrubs, some of which bore none-too-luxuriant plumes of

(Continued on Page 136)

P. A. speaks your smoke language

YOU and your jimmy-pipe and Prince Albert will hit it off together like the Three Musketeers. Pals from the first puff! Because, P. A. speaks your language. It knows your tongue and refuses to mistreat it. Not a tongue-bite or a throat-parch in a ton. The Prince Albert process fixes that!

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Why, you'll even wish your pipe had a Yale *Bowl*, just jammed with this joy tobacco. Like it? Man, they couldn't take that jimmy-pipe away from you with a bench-warrant when you get going with good old P. A. Cool and sweet and fragrant, P. A. knocks pipe-grouches for an indoor loop. It's got everything you ever wished for in a smoke.

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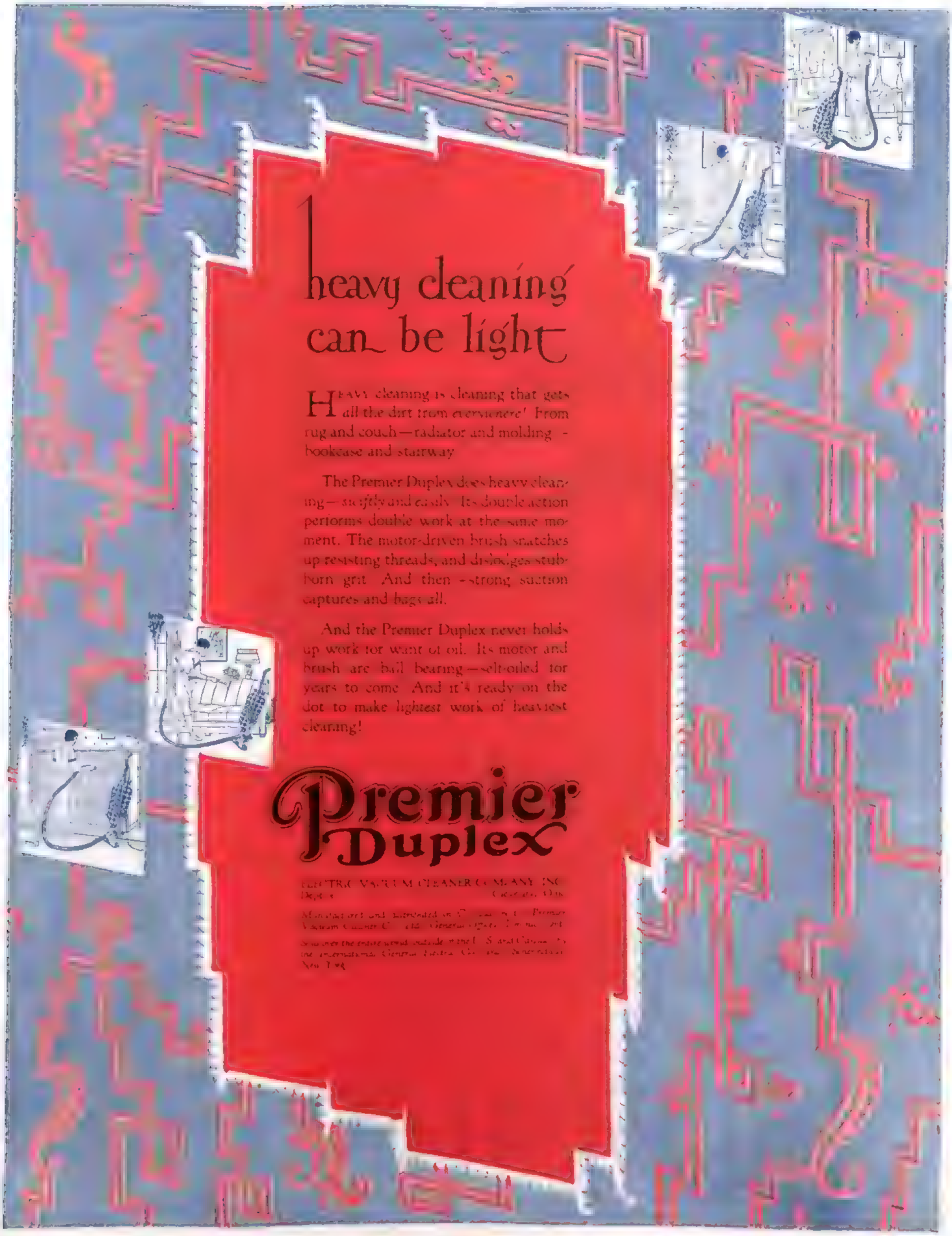
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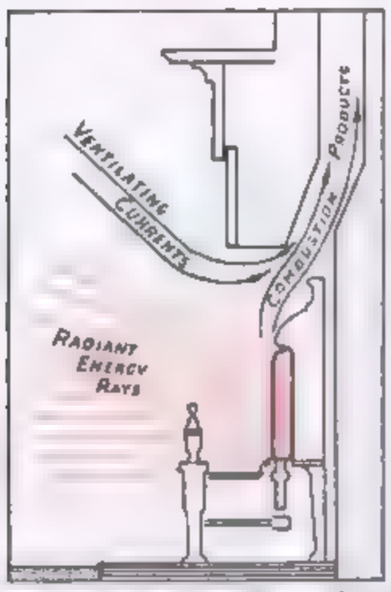

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(Continued from Page 130)

bright yellow. Sometimes a man was with her; and now that the window was open, he could hear the sound of their voices and often their laughter. He kept well in the concealment of the curtain, because he had an unexplainable sense of guilt in even looking at the forbidden place. But the desire to see her was irresistible.

The fair lady in the engraving had ceased to interest him. Her frailty was a matter between her and the gentleman with the tight boots—perhaps her doctor. This man who walked about with Cicely was a doctor, but not because she was sick. Old Mr. Wallace was sick and never in the garden. But the doctor kept walking there just the same every day. He wished he was a doctor.

Yet one could not spend all one's time at a window. Besides, he had the kitten at last to play with, and he couldn't pull its spool along the bare floor, because it made a tiresome noise. Occasionally, when the kitten was overtaken by the untimely somnolences of its kind, he would stand out in front of the house and look at the motor cars that went winging by, or at the doctor's motor, which stood still so much. And more often he pondered the difference between the Perrinder house and those of the neighbors, because he could often see heads craning in these passing cars to look at his home, as if they, too, saw something extraordinary about it.

But it was the infrequent transit of an ancient open hack that most impressed him with the fact that there was something awful about the house he lived in. The shabby driver would point it out with his whip to the strangers who were being carried about to see the sights of the town.

What was a spite house? There was nothing for it—he would have to ask. For some time now he and his grandfather had been better friends, and he was no longer afraid, as he used to be, of that harsh presence. But he was afraid of something. What was it?

Sometimes he wished he was not so driven by the boy inside him. Little as he was, he saw that Aunt Carrie evaded things, went round them, overlooked them. It was remarkable the way she could live through the day without seeming once to come bang up against any definite thought except perhaps a new way to make a pudding. But he was forced to face things. His heart would harden and thump, driving him, as if it said, "Go on! You got to!"

It was doing this now. Well, there was no other help for it. He gave his head a comical little rub and went in. He climbed the stairs very slowly. After he had stood beside his grandfather a minute and no words would come, he put his hands into his new pockets. They just about reached in, and his arms came flat to his sides. It was not a truculent attitude, but he hoped to derive courage from it.

"I been thinking," he said finally. "I got to ask you about this house. You see, I live here." He put this forward as if it might have escaped the other's attention. "And I don't unnerstand it."

Grandfather's face did not on this occasion split up into encouraging wrinkles. On the contrary, two deep cuts between the brows drew together and showed other parallel lines.

"I built this house tp punish a man who injured me." The words came in his most iron whisper.

Malcolm's heart fluttered. He was most miserably afraid, and again he wondered of what. Not of those hands, each clutching so angrily at the arms of the chair. There was a terrible violence leashed in the seated figure, but it was not of violence that he was afraid.

"How can you understand?" asked the old man. "He and his brother owned the land where this street was cut. I only had a roadway back to my timber. They wouldn't sell to me. He hated me and he used to laugh because I had no frontage on the street. Can you understand that?"

"Why he laughed?"

"No, no. You are a child. I couldn't explain it to you."

Malcolm drew a hard breath. "You got to make me unnerstand," he said.

Grandfather looked at him and some of the rigidity went out of his body. "Well, see. There wasn't any street here once upon a time, only a forest road. You know where our woods are, back there? They owned the woods along this side, and I had only a road across his place. When the town grew out this way and they put the street through, his land became more valuable. I wanted to buy some of it. He refused to sell to me. He wanted to keep me under. They built both those houses, one on each side of my road, and came to live here."

Malcolm was listening to every word. "Old Mr. Wallace?" he asked, faintly, fearfully.

"Yes," said grandfather, and his jaws seemed to grind out the whispered syllable. "Well, I spoiled his plans. I built this place and ruined him. His brother died of it, I think. He couldn't sell now if he was starving. And as he has lost all the money he ever had, he may starve yet. Then let him come to me to buy his land—and we shall see."

He seemed to have forgotten to whom he spoke. The grimness settled in his face as if the flesh would be hard to the touch.

Malcolm stood a while before he stole away. His question had been answered, but it needed a lot of thinking over. He had been told a great deal—every word of it he remembered and could say it over. And he must say it over until he understood, until this terror of something unknown was explained away.

For though Malcolm had been a lonely child, a baby orphan mothered by a juiceless aunt, never knowing the demonstrative fondling that to a child is love, he was himself the center of an outgoing gentleness, an attitude toward all things that had never been rebuffed. His aunt had only methodically tended him, yet because she went round and round the child without ever touching the child, like the fence in the conundrum, she had never shocked the serenity of his charming little soul. His grandfather had terrified him by his mysterious immobility and his great age, but he had never hurt him. Of cruelty, the child knew nothing. Added to the inevitable trustfulness of his years was the innocence of being practically alone in the world with a very tender heart—his own.

He went out again into the grim front yard, quivering with the sense of dread things, new things, sinister things behind a veil that he had thought was solid blue sky, but which was slowly going to dissolve to show him something he felt would be unbearable.

"He hated me—I ruined him ——" Those words were terrible. He did not know exactly what they meant. But they had strength, strength used in some wicked way. He trembled when he said them.

The yard was ugly. He always felt unhappy in it. He couldn't see what it was good for, what you could do with it. The house was ugly. The wicked words were ugly.

He heard the voices of Cicely Wallace and Doctor Anthony on the other side of the high board fence, and he wished there was so much as a knot hole at his level through which he might look at them. He would have been glad to run into her arms, run to sanctuary, away from this understanding that must come to him. In a gesture to make the angels weep, he laid his little cheek against the boards.

"But fancy living in this awful place yourself!" he heard the doctor say. "Getting at another man is a common enough impulse, but why spite yourself?"

"Oh, who can say in what a monster finds his pleasure?" demanded the soft indignant voice of Cicely Wallace.

"It has blighted the whole street," said the doctor. "Your uncle has tried for years to raise money on these places, but I don't believe he could even give them away."

They moved on beyond earshot. Malcolm sighed. His head ached with the puzzle, which he wanted so desperately to understand and which yet that rising terror warned him to ignore.

Revelation came in its own black hour, as torments so often do, rousing him from sleep like a physical presence. He woke in the night alone, in his narrow room, which was no more than the walled-off end of the hall.

In the darkness he found himself trembling again to the sound of the words: "He hated me—I ruined him." He knew now of what he was afraid.

It was of what grandfather must be. His heart pumped in its old way, driving him to face it. "He's bad, he's cruel!"

The foundation of small Malcolm Perrinder's world rocked under him. Understanding now crowded in too brutally. He saw that the ugliness of the house was only an outward sign of grandfather's heart. He wanted to get up and run away from it. It was hateful to him. How could he go on living in it? He couldn't slip from under his thoughts like Aunt Carrie. His heart would thump till it drove him to run away.

He pulled the covers over his throbbing head and crept into the depths of his bed, moaning.

IV

GIDEON PERRINDER, in the morning, dragging himself around on his one good leg, dressing laboriously, was astonished at the bursting in of Aunt Carrie.

"Malcolm ——" she said.

She never could frame a sentence like a sensible woman, but he had not lived with her all these years to expect it. She could, however, have selected no other one word that would so completely have aroused him. His hand on her arm closed till it hurt her, his eyes fairly glaring.

"What's the matter with Malcolm?"

"He's sick!" she gasped distractedly.

The hand pushed her in one sweep toward the door. "Get the doctor," he whispered. It was a whisper, but it could have been heard a long way. "Go at once!" He was dragging on his dressing gown, his hands groping wildly. "I'll manage, you fool! I'll go to him. Hurry!"

She went scuttling down the stairs as he painfully made his way down the interminable hall. He had gone only a step or two when he heard Malcolm's voice talking, talking, in a hurried mumble. Gideon Perrinder's eyes flashed open wide and he caught his breath. Never in many years had he moved as he did now, one hand on the wall, one on his stick, his useless foot scuffing along the floor.

"What's this? What's this?" he whispered, clawing his way along into the room at the end of the passage.

Small Malcolm was only to answer this question indirectly. His little face was swollen and flushed, and he alternated between two states, now lying weakly inert and now beginning to surge indeterminately about the bed in very much the kitten's early manner. Even when his eyes opened he did not seem to see the extraordinary vision of grandfather, whom he had never known to leave his chair, standing erect at the bedside—erect but shaken. And the pitiful babbling went on at intervals. Malcolm's heart was driving him hard.

Grandfather stood there, leaning heavily with both hands on his cane. His breast alternately froze and melted, seeming for one moment to inclose a cold stone, and then suddenly to be mere bruised flesh as if the warm blood were giving out through a wound.

"He's bad—I got to go away—he's bad ——"

Gideon Perrinder, his face set, was listening to something that made it easy to believe in judgment day.

A sound of quick feet running up the stair, quick feet coming down that everlasting hall, and Doctor Anthony came in. His greeting to Gideon Perrinder was a mere "Stand aside!"—no soft beginning—and with one sling of his arm he stripped the light bedclothes from the huddled child. But when he touched the boy, his hand was tender and soothing.

On his knees in the narrow space beside the bed, little telephones dangling from his ears, standing again and leaning over to pry under the swollen eyelids, crouching down with a powerful flash light pouring into the opened throat, holding the boy on his arm while the thermometer took its time to register its message—in all these activities he showed a sternness that was not for his little patient. Never had his brows jutted more threateningly above his eyes, never had his jaw appeared more like a rock, and never had his mouth been gentler.

Presently he was buttoning the little night clothes again, his ear at the murmuring mouth: "It's all right, sonny. Don't you worry. I'll take you -I've come to take you."

They were the first words he had spoken since his entrance, and in some way they seemed to reach the fevered intelligence.

"Oh, please!" gasped Malcolm, and slipped away again.

Doctor Anthony, sitting on the bed, one friendly hand on the little hot breast, one fondling the clutching hand, so gentle in every motion, turned a wrathful look at the master of the house.

"Now, Perrinder," he snapped out, "what the devil have you been up to here? There's nothing the matter with the child except shock. He's as sound as a nut. He's simply crumbling with terror. Don't you hear what he is saying?"

"Yes, I heard it," whispered grandfather.

Malcolm moaned again, and Doctor Anthony rose. In one movement he lifted the boy and rolled the bed covers around him.

"Perrinder, I'm taking the boy home. He must be got out of this. You can't tell what a thing like this may do—affect his whole life. You may know what's happened, you may not. But he can't and shan't stay here. You're welcome to come and see him, but he goes home with me."

Malcolm lay like a mummy on the bed. Doctor Anthony shouldered him easily and stepped past Gideon Perrinder without another word. As he strode out of the room, the kitten met him at the door, and without losing step he swept her up as a useful ally and put her into his pocket.

Grandfather watched them go, Malcolm's heavy head cradled on the doctor's shoulder. Over the edge of Anthony's pocket, the kitten's face stared back at him like an indignant pansy.

Aunt Carrie, who had of course been utterly overlooked during this scene, came from her usual hovering on its edge, toward her father. "What's he—where's he ——" Tears were wet on her frightened cheeks.

Gideon Perrinder turned an ashen look to her. "Go downstairs and wash your face," he whispered. "Go out and shut the door."

She obeyed him fearfully, but she could not even shut a door without indecision, and so it was she saw him, when he thought her gone, sink down to sit on the edge of the bed like a man bereft of strength, one hand just touching the pillow where Malcolm's head had lain.

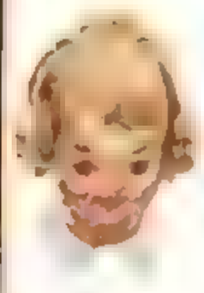
V

SMALL Malcolm Perrinder woke from a long sleep which had been singularly hot and unrefreshing, and opened his eyes upon an unwonted scene. In the first place, he looked across an amazing expanse of candlewick spread into the square immensity of a large airy room. There were three windows with lightly blowing curtains on one side, three on another. The bed itself was so big that when he stretched both arms the tips of his fingers seemed no nearer to the edge. But a large friendly hand immediately covered one of his own; and looking over his little nose, Malcolm saw Doctor Anthony sitting in a gayly dressed chair by the bedside, playing with a familiar kitten.

"Suppose we all have a drink of milk," said Doctor Anthony casually, and from a near-by table produced a tray with a glass

(Continued on Page 137)

They are happiest in Wellville!



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(Continued from Page 135)

for himself as well as for Malcolm, and a saucerful for the kitten. Malcolm leaned a little on his elbow to drink his milk, to watch the kitten get her whiskers into hers, to gaze listlessly about him.

"Did you ever see a Chinaman?" asked Doctor Anthony.

"No."

"I've got one to show you when you wake up again. They are very good to little boys."

This news did not excite Malcolm. He was pleased but drowsy, and with the replete kitten in his arm dozed off again. It was a blissful kind of sleep in a bed that he dreamed could hold all the little boys and all the little cats in Christendom. He could feel the wideness of it letting his skin breathe just as he could hear soft, comfortable talking that kept him company without waking him.

"I really cannot see why you should think it is more important to teach other women to cook for their husbands than to see that a husband of your own is properly nourished."

That was Doctor Anthony.

"As if"—he knew this voice, too, did Malcolm. It called him honey—"as if Lee Wing didn't feed you to within an inch of your life!"

"What a curious mark for a dietitian to set! Suppose he overshot it."

"I am sorry to be proof against any such alarm. A pretty time of day for you to set up as a helpless man!"

"It's only three o'clock. I get helplesser as the day goes on. But really, I should think you were too advanced a woman to set such store by that old adage that a woman's place is in the office."

"Flattery doesn't do any good."

"Who told you that? Flattery, in its improved form, should be found in every home. It is a healing specific of the highest potency and absolutely guaranteed not to harm the thinnest skin. Send for our booklet."

"P-r-r-r-r ——" That was the kitten. Malcolm gave it a little squeeze, against which it made a soft, convulsive protest, but went on purring.

"So you won't pity me? Well, I don't want anything that is only akin to. You know, a man ought to take a course in this sort of thing. It isn't reasonable to expect —— Why, just fancy my knowing the way to your heart without at least three years' collegiate work and walking the hospitals!"

"I don't wish to be regarded in a bony light."

"This is a very nice house to live in." This came after a pause during which Malcolm dreamed of Doctor Anthony's face smiling. "At least, I think it would be with you stuffed into the corners to keep me from rattling around in it."

"It's a beautiful house."

"Of course I know that what I want in it is a great deal more than my budget of virtues allows me. But don't you think I could get you on the installment plan—say, my heart down and thirty-one days' devotion a month till death doth us part?"

"Lots of months haven't so many days."

"I could double it up on the ends to make it fit in. I must say I think your objections are rather picayune."

"But you throw all my big ones out of court."

"You mean all that platform stuff about your work? Nobody keeps to any of that sort of thing after election, and if you aren't elected I never saw a stuffed ballot box. Do you—er—come into contact with many men in your department?"

"Don't I just! My institute kitchen just about feeds the entire lot."

"Humph! Well, I somehow always expected to go on being a doctor. But I suppose I could take up journalism. Do you think I am too old for it? I know I am much too old to be single."

"You wouldn't be any younger double."

"Really, Cicely Wallace, the things you don't know! A great girl like you!"

There was another pause here, during which the little cat stretched up on its feet and tried to push its dorsal arch through its loose fur coat. It then began to lick its white stomach companionably.

Doctor Anthony's voice sounded reflective. "And to think we pride ourselves on keeping clean, as easy as it is made for us! The things we pride ourselves on—you especially!"

"I don't. I only like them. I like my work and my apartment and my pay check and the general feeling of being ——"

"—— an economic unit! Yah! What a thing to want to be, when all the time you are really a heavenly woman! What a fishy thing to want to be!"

"I'm sorry you don't like it."

"Like it? Would you expect me to approve of the Milo wanting to be a postmistress? You have no sense of the fitness of things. Perhaps you would consider a business proposition then."

"Is this another way to my heart?"

"Oh, Cicely, suppose you haven't got one!"

"I could always be an exhibit."

"I wonder. Well, suppose for double your present salary you come here and establish a certain project I have in mind."

"What's the project?"

"School children's luncheon at a nickel a head."

"What?"

"Fooled you that time. Yes, I want to take the basement of the grammar school and feed these kids properly. We have a lot of Polacks and Lithuanians and Sadducees—all kinds—badly nourished. In a year you could get it going so that someone else could run it and we could go to Europe for a couple of years."

"I'm afraid you don't know what my present salary is when you offer to double it."

"I don't care. The point is you must get the thing running in a year."

"But I haven't said I would do it at all."

"Oh, well, if you are going to take that tone! Give me your A."

"Do stop talking nonsense. I rather like the idea about the luncheons. Where's all the money coming from?"

"Me."

"Have you got it?"

"Of course. I've got scads of it. Oh, Cicely, will you marry me for my money? You would never have to be an economical unit again."

"Nobody will ever marry you for your money."

"That's a dark saying. What —— No, what do you mean?"

"Well, it might be a bit out of the booklet."

"Oh, I see—flattery. I shall throw the stuff away. It has been totally misrepresented. In your hands it can hurt. Yes, it can hurt."

"Oh, but please! Don't look so like a little boy!"

There was another silence in this funny dream. Then Doctor Anthony said, "I shall buy this newspaper of yours tomorrow, fire you and blacklist you."

Malcolm knew he said this to Cicely Wallace, but when he opened his eyes there was nobody in the room but the doctor. That it was several hours later he did not guess. The little cat was sitting on the man's shoulder insinuatingly comforting its furry ear against his collar.

"Where is Cicely?"

"She went away. I won't let her do it one of these days. . . . Ever wash your face in bed?"

"No."

"Well, it's good fun," said Doctor Anthony. He uprooted the clinging kitten and rose. Presently he came back carrying a most astonishing bowl of white china with pink roses, that was divided in the middle and had a handle like a basket.

"Kittens don't like water. Look at this—warm water on one side, cold on t'other. Did you ever?" He sat down on the bed and very expertly bathed Malcolm's face and hands.

"It's afreshing," said Malcolm.

"Just," said Doctor Anthony. "Now I'll show you that Chinaman. He has got something good for you to eat." He walked over to the door which stood wide open and quietly clapped his hands.

A little singsong answer replied from somewhere.

"Now what do you suppose? He's got a pigtail. Why not, if he likes it? He does all the work in this big house. I love him. So will you. He talks English as if he were making it up."

Doctor Anthony rambled about the great room, the kitten making hostile sorties from hastily selected ambushes as he passed to and fro. At the sound of a step outside, he came over to the bed and bolstered small Malcolm up with pillows. The bed looked even bigger when one sat up, but Malcolm had eyes only for the door. During his last nap the hot, heavy feeling had gone out of his head.

In came Lee Wing, dressed in blue silk, with his pigtail wound around his head. His eyes went up at the corners as if he had put them that way to be amusing. He was carrying a tray that had legs like a little table. It was a most surprising house.

"Gottee good chickee, young little fella," sang Lee, with a smile like the mark of the equator on a globe.

"Thank you very much," said Malcolm. The tray was placed over his knees, a notable invention. Malcolm suddenly discovered that he was very hungry.

"Hi, lookum little cat!" chanted his alien entertainer. With a swift motion of his hands and a waggle of his head, Lee brought down his long braid, which unwound like a black rope till it swung just clear of the floor. The kitten made one frantic grab at it and caught on. Lee went laughing toward the door with the kitten as a passenger. Doctor Anthony laughed too.

Small Malcolm looked almost startled before he joined in. He had never heard people go on like this. The goodly noise of their concerted mirth went ringing through the house.

"Lee floget," said that Asiatic, turning in the doorway, the kitten scrambling valiantly in the rear. "One piecee gemmun sit down stlairs, see Missa Doctlor."

"Right," said Anthony. "You stay here, Lee, till I come back."

"You leavum Lee and little cat, you come back Lee no pigtail he gottum," smiled the yellow man. But he dexterously bound the unusual ornament about his head again, put his hands into his sleeves and went over to the bed to intone friendly nothings to the child.

Doctor Anthony went down, but paused a moment in the doorway of his office. Seated within, dressed in old-fashioned but very handsome black broadcloth, with a beaver hat upon his knee, was Gideon Perrinder. There was a look upon his face that told the doctor that shout of laughter had not been inaudible here.

"I have taken the liberty of coming to inquire after my grandson," whispered the visitor.

"He is better," said Doctor Anthony.

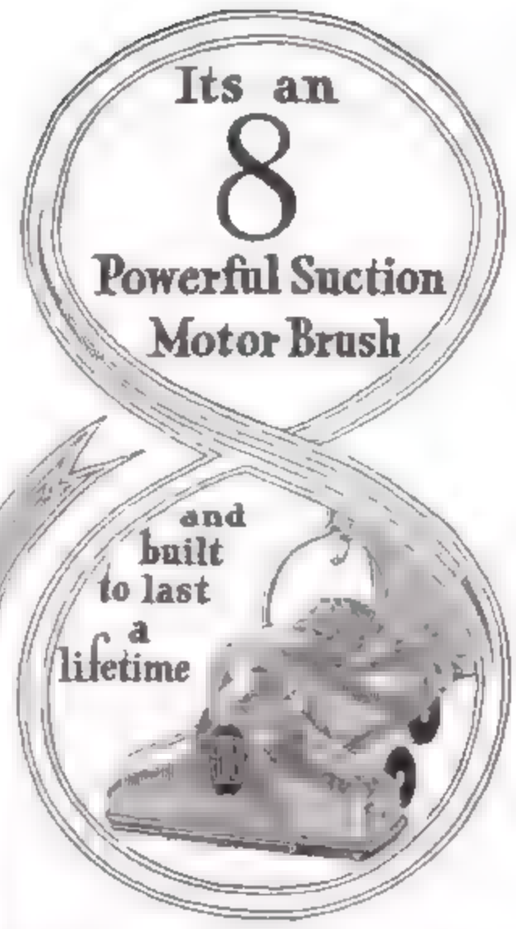
A somewhat painful silence ensued. Grandfather rose with difficulty. He put a hand into the pocket of his long frock coat and drew out two objects which he laid on the doctor's desk.

"You might give him these," he said. "He likes 'em."

These gifts the doctor looked at with some interest. They were a glass paper weight of a kind familiar to him, with an imprisoned snowstorm, at this moment in action, and a little bronze hand with a gold ring on the finger. A sudden change came over Anthony's face as he looked at these offerings.

Grandfather moved, with his dragging foot and his cane, toward the door. "I'll call again."

"One moment," said Doctor Anthony. He did not ask his visitor to retrace those painful steps. Instead, he rolled the chair after him. The steely gleam in his blue



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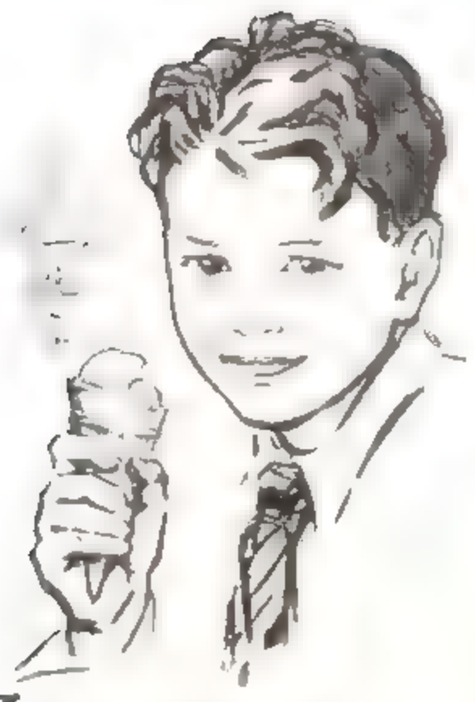

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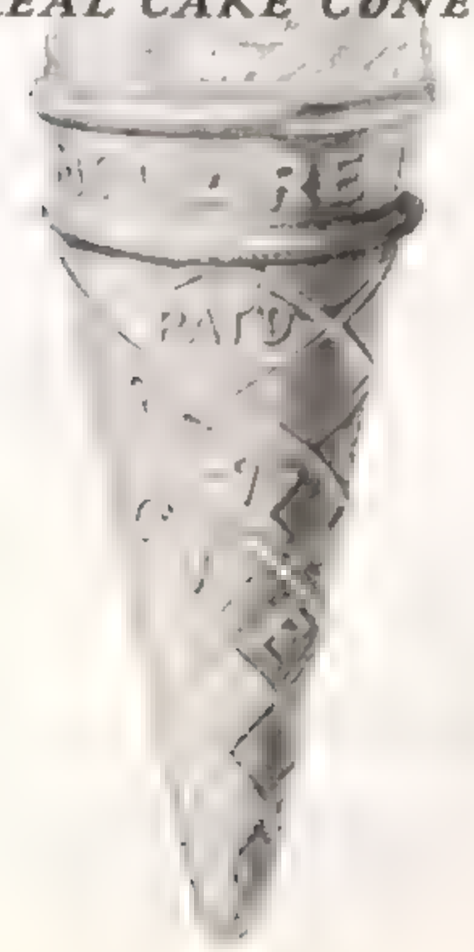

eyes had been replaced by a steady light of understanding, not unmixed with compassion. Anthony was extraordinarily sensitive to spiritual as well as physical suffering.

"Will you please sit down, Mr. Perrinder?" he said respectfully. "I want very much to have a little talk with you."

VI

SMALL Malcolm Perrinder got out of bed the next day and began a life of enchantment. He could not remember having been brought here; he had certainly no idea how all his clothes and a lot of new ones came to lie so naturally in the bureau in the big bedroom. But since that long queer sleep he found that he was willing, for a time at least, to let life go by unexplained. He could not know it was the way that children usually do.

The house was perfectly enormous, it seemed to him, and one could go even farther sideways than from front to back. It had a big hall in the middle, and, with doors open at both ends, from the front yard you could see right through into the back garden, like looking at a picture in a frame.

He loved the suppers in the white-paneled dining room, with candles on the walls and on the mahogany table, and gleaming silver on the Sheraton sideboard, and Lee Wing passing Sheffield dishes of the most surprising foods. Some of these dishes were surprising even to Lee Wing, chef that he was, for Cicely Wallace did all kinds of things in that house besides drop in to see how Malcolm was getting on. She would often stay to supper, and Doctor Anthony seemed to have a special expression on his face when he looked at her sitting at his table with small Malcolm in a chair at the side between them.

He loved, too, the garden where Cicely taught him a game that Lee Wing called cloquey. The wooden balls and mallets made such a satisfactory noise when they clacked together, and there was always the alluring hope that this time the ball was going through the wire hoop. Proficiency in this was greatly hampered by the unquenchable interference of the rapidly enlarging kitten.

Sometimes Doctor Anthony took him to ride in the motor when he went to see his patients, and sometimes they took Cicely for just a drive; but they never went down the street that passed the spite house.

Doctor Anthony, however, spoke often of grandfather, who was very busy about some important business, but would come to see him soon. He was not one to leave any mental cupboards unaired where bugaboos might lurk. Perhaps he stretched the truth a bit when he said grandfather had made friends with old Mr. Wallace; but as a matter of fact, grandfather had done something even more surprising than that.

So Malcolm spent no lonely wondering hours on the stairs. When he was alone there was a big soft sofa in a bay window, where he kept three lovely books with pictures of beautiful princesses and gallant men in armor on white horses that wore skirts, if you please. And there was the garden where Lee weeded his rows of vegetable futures. When he went out, he did not walk; he ran, and he found a new tendency in himself to shout as he galloped about, imagining himself Sir Lancelot of the Lake.

Every night, when he went to sleep in the big bed, he kissed Doctor Anthony, and Cicely, if she was there, patted the little bronze hand which was always on the little table by him, turned on the snowstorm and involved his arms with the kitten's legs before he closed his eyes in security and peace.

It was easy nowadays to ask questions if you wanted to. But everything was simple enough to understand without bothering. There was only one secret in the world about him. How he knew it was there he couldn't tell. Lee knew it, and Cicely and Doctor Anthony, and so it was certain to be pleasant. It made Lee cackle his strange laugh and utter cryptic things.

"Ol' gemmun one piecee dough," Lee Wing would say to the doctor; and pointing to Malcolm, "All samee yeast cake!" And things like that.

One heavenly afternoon Malcolm was showing Lee how well he now played cloquey. The doctor and Cicely were unaccountably absent—had been away since before luncheon. The sky was a perfectly prodigal blue, and to make it bluer, his ball went straight through two wickets and rolled into a splendid position for center.

"Did you see it?" shouted Malcolm, as one who calls attention to a phenomenon in Nature. "Did you see it?"

Someone at the steps leading from the back veranda to the garden clapped a sudden whole-hearted applause, and the little eager face turned to look. Well, it was grandfather! Standing up!

Malcolm flung away his mallet, nearly putting an end to the first of nine lives, and rushed to greet him.

"I went through two wickets!" he wildly called.

Grandfather bent down and shook hands. "Congratulations," he whispered.

But small Malcolm was not content with that cordial touch. He flung both arms around grandfather's neck and kissed him on the cheek. An odd shyness then overtook them both.

"I hope you are very well," said Malcolm politely.

"I am in excellent health," replied grandfather.

Lee Wing came nearer, smiling. "You go all samee with your gemmun," he said, nodding many nods.

Grandfather took Malcolm's hand again. "Been buying you a present," he said in his husky whisper. "Want you to come and look at it."

"What's a present?"

"Well," said grandfather slowly, with a queer look of embarrassment, "the kitten was a present."

"It's a big cat now," said small Malcolm. "It gets big much faster than I do."

"This," said grandfather, "gets big much faster than the cat."

Lee laughed his high crooning laugh, associated in the young mind with the mysterious secret. It was to be told to him at last. His eyes widened with excitement.

"You come along and take a look at it," said grandfather. It was not in the house apparently, because grandfather took him through it and out to the front, where he painfully descended the steps. Small Malcolm Perrinder had never walked with his grandfather before. In fact, he did not know that grandfather did walk. He understood now why this had been as he went slowly along beside the dragging foot. His heart swelled up into his throat and his hand closed tight on grandfather's.

"Does it hurt you?" he asked pitifully, in a voice no louder than grandfather's own.

The big hand gave his an answering squeeze. "Not a bit of it," whispered Gideon Perrinder, and put back his shoulders.

In front of the house stood a carriage that looked as easy as a rocking-chair, with a very shiny black horse to pull it. This turnout evidently belonged to a man in a coat with silver buttons as large as dollars who sat up high on a seat in front. But they got into the carriage without asking his permission. It had a very easy step as if the man who owned it had got a low one on purpose. Grandfather settled his beaver hat firmly on his head and leaned back. The horse started briskly away at a light movement of the reins. Malcolm's hair blew around on his head.

They drove at a smart pace through the pretty streets, where the trees were all in leaf. The air was warm with sunshine.

Malcolm noticed that many people whom they passed looked at them and smiled as if they were in the secret too. Grandfather took off his hat gravely, and when he did, Malcolm would give a little shy nod. He stole wondering looks at grandfather, who sat quite silent, with his chin in the air. It was all very remarkable.

But suddenly a chill smote the small body. He wanted to see this present, but what if they were leaving Doctor Anthony, Cicely, Lee Wing, the kitten, the dear cheerful house? Were they going back to—back to —

His heart began to thump in the old painful way. The shudder of a most unmanly sob surged through him and the vista of the street went into a green blur. Grandfather's hand came out and took the small fist over to rest on his knee.

"Don't you worry," said grandfather's whisper. "Got a present for you—surprise."

Malcolm hung on desperately to the sheltering hand, for they were turning into the old familiar street. The silver-buttoned man slowed his horse to a walk.

"Take a good look," said grandfather, far more huskily than usual.

Small Malcolm Perrinder blinked the blur away and forced himself to obey. Then he gave a sudden cry and got to his feet in his astonishment. The carriage rocked so airily that this was not an easy position to maintain, but he clung to grandfather's supporting hand and stared and stared. The house that had no fatness was not there.

They drove right past the sliver of ground where it had stood, and turned in through a new white gate in the hedge of old Mr. Wallace's place. Everything looked new and white. The pillars of the porch were as shiny in the sun as Lee Wing's cake icing.

It was not to be understood. Aunt Carrie, in a lavender dress, was coming in and out the door as if she didn't know where to turn. What was she doing there?

The carriage stopped. And here from somewhere was Cicely, dressed in white as new as the house, and Doctor Anthony lifting him out and putting forth a rocklike arm for grandfather to lean on.

Malcolm gave it up. "Are we going to see old Mr. Wallace?"

Everybody looked at grandfather. Even the silver-buttoned man turned around on his high seat to look and grin.

"Old Mr. Wallace," whispered grandfather, without any grinding of the jaws, "has gone away with old Mrs. Wallace to a nice place to get well. This house," said grandfather, "is your present. It's your own. I hope you will let me live with you."

Malcolm simply stared at them all. He looked across the trimmed garden. No, he was not dreaming. No ugly spite house reared its poisonous height between him and the blue sky. His eyes came back to grandfather's, looking down at him with a half-embarrassed, half-triumphant smile. And suddenly Malcolm pitched himself bodily into grandfather's white linen waistcoat.

"Oh, oh, you're good, you're good!" he cried softly, climbing up grandfather as if he were a tree. "I like this even better than my pants!"

Grandfather held him up against his shoulder and shook with his silent laughter.

"I guess when I want to give my grandson a present I can do it," he whispered.

"And Cicely didn't go away with old Mr. Wallace!" said Malcolm, in the tone of one to whom one blessing is added after another. "Does she live here with us then?"

"Well, no," said Doctor Anthony. "You'll have to borrow her from me when you want her. I shall insist upon my rights. She's not all mine yet, but I have paid my first installment."

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(Name on request)

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THE ÆTNA-IZATION OF JOHN MAXWELL—CHAPTER SEVEN

"Just think, John! It will soon be *ours!*"

What a world of pride, of comradeship, of hope, in that phrase! . . A home—a haven against the storms of life . . a pledge of full, happy years in the closest partnership life offers . . young lives to grow up carefree and strong in the warmth of those friendly walls. . . Yet only insurance can make the happiness of those loved ones really safe!

NO ONE can see into the mist of his future. Daily we walk into it with high hearts and hopes—in the sunlight and clear air now, but always with the mist ahead, inscrutable, mysterious. Each to his own adventure. Good luck, friend, to you in yours!

Yet dare you risk the comfort and happiness of those you love on uncertainty? Dare you trust in luck? Today you are here to guard them, to give them a home and happiness and security. Tomorrow . . ?

Make them safe with an Ætna life insurance policy. Give them all the protection you can! Don't let the amount of your insurance lag behind the increase in your income. An Ætna policy is the modern way to combine protection with savings. Every dollar you put away in insurance is a pledge of safety to your family, of security and comfort for your own old age.

See the Ætna-izer in your community today. He is a man worth knowing. He represents the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world—one which can offer you protection against practically every form of insurable loss—not only Life Insurance, but Accident and Health Insurance, Automobile, Liability, Compensation, Burglary, Fire and Marine Insurance, and Fidelity and Surety Bonds Make the Ætna-izer your trusted insurance adviser. See him today!

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WOLFIE LOVES THE LAMBS

(Continued from Page 46)

another room and make him up for the subject. Meanwhile a half-drunken crowd of fellow artists, students and models have gathered in the studio. The party verges on an orgy, and an old libertine, approaching senility, shakes his head at the scene. He offers himself as a horrible example of a misspent life, but youth flouts his moralizing.

In the midst of the orgy, the model, garbed for his rôle, appears without warning on the platform. A woman sees him first and faints without a sound. Another woman espies him, her wineglass shatters on the floor and she screams hysterically. An awesome hush follows, every eye turned toward the figure on the platform, and the old roué, standing aghast for a moment, drops to the floor, dead.

When I was Shepherd, the great French actor, Coquelin, was the guest of the club at a Gambol. The program included a little drama of two characters played by W. H. Thompson and Henry Dixey. They were two old men, companions in young manhood, who had drifted apart in life and tastes, but who continued annually to meet on the birthday of one. Each had a single son. Thompson had reared his boy with a rod of iron. Dixey had been an indulgent parent. Repeatedly, Thompson had prophesied disaster for his friend's leniency and in fulfillment of the prediction, word comes in the midst of the annual reunion that Dixey's son is under arrest. But it is discovered shortly that Thompson's son has committed forgery and that the other boy has shielded him from disgrace by shouldering the crime himself. The dismay, grief and mortification of the stern father was splendidly done by Thompson. Coquelin, sitting beside me, seized my hand and crushed it unconsciously as he watched.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed. "Such acting can spring only from sentiment, surely; from love of your club. Money could not buy it."

A Play in Three Words

In another vein we once played the French pantomime, Three Words. Eddie Tyler was the young woman, Alfred Klein the maid, E. M. Holland the husband and I the other man. I was discovered making violent pantomimic love to Tyler in a dimly lighted apartment. It was a highly farcical scene, suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Holland in the door. He had the difficult task of swinging the audience from extreme mirth to aroused apprehension without a word. The house stilled instantly. Taking in the situation at one glance, Holland drew a revolver and fired twice. Tyler and I died where we fell and Holland calmly restored the revolver to his pocket. The audience still hushed by the tragedy, Holland turned up the lights, looked about him, started suddenly, peered into Tyler's face, drew back with a gasp and exclaimed the only three words of the play—"The wrong flat!"

Ask a Lamb his address and he will not give you the street number of his home nor the name of the theater where he is playing; his answer will be: "My address is The Lambs." Many a post office the appointment for which has prematurely grayed the hair of a congressman, handles less mail than is distributed at The Lambs. There is an array of lock boxes such as that of a small-town post-office lobby—the boxes often shared by two or more members—and a general-delivery desk. The job keeps a postmaster and a young-woman assistant busy eight hours a day, and is unique in its way, except for those remarkable post offices maintained by The Billboard in Cincinnati, New York, Chicago, Kansas City and San Francisco, for the convenience of the roving players of the out-of-doors show world.

In the club lobby stands a large board like a punched-out candy lottery with a hole and a peg for each of the 1600 members. When a member enters the club he inserts a peg in the hole allotted to him, and he withdraws the peg when he leaves the building. The doormen are enabled thereby to say instantly who is and who is not in the building. This simple scheme saves a vast amount of confusion and effort; for the flow of messages, business and social, that pour in by telephone, telegraph and note is that of a great office building, and the members go and come as from a Subway station. Situated as it is within six blocks of four-fifths of the Broadway theaters, Lambs use the club for any idle moment of their business as well as for their leisure. Members even pop in and out in make-up during offstage waits in the theater. Often an actor appears in the first act and does not reappear until the last. As likely as not he will play his scene, wash the more obtrusive make-up from his face, run into The Lambs for half an hour or so, return to the theater at 10:15 to make his second appearance, then change into street clothes and go back to the club to eat his supper in the grill and spend the rest of his evening there.

Club, Hotel and Restaurant

Originally, the secretary was a member of the club, but it long ago became necessary to employ a man trained in business to give his entire time to the job. T. H. Druitt, the present secretary, came from the National City Bank nine years ago. He and his staff have the management of not only a club but a fair-sized hotel; for there are fifty-four bedrooms on the upper floors, some occupied transiently, others permanently, and every room haunted by the ghost of one or more plays written therein. Each of the rooms originally was furnished by some one member. In token of this, the rooms were named for the donors and carry brass name plates on the doors. As at The Players, any male more than twenty-one in any way connected with artistic life, even as a patron, is eligible, professional critics and dramatic agents only excepted. In practice this leaves the membership open to virtually any man of voting age who wishes to join and whom the members wish to have, within the limits of 1600. The barring of critics and booking agents was a wise provision intended to avoid a source of potential friction in one case and to prevent the club from being used as a jobbing office in the other. The club has no quarrel whatever with either.

Unlike The Players, half or slightly more of the 1600 are active in the theater. The nonprofessional half includes as wide a variety of occupation as a Rotary Club. For no particular reason that I know of, the Navy and merchant shipping always have been largely represented in the club in my time.

A number of managers and producers are members; others, some of whose names have been proposed, are not. The Lambs have their own standards of congeniality. We have, also, our own estimate of abilities. I have heard the club buzz with praise for a finely done bit unnoticed by the public, and the circus stunt of a great name coolly ignored. The democracy of the place is complete and unfeigned. We actors are not the most self-effacing of mankind, but we put aside most of our airs in our club. The motto of The Lambs is Floreant Agni, which, translated from the Sanskrit, means, "You may be all the world to your public, but you're only an actor to us." This matter-of-factness seldom is resented, though an occasional old member who has left the stage for triumphs in Hollywood, has found it irritating and been seen less and less about the club when in New York. An old member who has left the stage for celluloid triumphs and finds our democracy refreshing is Thomas Meighan. He is the present Shepherd.

As it should be in any club worthy of the name, conversation is the place's principal attraction; gossip, news of the trade and communion of like interests. When that palls, there are billiard tables, there is the ghost of a once-famous bar, and there are card tables. The last usually are busy, but not with the game that suggests itself whenever five or more American males are gathered together. Poker has been forbidden strictly for years, since it all but destroyed one theatrical club in New York. Bridge and auction pinochle take its place, and mah-jongg still flourishes there, if nowhere else. The card tables occupy most of the space once given to the dining room. In the wartime crusade to save food and man power, the upstairs dining room was abandoned and never restored. The less formal rathskellerlike grill in the basement was discovered to answer all needs.

And there is the library! The old one about the clubman who dropped dead in the club library and whose body was not stumbled upon until three weeks later was told originally, I suspect, of The Lambs. Likewise the one about the two chorus girls canvassing the subject of a birthday present for a third. "How about a book?" suggested the first chorus girl—try to stop me if you have heard this before—"She's already got a book," vetoed the second. Not that there are not ample books in The Lambs' library. The lack is one of readers.

There are a number of possible vocational explanations why actors rarely are encountered in chimney corners engrossed in a book. I pass by the reasons and recite the fact that they are not. An actor reading a book either wrote the book or he is looking to see if his name is mentioned in it. We read the trade papers, the newspapers and occasionally the magazines, because there the chance of finding our names is a sporting one, but having learned early in life that we might read a year in a library without once coming across the name of, for example, DeWolf Hopper, we are not exactly bookish.

Why is a Library?

The trade papers, newspapers and magazines are kept in the main lounge room of the club, where they are rustled occasionally by a member with nothing better to do. When in the course of casting a reportorial eye over the club for the purposes of this article, I asked to be directed to the library, I was sent to the newspaper rack.

"No," I protested, "there is a library here somewhere, a library with books in it. I know I have noticed it several times."

An old member corroborated me, but the secretary could not be found. When he returned from lunch, he admitted that there was a library and asked me why I wished to go there. I explained that I was writing an article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Under the circumstances he thought there could be no objection, and led the way. The library was found to occupy handsome quarters on the street front of the third floor, the ceiling and walls done in paneled oak, and the latter ranged with glass-inclosed bookcases, a large refectory table in the center of the room, and in one corner a piano. A man was playing the piano and two other men stood beside him. All this was visible through the glass doors, but the doors were locked.

The secretary rapped, and the man standing nearest the door stuck his head out and demanded, "What do you want?" We said that we should like to enter.

"They want to come in, Harmony," the man at the door addressed the pianist. "Is it all right?"

"They want to come in?" Harmony inquired.

"We wish to look at the books," I explained

"Oh, they want to look at the books, Harmony," the man at the door relayed.

"Oh, books! Sure, let 'em in," said Harmony.

"He is running over the songs of his new show for us," the man at the door explained, "and we didn't know who you were. You can't be too careful these days. It's getting so a man can't think his music out loud without running a chance of finding 'em singing it at the Palace the day after tomorrow."

Something for Every Taste

The safest place in New York from prying ears, it appeared, was The Lambs' library. The private showing of the score and lyrics of the nascent musical show continued. I and my eccentric interest in the books on the shelves were ignored politely. The library proved to cover a literary range I was not prepared for. Choosing a case at random, I drew forth a volume that turned out to be The Yankee Girls in Zulu Land by Louise Viscellus Sheldon. Stamped upon the flyleaf was the legend, "Sunday-school Library of the Second Congregational Church of Haddonfield." At some time or the other, I fear that Marcus Loew, who is notoriously careless about books, had borrowed the Yankee Girls and forgotten to send them back. By this time the fines must have exceeded the cost of the volume.

Some of the other possibilities for a rainy Sunday afternoon I noted on the shelves were:

The Microscope and its Revelations; Harris' Insects Injurious to Vegetation; Report of the University Club of Philadelphia for 1911, and three shelves of other club annuals; Bulletin 61 of the Bureau of American Ethnology, on Sioux Music; On Sledge and Horseback to the Outcast Siberian Lepers, by Kate Marsden; Patent Office Report for 1887; The Collected Works of Hugh Miller; Report of the Medical Division of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut for 1910.

If we do not read, it may be because we have learned that the conversation in the club is better than any printed literature. We always have numbered amongst us many of the best wits of their times. In the old days in Twenty-sixth Street, when I joined, Maurice Barrymore, father of Ethel, Lionel and Jack, was the quickest mind in The Lambs. Barrymore's real name was Maurice Herbert Blythe. When he first came from England the managers objected to his pronounced British accent and he could find no work. At length he returned to London, to be greeted on all sides with, "My dear Barry, where in heaven's name did you acquire that vile American twang?"

On the seventh repetition of this query, Barrymore exclaimed, "I'll end up yet doing recitations on a transatlantic steamer."

He once was leading man for Mme. Bernard Beere, an English actress who was playing repertoire at Hammerstein's Opera House in Thirty-fourth Street. Like others of Hammerstein's Napoleonic conceptions, the house was a great barn, much too large for the drama. Business was poor, to the malicious delight of Wilton Lackaye, the bitterest Anglophobe in the club. Lackaye lay in wait for Barrymore at The Lambs to twit him on the failure of the visitor from perfidious Albion.

"Yes, I know," said Barrymore, "but the delicacy, the finesse of the Madame's art is lost in that huge barn. It is a house that was built for broader effects."

Whereupon Lackaye suggested that some of the situations in the madame's repertoire were quite broad enough for any stage.

"True, true," agreed Maurice, "but there is a theater where one can be obscene and not heard."

Joseph Jefferson had an amiable weakness for painting, and once presented The Lambs with a leafy landscape entitled Summer, of his own handiwork. I do not know what became of it, but at the time

(Continued on Page 145)

In the Interest of Better Golf

On the opposite page are two contrasting groups of X Ray photographs of golf balls which should interest every golfer.

They show what conditions really are *inside* the ball

The putting quality of a golf ball depends upon the trueness of its center, upon the accuracy with which the *center of gravity* is positioned and held at the center of the ball.

So you will find in these X-Rays the probable explanation of many an incident that has baffled you in your own putting.

No keen golfer can miss the meaning of the ragged misshapen centers of the left hand group as disclosed by the X-Rays, as compared with the clean, true centers in the "U. S." Royals.

You will find this true of every "U. S." Royal

In producing "U. S." Royals we have four specifications always before us:

Distance—a "U. S." Royal will fly as far as any other ball made—and even *further* than some.

Tough Cover—a "U. S." Royal will stand as much punishment as any other golf ball you ever played.

Durable Paint—a "U. S." Royal will still be bright and fresh after many another ball is too dingy to play in comfort.

Precise putting—here we believe, and the X Ray confirms our judgment—that the "U. S." Royal has no equal.

Look again at the progressive photographs showing how the "U. S." Royal is built up truly on a *true center of gravity*.

"U. S." Royals *fly* true, and they *roll true*.

We believe that if you will play these balls for one season, you will find yourself cutting your number of putts way down.

And *that* is BETTER GOLF.

"U. S." Royal — Recess Marking

Turning the X-Ray on the Golf Ball

The putting quality of a golf ball is a matter of accuracy in locating the center of gravity . . . And only the X-Ray machine, probing to the inside of a finished ball, can disclose what has actually taken place in the making.

UP to this time, the golfer has been a good sport and taken all the blame for bad putting.

But on the opposite page are some X-Ray photographs that tell another story.

At the left you see six X-Rays out of 50 that were photographed of a lot of balls of many different makes.

At the right is the X-Ray photograph of six "U. S." Royals—from a box taken at random out of the stock room, and put under the X-Ray with all the wrappings and seals intact.

This periodical X-Ray check-up on "U. S." Royals is a regular procedure with this Company. It is invaluable both to us and to the golfer. Month by month it demonstrates that "U. S." Royals can be *depended* on for *true centers*.

Now we do not believe, and certainly do not wish to imply, that all golf balls of all makes except "U. S." Royals are out of true.

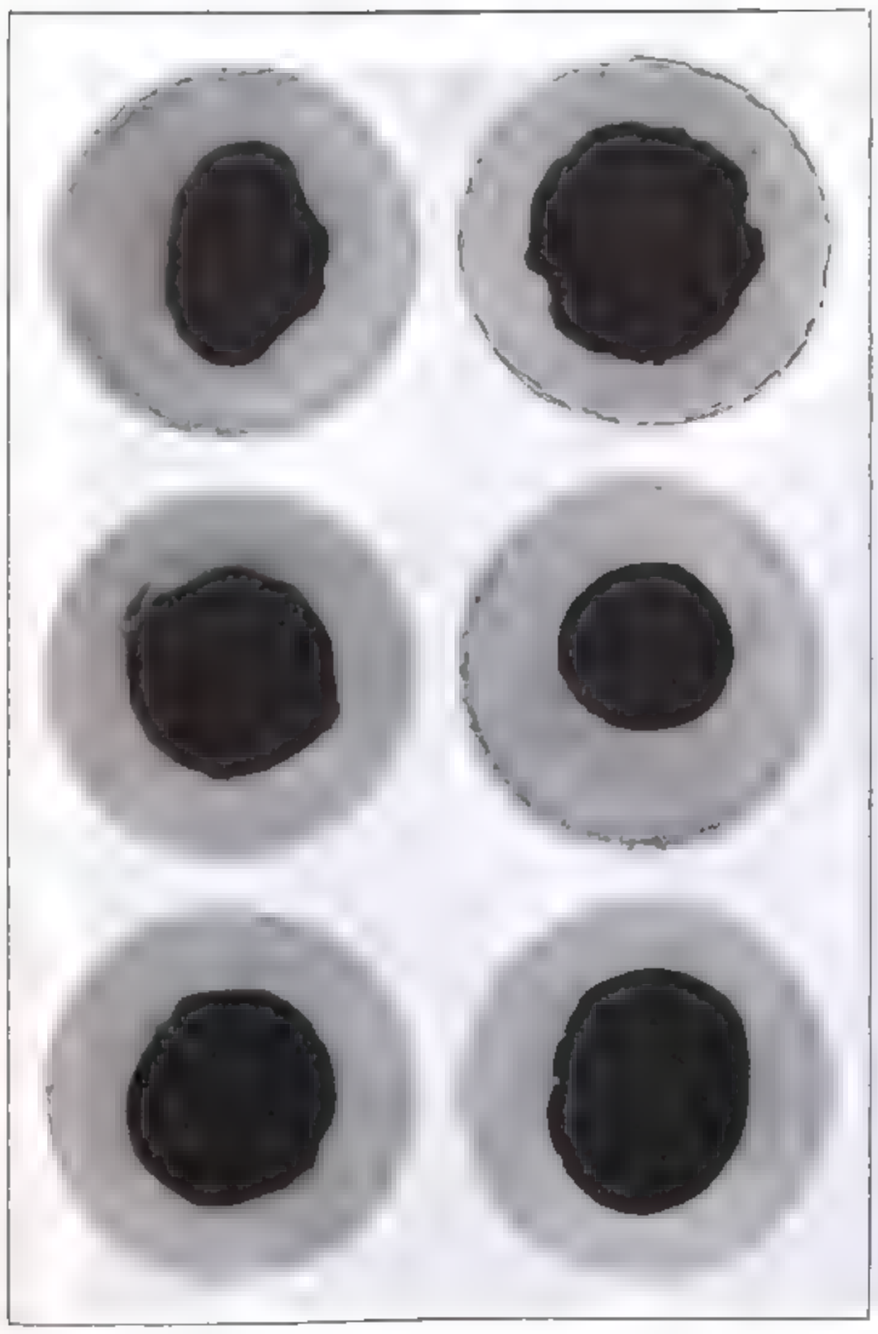
But if the golfer has in his bag any balls that would X-Ray like the six at the left—he is bound to *miss* many a putt that he would be sure to *make* with a true ball.

And the X-Ray of "U. S." Royals opposite them indicates that the golfer can *rely* on these balls for *true centers*, and therefore a *true roll* to the *cup*.

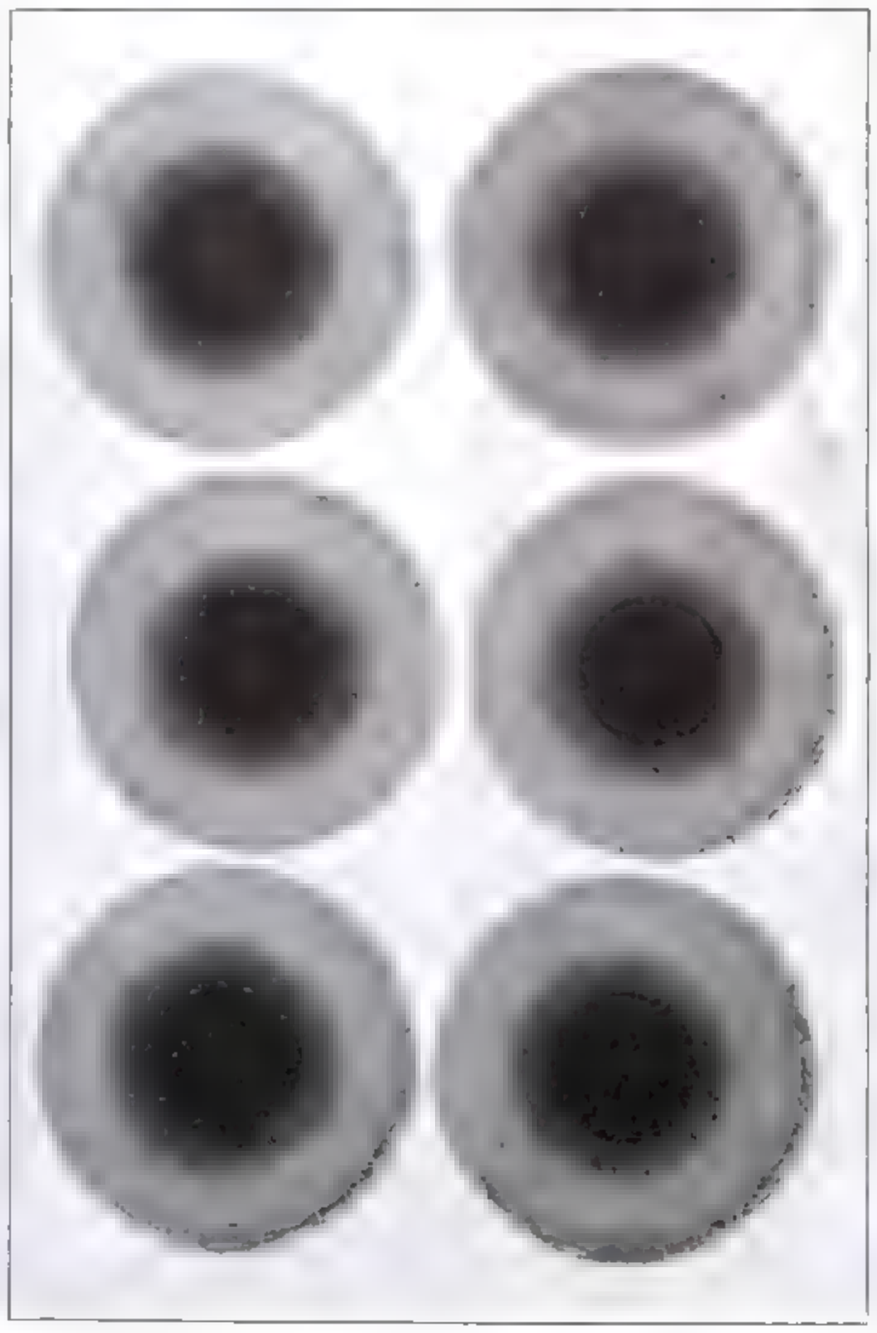
"U.S." ROYAL GOLF BALL *made by*

The True Putting Golf Ball

Great Distance—Tough Cover



Six X-Rays of golf balls of standard makes other than "U. S." Royal. These X-Rays are typical of some fifty or more in our records, covering practically all the different makes. They are not the worst. Nor are they the best. They are just about average.



The X-Ray above shows one-half of a box of "U. S." Royals, taken out of the stock room at random and put under the X-Ray with all the wrappings and seals intact. No retouching has been done on this photograph or on the others.

IN the X-Ray photograph above at the right you see why the "U. S." Royal is the *truest putting* golf ball made.

The black center is the heart or "pill" of the ball. The dark gray circle is the soft rubber jacket which encloses the "pill." The light gray circle is the "core" of yards and yards of the finest rubber thread. The outer dark gray circle is the dense, tough cover.

Note that the heart is a *true sphere*. And it is located in the *exact center* of the ball.

The *center of gravity* coincides with the *center* of the ball.

Furthermore, this center of gravity is *fixed*. It does not shift when the ball is hit.

A "U. S." Royal *putts true* on its first green—and it putts true also on its *thirty-sixth* green.

But true putting is not all of the "U. S." Royal.

There is no ball that will give you more *distance*.

There is none that will *fly* straighter.

None with a *tougher* cover to resist punishment. Or with *paint* that stands up better.

There is no better golf ball made—whether made in this country or abroad, and at whatever price—than the "U. S." Royal.

Buy "U. S." Royals from your club professional or authorized dealers—3 for $2.50, 85c each.

Trade Mark

Here is the Exclusive "U. S." Royal Construction

THE HEART—A perfect sphere, skillfully compounded of virgin rubber. It has considerable weight for its size, and gives the "U. S." Royal its accurate center of gravity.

THE JACKET—Of soft rubber. On this pliable jacket the rubber winding of the core takes a firm grip, making it possible to secure extremely high tension.

THE CORE—Consisting of many yards of the finest rubber thread, wound on the jacket by specially constructed machines. Tension and hardness are checked on every ball. The rubber thread is manufactured in the United States Rubber Company's own thread factory—the largest in the world.

Below is a "U. S." Royal ready to play. Great distance. Tough cover. Four coats of paint. A ball that will stay white and stand a lot of punishment.

Buy "U. S." Royals from your club professional or authorized dealer—3 for $2.50 or 85c each.

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(Continued from Page 141)

the work of art hung in the hallway in Twenty-sixth Street. Barrymore overheard a group of members bemoaning the long and idle summers and the short winters of the professional season.

"Why not save your money in winter and live like gentlemen in summer?" he interrupted. "You know," he added, pointing to Jefferson's landscape, "summer is not as bad as it is painted."

Waiting at the Booth

The one man behind the bar at night at Twenty-sixth Street used to have his hands full along about 11:30. One such night, an impatient member who had laboriously worked his way from the third tier to the rail, all the while demanding a horse's neck, eventually got the harassed bartender's attention.

"Now, what is your order, sir?" the barkeep asked.

With heavy sarcasm, the member replied, "I did want a horse's neck, but I suppose I shall have to content myself with a piece of the hoof now."

"My dear fellow," interjected Barry, who was alongside, "this is no one-horse club."

No member is safe from The Lambs' robust sense of humor. I recall a broad practical joke that had John Drew as its victim, and no member is more loved and respected. First acquainting everyone in the grill but Drew of his purpose, George Nash, whom the reader will remember as Charley Young in East is West, disappeared into an outgoing telephone booth one sweltering summer evening, called the club back and asked for Mr. Drew. Drew being paged, entered an incoming booth at the opposite end of the grill, while all those privy to the joke gathered around Nash.

Assuming a credible feminine voice, Nash asked in honeyed tones, "Is this Mister Drew—Mister John Drew?"

Drew admitted the soft impeachment.

"Do you recognize my voice?" twittered Nash.

Mr. Drew did not, but he implied interest.

"Wait just a moment and I'll bring someone to the phone whose voice you will recognize," the false soprano promised.

Never guilty of a discourtesy, the immaculate Drew sat in the Turkish-bath temperature of the booth for twelve minutes awaiting the other voice. He shifted the receiver from his right ear to his left and back to the right, he fidgeted and squirmed, and with his free hand mopped his streaming face. His inviolate wing collar drooped, then melted and flowed about his neck, and the hairs of his head, usually marshaled as precisely as a regiment of German infantry, fell over each other in rout.

Meanwhile Nash and a growing audience fought to keep their mirth from penetrating the booth. Restoratives had to be applied when John finally slapped the receiver onto the hook and burst into the open again.

Drew was sitting in the club, in 1906, reading a letter from his nephew, Jack Barrymore, reciting Jack's experiences in the San Francisco earthquake. He wrote that the first shock had precipitated him into a bathtub of water he had just drawn. Later, when attempting to cross to Oakland, he had been impressed by Funston's troops and put to work clearing the streets.

"It takes a convulsion of Nature to make my nephew take a bath and the United States Army to put him to work," Drew sighed aloud.

Hugh Ford and Hap Ward collaborated in a more elaborate practical joke once that had for its butt a well-known basso. The basso had been drinking heavily. Ward noticed him blinking owlishly in an easy-chair in the club one night, and out of the clear blue, asked the basso, "What did you ever do to Hugh Ford, Charley?" The name was not Charley, but 'twill serve.

Charley blinked, and muttered, "Never did anything. Why?"

"Well, I think I never heard a man speak so unkindly of another as he did of you not half an hour ago," Ward said. "But for the love I bear Hugh Ford, I should have taken serious exception to his remarks."

Charley was indignant at once. He attempted to rise from his seat, but failing, sat there spluttering.

"This is a deplorable situation to have arisen in the club," Ward went on. "I think we should get at the bottom of it at once," and he helped Charley to his feet and led him over to Ford, who was talking with two fellow actors, all oblivious of Ward's impromptu joke.

"Mr. Ford," Ward interrupted, "you have said many brutal things of my friend Charles here. Now I demand either a retraction or substantiation."

Ford, catching on at once, replied cryptically, "I have my reasons."

Restraining the rising wrath of Charley, Ward persisted, "That, sir, is not sufficient!"

"Pardon me, sir," Ford returned with dignity, "but I should prefer not to enter into details. The subject is a painful and disagreeable one."

"That, sir, smacks of equivocation," retorted Ward. "On behalf of my friend I demand indisputable proof of your reckless charges."

"Gentlemen," Ford turned to the others, "I decline to specify all the unpleasant details. In the street I might, but within these sacred portals, no! But I will go so far as to say that this man at this moment has stolen property on his person."

A Gem of Wit

The basso bellowed with rage and had to be held back by main force.

"Wait, wait!" Hap ordered. "This absurd charge fortunately is simple of disproof. Will some of the gentlemen kindly search Charles?"

From the basso's pockets the committee produced club knives, forks, spoons, saltcellars, ash trays, napkins and everything except the club piano, all deposited there, unbeknownst to the befuddled Charley, during the course of the argument. Charley sank back into the nearest chair and stared pop-eyed.

He insisted on taking the pledge in the presence of witnesses and went home convinced that he had appropriated the club's property while in an alcoholic stupor. He learned the truth shortly, but his chagrin had been so great that he never again was more than a casual patron of the bar.

Possibly Patrick Francis Murphy would be my nomination for first wit of the club today. Mr. Murphy is not an actor, but the American agent of a famous English leather-goods house. A passionate lover of the theater and one of the best after-dinner speakers in America, he is a Lamb of the first magnitude. At a club banquet following a Gambol, a guest who was an amateur singer was asked to sing.

He sang pretty badly, and Wilton Lackaye was heard to remark in a none too *sotto voce*, "A tenor voice is a disease of the throat."

Mr. Lackaye's acid comment, unfortunately, reached the ears of the guest, and Mr. Murphy, rallying to the rescue, retorted even more audibly, "Don't forget, Wilton, that a pearl is a disease of the oyster."

The Lambs, of course, is the hotbed of Equity and supported the actors' strike of 1919 in a body. The thought of union and collective bargaining by a profession of rampant egoists and artists was laughable, until that brief and sweeping strike turned out the lights of Broadway and kept them out until the managers agreed to end a number of ancient, accepted abuses of the theater. The sufferers from those abuses and the beneficiaries of the victory were the journeymen actors and actresses, not the Lambs, who are, for the most part, leading men and stars. It was such spectacles as the solidarity of The Lambs that heartened the generality of the profession to hold out until they had won. Frank Bacon, after a lifetime of obscurity in the theater, had reached Broadway with a phenomenal success. With his show sold out for weeks in advance, with nothing to gain and much to lose from the strike, he closed Lightnin' and threw all his weight into the cause. It was precisely the absence of this solidarity that defeated the earlier strike of the White Rats, the vaudeville actors' union. There the big names stood neutral on the sidelines and watched the little fellows carry the ball.

Unclubby Actresses

The Friars is a successful institution, younger than but similar in purpose and structure to The Lambs. George M. Cohan is its leading figure and the present Abbot, as its presiding officer is designated. They have a handsome clubhouse in West Forty-eighth Street.

The oldest of all and the least known, even among the profession, is the Actors' Order of Friendship, a secret order organized seventy-five years ago in Philadelphia, when that city still was the capital of the American theater. Shakspere Lodge No. 1 in Philadelphia is out of active existence. Edwin Forrest Lodge No. 2, formed in New York twenty-five years later by Booth, Jefferson, Barrett, W. J. Florence, William H. Crane, William A. Brady, Otis Skinner, John Drew, F. F. Mackay, Milton Nobles and others, now has only 65 members, but it owns property worth more than $100,000. In its early years members sold their costumes to raise money to bury their dead, but many years ago William Harris, Sr., Frank Sanger, Louis Aldrich, Joseph Grismer and William A. Brady began buying New York downtown real estate on time in their lodge's behalf. One of the last houses owned by the order was 166 West Forty-seventh, where the Palace Theater now stands. When the Palace was built the lodge bought across the street at No. 139. With a large house on their hands and little use for it, the members made an effort to attract the younger generation, and organized the Green Room Club as a social subsidiary occupying the lower floors. But the younger actors failing to be attracted in numbers, the club was separated entirely from the lodge and the lower floors were rented to the club. Eventually the property became so valuable that the Green Room no longer could afford to pay the rental. The Actors' Order of Friendship then leased out the entire property and rented rooms in the Columbia Theater building, where it meets periodically. Equity has so usurped the original purpose of the order that it now functions only as a fraternal insurance body, and it will die, presumably, with its present membership.

The Green Room Club moved to 19 West Forty-eighth Street, where it has remained since. It has absorbed a club organized by managers and producers eighteen years ago and which they failed to maintain, and now includes such figures as Mr. Belasco and Mr. Frohman among its members.

Whether there is no similar need among women of the theater, whether they lack the fraternal spirit, or what, the other sex supports but one club, The Twelfth-Night, and that on a lesser scale than the Players, Friars or Lambs.

The Actors' Equity Association now is housed in a $100,000 building in West Forty-fifth Street and has accumulated a surplus of $250,000 since the actors' strike, but Equity properly is not a club, but a union.

For thirty-seven years the profession has conducted the most efficient and one of the greatest charities I know of, the Actors' Fund of America. Anyone in the theater, from scrub woman to star, may call upon it. With very small dues, it has amassed assets of $2,000,000. Donations, bequests and benefits account for its wealth. It gives away something like $150,000 a year without conditions or red tape and

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does it with an overhead of only 14 per cent. The credit for this low cost of administration belongs with Daniel Frohman, who has given his time and money for years as a labor of love, and to Sam Scribner, Marc Klaw, Bernard A. Reinard and Walter Vincent. Percy Williams, the vaudeville magnate, on his death bequeathed $3,000,000 to the fund. When the estate is liquidated and the money is available, part of it will be spent at once in enlarging the Actors' Home on Staten Island, where thirty-five veteran actors and actresses now are housed with every comfort for the balance of their lives.

I know of no other class or profession that gives a quarter as much to charity or gives it a quarter as cheerfully as do actors. Perhaps no other profession has such a tribal memory of a time when none of its professors was safe from the need of alms. This habit of generous giving made the actor useful to the Government during the war. Every week while the wounded of the A. E. F. came back from France, Gene Buck took a party of from fifty to three hundred and fifty convalescent soldiers to a matinée, then to The Lambs for a dinner, where the celebrities of the stage waited on the tables and later gave a show.

In recognition of the money the members subscribed and induced the public to subscribe in the Liberty Bond campaigns, the Government paid us the honor of naming a 9700-ton Shipping Board freighter The Lambs, and the ship has done us proud. Out of that great war-built or acquired fleet of something like 1600 merchant vessels, The Lambs is one of the few not tied up, junked or lost. It has steamed 200,000 miles since 1919 and is in a round-the-world service from New York to the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies today.

An All-Star Cast

The private charities of The Lambs and of actors in general are less spectacular but continuous. I have seen $2000 to $3000 raised quietly in the club in an afternoon for a family left destitute by the death of an unfortunate or improvident member. They give quite as freely of their time, their art and the milk of human kindness. Because it could have happened only of actors, and illustrates the kindliness of our kind, I set down here a strange and dramatic story told me by Dodson Mitchell last summer when both of us were playing in Philadelphia.

Billy Judson had been a broker in Wall Street, a dog fancier, a first nighter and a Broadway character until paralysis laid him low. Although the paralysis was all but total, Judson continued to conduct his brokerage business from his bed in his bachelor rooms in West Forty-sixth Street, using a specially designed headgear telephone, and to keep open house there for his numerous friends. With that eager sympathy characteristic of the real Broadway, Judson's friends used to make it a point to stop in and brighten his day with the chatter of the stage, the paralytic listening wistfully to the talk of the life he had loved and now was denied him. Occasionally, when the weather was fine, a lawyer friend used to wheel him along the sidewalks of Forty-sixth Street in a hospital rolling bed as the crowds were moving into the theaters, Judson's eyes lighting up with a pathetic blend of pleasure and pain.

Someone among his callers spoke to Judson one day of a Miss Gay MacLaren, who had the remarkable gift of being able to reproduce a play line for line and character for character after watching it three or four times. Within the Law was the show of the moment, Judson was frantic to see it, and Miss MacLaren, who had just returned from Panama, where the Government had sent her to entertain the force that was digging the Canal, was reported to have added Within the Law to her repertoire. When the situation was explained to Miss MacLaren she offered at once to reenact the play at Judson's bedside.

Winchell Smith brought along Dodson Mitchell, who was playing the male lead in Within the Law. Mitchell was skeptical of Miss MacLaren's or anyone's ability to do more than memorize the lines, if that, and Judson, anxious to believe that she could do all that was claimed for her, bet the actor a box of cigars on the outcome. A stipulation of the bet was that Miss MacLaren was not to know Mitchell's true identity and that he should be introduced to her as Mr. Dodson.

Hard on the Pig

She came and Mitchell lost the bet. Without scenery or costumes, without ever having seen the script of the play, and before that curious little audience, she gave the drama letter-perfect and with amazing mimicry, the paralytic devouring it all with his glowing eyes.

"I had expected a memory stunt," Mr. Mitchell told me. "It was remarkable enough as that, but it also was an extraordinary piece of acting. She was Jane Cowl and Florence Nash to the life. Her men were not such exact copies, of course, but they were amazingly good. I had no difficulty in recognizing myself. And when she had finished, she turned to me and asked, 'Well, Mr. Mitchell, how did you like it?' She had recognized me from the first."

The postwar drama reminds me now and then of the hero of a ballad contributed to the program of the Golden Jubilee Gambol by Benjamin H. Burt, lyricist laureate of The Lambs. It runs, in part, as follows:

One evening in October,
When I was far from sober
And dragging home a "load" with manly pride;
My poor feet began to stutter,
So I lay down in the gutter,
And a pig came up and lay down by my side.
Then we warbled, "It's fair weather when good fellows get together,"
Till a lady passing by, was heard to say:
"You can tell a man who boozes by the playmates that he chooses,"
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

CHORUS

Yes, the pig got up and slowly walked away!
Slowly walked away, slowly walked away.
Yes, the pig got up, and without a word to say,
He looked at me, and thought that he
Would leave me where I lay.
And the P-I-G a lesson taught to me;
And that was, not to be a bigger pig than he.
So I climbed next day on the water cart to stay,
When the pig got up and slowly walked away.

One of these days even the pig is going to walk out.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of six articles by Mr. Hopper and Mr. Stout.

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THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 4)

silent feather duster when a great many of us were asking him to do it with dynamite. It may be true that you can't convict today a man with fifty million dollars; it may be true that in an era of prosperity there has cropped up the old tendency to overdo financial jugglery and romp away with special privileges. If this is so, it may put the Coolidge Administration to its test; but the President probably knows that if he so desires he can say a stronger no than a man who has shouted no until he has lost his voice. There is nothing so terrifying as the loss of patience by one who has not lost it.

He was prepared and I think he knew it. I believe he knows now better than anyone—the fact little realized—that the presidency requires a skilled and not an unskilled workman. And this means, we are beginning to learn, not a mere business man, not a mere engineer, not a mere lawyer, and certainly not a mere orator. It means either a driving, inspiring superfigure capable of swinging great masses of people and their thoughts into a battle for something when the occasion has arisen, or it means a practiced technician in political administration when our need is primarily for skilled political administration.

"Skilled administration is not enough," Everett Sanders, the President's secretary, would say. "It must be political administration in the best sense of the term."

Dull Days for the Radicals

It is impossible to fill the presidency by mere efficiency and learning such as might be brought together if in one man we could find the greatest engineer and the greatest economist the world had ever known. Such a man would still lack a much greater necessity of our highest office; that greater necessity is the understanding of the waves and ripples, the ebbs and floods of human mass opinions and emotions, together with technical practiced skill in dealing with the whole machinery of politics.

When those politicians who have been baffled or beaten by Coolidge complain to me that "there never was a greater politician in the White House," I cannot tremble for my country; I confess to a sense of greater security. No doubt it is all so, and that is as it should be.

Coolidge has been practicing politics since he began to shave. I have never considered that it was of any great significance that he came from a farming country, or made hay or milked a cow or walked to school. Within my own acquaintance there are hundreds of persons who walked to school, milked a cow, carried a sugar bucket and came from a farming community; none of them would do for the presidency. But the fact that Coolidge practiced politics—and so far as anyone can say, always clean good-service politics—all his life is of vast significance. That, together with his stalwart, rugged, unbending, reassuring wholesomeness of inheritance, training and character make up the picture of a successful President for our present need. Putting some of the Coolidge simplicity into the expression of it, one may say that he is a good man who knows his job.

It is knowing the job that has given him the skill to conduct a presidency under which the nation is probably more united in opinion, more nonpartisan in action than ever in its history. Radical leaders and theorists—good honest lifelong radicals—rage into my ear because of it. They live on discontent, and quite properly so, and sometimes perform an excellent service in behalf of human justice; but just now, between Coolidge and the state of mind of the country, they are out of luck. Only one blade of their grass grows where two grew before and they eye the thin field with sad, disconsolate eyes and pray for rain.

Likewise the Democratic oppositionists. Roughly speaking, they are busy signing on the dotted line because they cannot make a dotted line of their own or unite in devising one. Coolidge, with potent inaction, creates among his political opponents a kind of impotent inaction.

There used to be a story of a regiment from a mountain county, formed to fight in the Civil War. So many were the feuds within its ranks that all the fighting it ever did was within its own quarters, and it never reached the front. It is a good deal the predicament of the opposition today.

The tariff? Well, cotton mills have slid South, and there is Southern steel and an ever-growing list of industries wanting tariff protection from Democratic congressmen and senators.

Farm relief? Well, Coolidge has sat quietly, and a situation has developed growing more and more like that created by a white settler in Indian Territory who told the Indians that if they would help him put up his fences he would cause the Great Spirit to give them any weather they wanted. The job being done, the settler said, "What kind of weather will you have?" and an attempt to arrive at a united decision ended in a riot, from which chaos the white settler walked away in philosophical meditation. Somehow when the end of the political poker reposes in Coolidge's hand it is always the cool end, and with a quiet smile he invites his opponents either to join him or take the other end where the iron is red.

Everyone knows that for the radical liberals and for the Democratic opposition there is in all this an irritating, tantalizing situation. The Coolidge policy of calm and waiting "for each new day and doing as near as possible what is right" is a kind of round and polished granite ball in which there is no hole and on which there is no handle. Those who rush into No Man's Land with gas bombs are usually self-asphyxiated while the man in the dugout looks down his nose and rubs one of his white collies behind the ears. It is enough to make anyone crazy!

Political Jiujitsu

Of course there is the old tradition of conflict between the White House and Congress; but the trained technician of politics in the best sense, now in the Executive Mansion, has a method not unlike Japanese jiujitsu, that form of wrestling in which one allows the adversary to throw himself by his own exertions. One of the unwritten Coolidge mottoes is: "If anyone talks enough he will say something that isn't so; if anyone does too much he will do something wrong." It is another way of expressing the Burman motto, "He who does nothing may govern the world," and it is a deadly form of dugout politics—certainly in a period when content and unity are strolling down the sunny lane together and are telling each other that the President is no fanatic.

I have an idea that Coolidge stepped into the presidency fully aware of that situation. He must have seen that our great American herd was grazing and in no mood to run. The grass was green and tender. The air was growing very balmy. The thing to say was "So, boss!" and spend the day mending fences. The last thing to do was to grab a pitchfork and set them galloping.

In brief, the President and the country together saw that for this period the best slogan to be found in the book was this: "The next pasture looks greener to the jackass only."

Slow to Anger

There is no Coolidge leading the mob; there is no mob leading Coolidge. There is merely "So, boss," and the gentle sound of the cud.

On this basis Coolidge conserves a vast amount of energy and no doubt will tell the country that he is satisfied with progress—with progress that preferably walks on in rubber-soled shoes rather than the type which jumps up and down in hobnail boots. He will continue to go to bed at a seemly hour and arise at one which will appear—to a civilization suffering spiritually from fatty degeneration—as hideously unseemly. He will walk over to the Executive Offices at a pace which never changes. He will receive bureau heads, congressmen, and will handshake by appointment only. His average talk with—or rather from—anyone is about five minutes. Twice a week he will hold a cabinet meeting and—as different from Wilson as night from day—he will let administrative decisions come up to him rather than invent them to hand down.

Quietly, without any creaking of the gears, he will reward and promote those who are worthy and regular, for in his mind this keeps the machine oiled. Quietly, without any undue noise, he will deprive and punish the disloyal. He was a scholar once at the feet of Senator Uncle Murray Crane, of Western Massachusetts, and he has never shed the lessons of organization—obedience and loyalty. He dislikes Smart Alecks and fence jumpers and those who try to get into the tent under the flap. But the country may howl a long time to have someone's head cut off before Coolidge will act, and then it is usually done by the man coming to offer his own head on a platter. If he likes a man and believes in him, he will stick to him silently through the storm.

And then, his morning finished, he will get up and without changing his pace return to the domestic end of the White House, where often enough there will be a visitor or visitors for luncheon. There is no chatter, but the guests show by a kind of furtive beaming that they are flattered to be there. Perhaps, if the moment is informal, the President will hold out his empty cup and one of the dogs with a long thrust of the tongue will take up the sugar at the bottom. A flickering smile will play at the corner of the President's lean mouth.

Tuesdays and Fridays in the afternoon he meets the press correspondents, and it is then that the mythical "spokesman of the White House" talks so that he cannot be directly quoted. And some of the correspondents are mystified by the mere fact that often there is no mystery, no double meaning, no subtlety and—no fanaticism in what they hear.

The usual afternoon of the President has in it, however, two or three hours of hard work. He decides quickly or else takes a great deal of time. Often he turns about in his chair and looks out the window at the snow-clad or green stretches of White House grounds. His eyes do not close in meditation, and yet one feels that his mind is sitting on the day's eggs. The secretaries come in and go out, bringing unsigned letters and documents and taking out those he has signed. All these must then go through a checking process of scrupulous care. There are not in existence any proxy or multigraph signatures of the President. When the pen writes "Calvin Coolidge" it is done by his hand. And the pen writes several hundred times a day. If anyone believes that this is not a day's work in itself let them try it!

At dusk the President puts down his cigar—probably only half smoked, for he is sparing of smoke—and usually with two secret-service men he goes for his walk. The pace is the same even pace—always the same. Usually, too, he chooses the business district of the city for his stroll. He likes to see people. He likes the clang of street cars and the toot of taxis. He likes the store windows. One who has on occasions walked with him at this hour speculates as to why the President chooses this part of the city, and is finally led to the conclusion that the crowds and the shop windows make for him a kind of contact with the life of the nation—a slight but stimulating rubbing of elbows with the flow of souls and things.

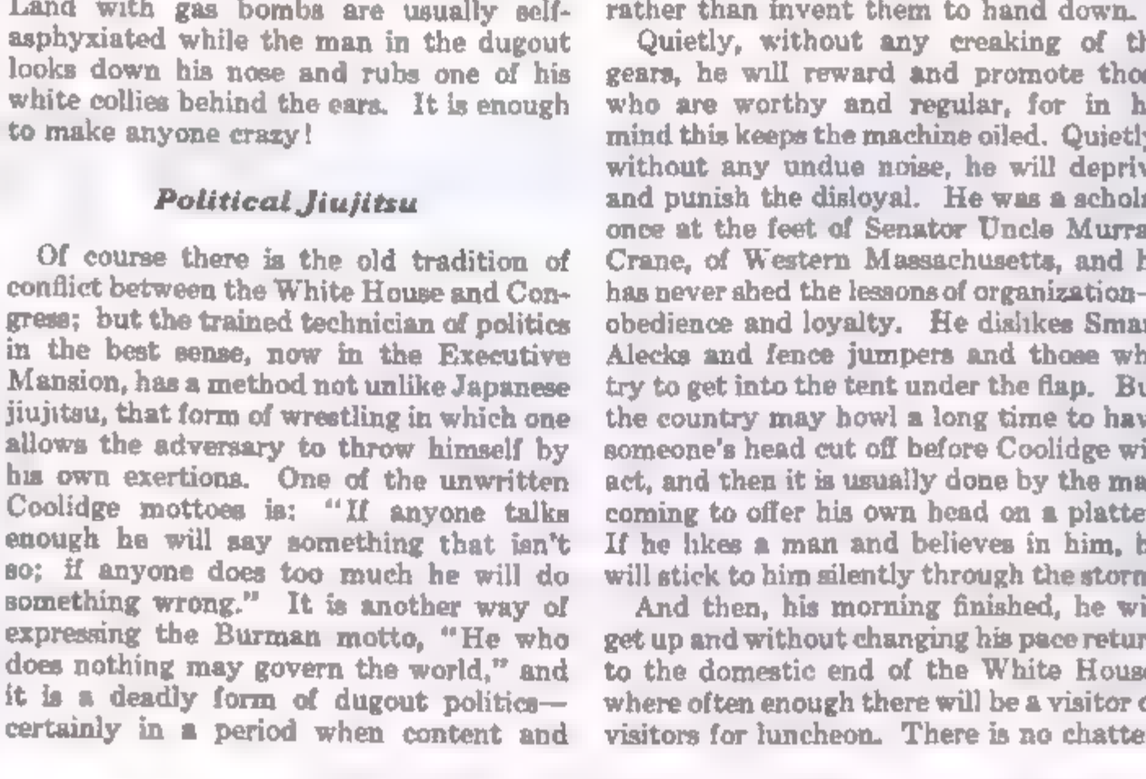
A Good Listener

No doubt in his heart of hearts the social functions of the formal kind give him none of the ecstasies which leap in the brightening eyes and in the peacock sensibilities of lesser personalities. The unreality of the stiff parade cannot make a profound impression upon him. And yet with precedents and correctness he sometimes plays as with little tin toys. The toys are more important to others, but he finds a passing amusement in showing that he, too, can wind them—sometimes with a hand more skilled than any other.

After dinner at the White House the President leads his male guests to his study—the room where Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. He touches off the open fire and, sitting down at his desk, glances over the yellow sheets on which the clippings from the press of the nation selected for his eye are pasted. A moment of observation often indicates the President's uncanny ability to eliminate unessentials of all kinds and absorb essentials with his avid economy of energy.

In general conversation he never dumps ideas. Into it he drops few words. Into it, occasionally, he will shoot a dart of humor so finely pointed that men of dull wits often fail to see it fly and go to its mark. But above all, the most important characteristic, often unnoticed, is his faculty for listening without any concentrated attention. One is often astounded when, after a conversation during which Coolidge, behind the screen of mere polite listening, has

(Continued on Page 153)



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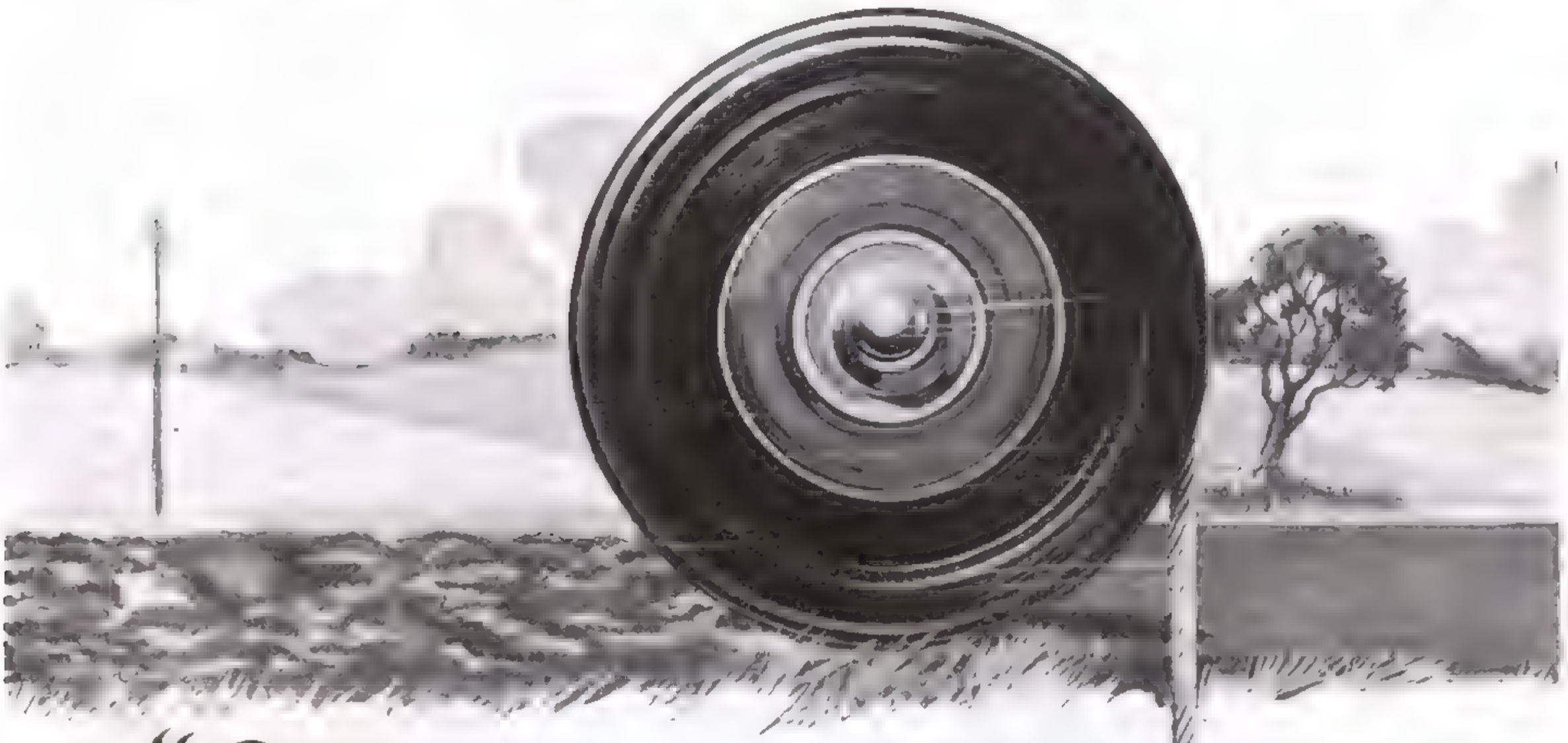
The new WEED



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Now ride without shocks or jars by equipping your car with WEED Levelizers.

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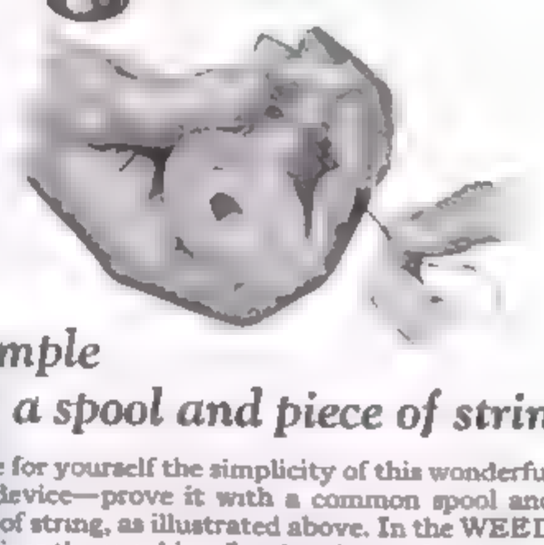
WEED Levelizers always offer the correct amount of friction. The resistance is in proportion to the bump, the effect being accomplished by a unique floating drum. On rough roads it resists every bump automatically in proportion to the tendency to rebound. On smooth roads it eases up to give freer play to car springs, thus eliminating the hard, jerky sensation of too rigid resistance.

Laboratory and road tests over a period of years insure the desired action under all weather and road conditions.

Remember: The Levelizer eliminates shocks by eliminating bumps.



As simple as a spool and piece of string

Prove for yourself the simplicity of this wonderful new device—prove it with a common spool and piece of string, as illustrated above. In the WEED Levelizer the spool is a floating drum, the piece of string is a special steel cable. Your fingers holding the spool are a strip of special frictional material fastened to the inner side of the steel shell at the bottom of the Levelizer.

This illustrates all there is to the Levelizer, except that spiral springs re-roll the floating drum, pulling the cable in quickly on the return stroke. It's so simple that nothing gets out of order—nothing needs adjusting or oiling.

Made and recommended by the makers of

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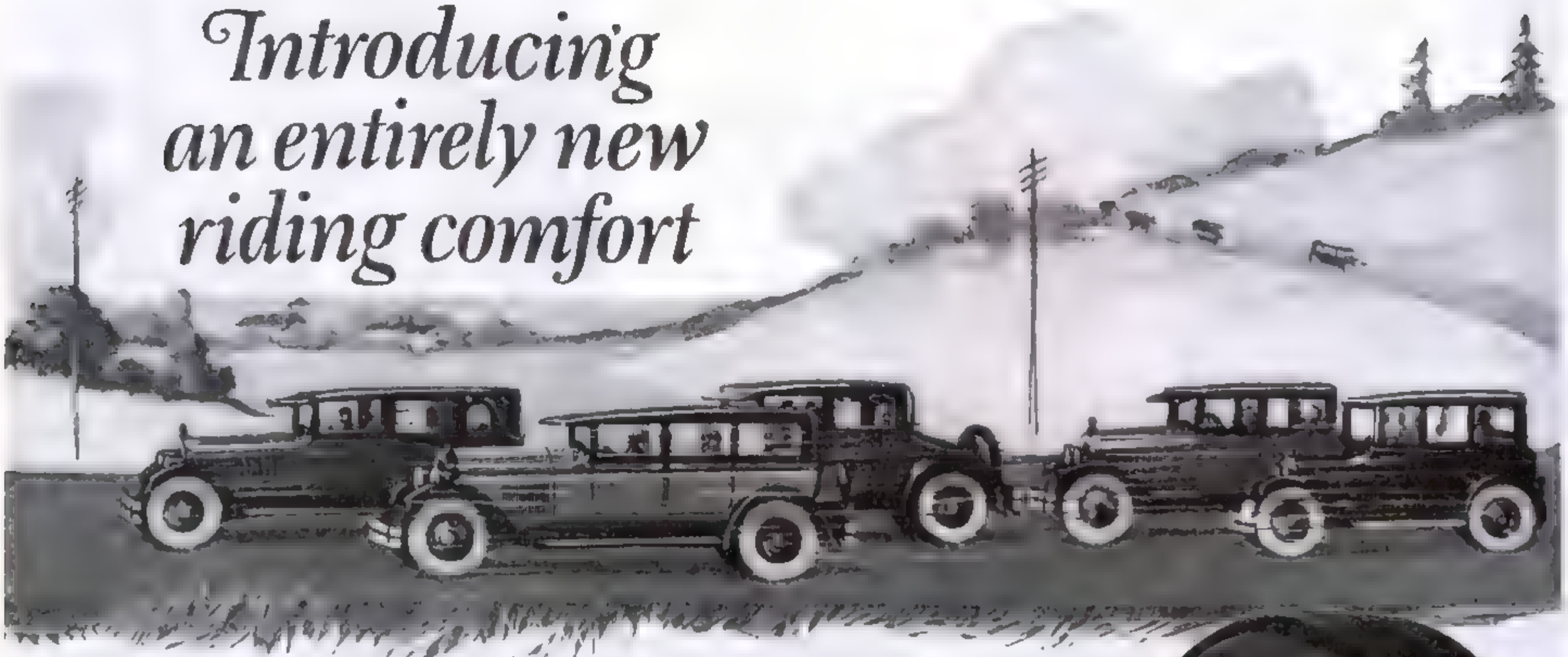
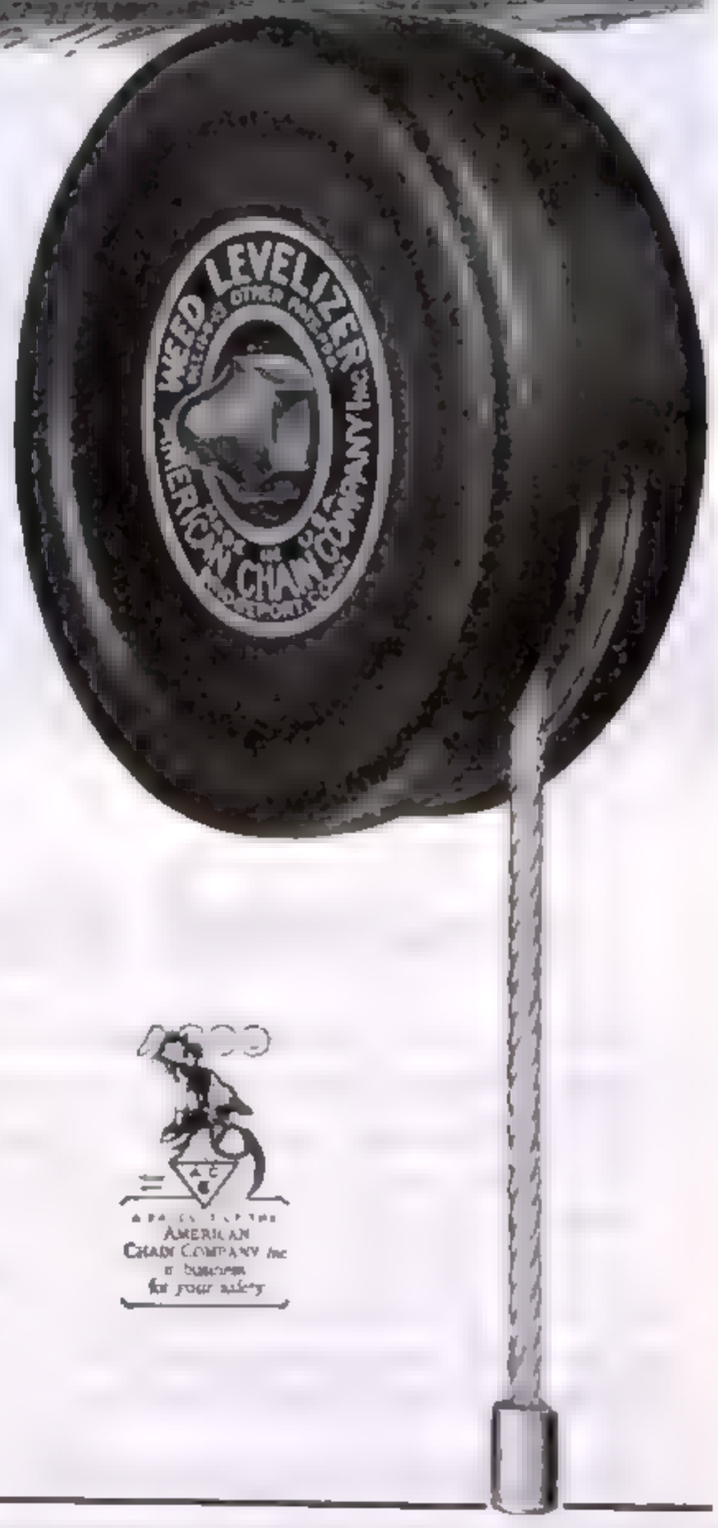
Introducing an entirely new riding comfort



For all makes of cars



Test WEED Levelizers on your car. Drive down the same streets or roads you regularly ride over. Go on the same old familiar bumps. Hit the same corrugated spots, the same car tracks, the same ruts, the same railroad crossings.

Then you will appreciate what WEED Levelizers offer:

1 The Levelizer maintains a smooth resistance throughout the upward motion of the car body, in proportion to the tendency to rebound.

2 It takes effect immediately when the car strikes a bump or rough spot.

3 It carries on clear to the end of the rebound.

4 It eases up for minor surface irregularities, giving freer play to springs, thus avoiding the jerky sensation of too rigid resistance.

5 It does not get out of order, requires no adjustments, no oiling.

6 It is easy to apply and stays put. For all makes of cars, heavy or light. With balloons or regular tires.

Enjoy this great riding comfort.

Try Levelizers. Your dealer should have them—if not, write us.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chain for all Purposes

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY Inc
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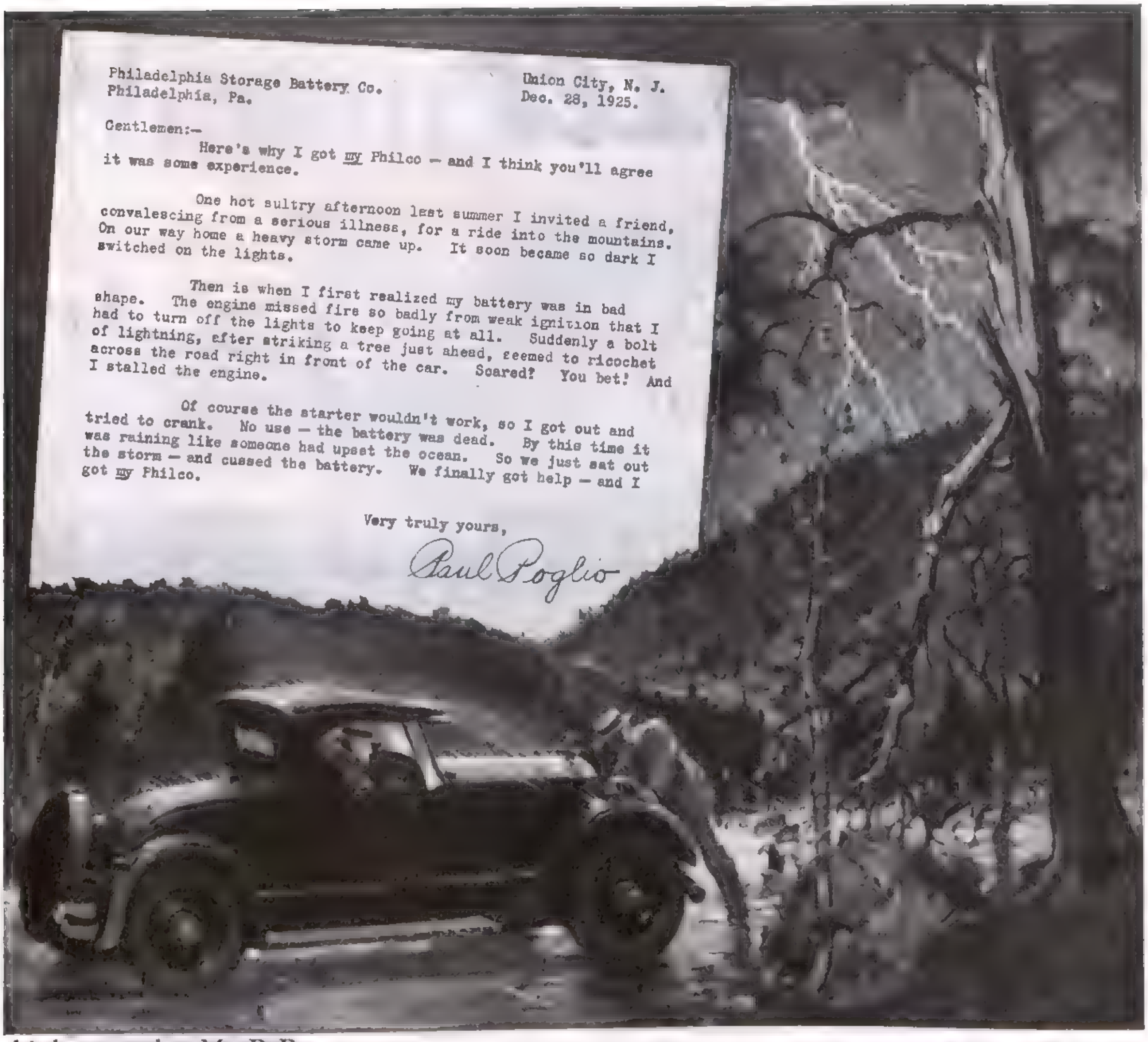
for your safety

WEED CHAINS *and* WEED BUMPERS


Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Union City, N. J.
Dec. 28, 1925.
Gentlemen:—
Here's why I got my Philco — and I think you'll agree it was some experience.
One hot sultry afternoon last summer I invited a friend, convalescing from a serious illness, for a ride into the mountains. On our way home a heavy storm came up. It soon became so dark I switched on the lights.
Then is when I first realized my battery was in bad shape. The engine missed fire so badly from weak ignition that I had to turn off the lights to keep going at all. Suddenly a bolt of lightning, after striking a tree just ahead, seemed to ricochet across the road right in front of the car. Scared? You bet! And I stalled the engine.
Of course the starter wouldn't work, so I got out and tried to crank. No use — the battery was dead. By this time it was raining like someone had upset the ocean. So we just sat out the storm — and cussed the battery. We finally got help — and I got my Philco.
Very truly yours,
Paul Poglio

this happened to Mr. P. P.

—and then he got his Philco!

Super-powered! Over-size! Shock-proof! Distinguishing features of a Philco *Drynamic* Battery that have added so tremendously to the comfort and safety of driving.

Philco *Drynamic* has none of the usual power-reducing diaphragms between the plates. That's why it has such a terrific starting punch, as well as sustained power for lights and ignition.

Philco *Drynamic* has the famous Diamond-Grid Plates and Philco Retainers. That's why it can be guaranteed for two years—the longest and strongest guarantee ever placed on a nationally-known battery.

Get *your* Philco NOW and be safe. Costs you no more than just an ordinary battery.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, *Philadelphia*

Philco **Drynamic** Batteries are made DRY and shipped DRY—but CHARGED. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the acid—just before installing the bat tery in your car. Ask for Philco **Drynamic**—*see the acid poured in*—and you can't get a stale battery.

RADIO OWNERS—Use your house current for both "A" and "B" radio power Philco Socket Powers eliminate "B" batteries and all thought about "A" battery recharging One switch controls everything—"A" power, "B" power, even the radio set itself. Snap it "ON" and enjoy your radio. Snap it "OFF" and go to bed.

PHILCO BATTERIES

Automobile
Radio
Electric Truck
Industrial Tractors
Farm Lighting
Passenger Cars
Mine Locomotives
Auxiliary Power
Marine
Isolated Plant

(Continued from Page 149)

apparently been lost in his own thoughts, it suddenly is disclosed that he has picked up one selected idea, rolled it over and over, pared off its skin, removed its seeds, swallowed its meat and has already digested it.

It is when he is talking alone with a personality congenial to him that the President engages—and sometimes with eager pleasure—in the expression of his ideas. He likes to try out his own mental processes by their effect upon the mental processes of his listener. I could not imagine his doing this unless he has full faith and belief in the honesty of the other mind. That would be waste, and Coolidge, even in conversation, is for economy. He offers anything from his own box of mentality rather shyly Fanatics thrust the box under all our noses; but Coolidge, as we are seeing, is really no fanatic.

I have an idea that when he pulls down the blinds at the seemly hour at which he finishes his day he has already tucked away into well-ordered compartments all the varieties of grist which have been brought to his mental mill. My impression is that the largest bin of all is that one labeled No Good.

That bin is a useful one for any President, and is becoming increasingly so. To be able to reject fake chaff and reach out and get the kernels of truth is one of the greatest arts a President can have. The attempts to influence the President—to get his ear—are becoming always more skilled and finished in technic.

The Isolation of a President

To begin with, few persons are willing to tell the President the truth if the truth is unpleasant. It is always a job for the next man. Therefore, if anything like 50 per cent of the truth in the world is unpleasant, about 50 per cent of the truth must be hunted and captured by the Executive's own efforts. And even a President, along with the rest of us, may not enjoy the chase. While the courtiers and the modest and the timid are silent and say that they would not presume to tell the President that he is on any wrong trail, tremendous pressure is being exerted to wheedle him off the main road.

There is not, as the uninitiated might suspect, a great deal of villainy in this. It does not even have the methods of villainy. The process is one by which some group which has a special interest to serve, and being unable to reach the President directly, takes almost instinctive steps to reach him through the group around him. The labor begins by work done on some cabinet officer or on some senator or on some personal friend.

"This is what the President should do," it is said to the man who may carry the proposal. A letter reaches this man from a banker friend in Chicago who slips in some corner of the letter: "And by the way, this is what the President should do if he is faced with the problem of this and that." And then A meets B in a club in New York and tells B that if he ever sees the President of course he will not mention it, but "This is what the President should do." There is no deep-laid intrigue which finally explodes in the President's face, but a system of dropping drops of water until there is a little hole in the granite. I am convinced that Coolidge has more resistance to these attempts to get his ear than any other man who during my memory has been in the White House. But nothing can be more difficult to resist, nothing more deadly than the little push, push, push of a minority group applied to a man who after all is a good deal isolated from normal contacts with human beings.

The presidency has that curious isolation. The one man who can summon everybody is often the loneliest man in the whole land. To a boisterously social being the strain would be killing. Coolidge is not a boisterously social being. Loneliness afflicted Harding, it afflicted Wilson tragically, and it wore down Taft's nerves. Once a man steps into the White House he becomes in some degree a person who must suspect those who approach him. How could it be otherwise? They come so often wanting something wanting office, wanting to flatter, wanting to hoodwink, wanting to importune, wanting to make impressions deeper than the truth and perhaps innocently varying from the truth. The old freedom for easy human intercourse has gone; the air takes on the chill of unnaturalness, watchfulness, a stilted and timid and fabricated relationship.

If the President picks new warm friends, these friends are called White House pets. Immediately there is attributed to them strange powers of influence; they are besieged by favor seekers; they are branded by the envious as having wormed their way into preferment. When Harding burst forth, when Wilson grew brooding and Taft became irritable about the loneliness of the presidency it was not an empty complaint. There is an abnormality about the life of a President which for most men creates a great pain. It is a locked-in feeling. Coolidge no doubt can deal with it better than most men, for the whole pattern of his life is one of restraints, metes and bounds and motes and battlements. The more peace there is within a man, the less diversion he needs from without.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

This Profile of President Coolidge Has Been Proposed for a Special Sesquicentennial Half Dollar Which Will be Circulated During the Exposition to be Held in Philadelphia Next Summer

The qualities one finds in the man himself rather than the burdens of the presidency determine how well a man can stand the much-discussed strain of the office. The wear and tear of duties and labors may be great, indeed, but the real wear and tear is spiritual.

Coolidge has a spiritual poise difficult to unbalance. I do not question that the death of his son and the illness of his father have given him more of pain and suffering than all the difficulties and dark moments which have to do with being President. This is because below the armor of inexpressiveness he is a sensitive man, with loyalty of affection in his heart all the more unswerving because all deep roots are more undemonstrative than leafy branches which blow in the wind.

Let Coolidge Do It

As for the labors and duties of the office, Coolidge has met them with a cool regimen probably because from the outset he looked the situation squarely in the face. He recognized the fact that not only the war but the miracle development of the economic and social fabric of the nation has caused a centralization as difficult to turn back as it is undesirable to tolerate. This centralization not only throws vast new labors into the old departments but has created endless commissions, bureaus and homeless bodies which report directly to the President. The Veterans' Bureau, which dispenses a tremendous slice of the national income, is only one of a long list of bodies, each of which every day throws three days' work and care into the office of the President.

When General Lord, director of the Budget Bureau, spoke of his own labors on January thirtieth, he said:

"Underlying the President's insistence upon constructive economy in Federal operations, underlying his strict limitation of estimates, has been his faith in the loyalty of the rank and file of Federal employes, and his appreciation of their ability and willingness to carry out his plans. This faith in the service, in its loyalty, readiness to sacrifice, its resourcefulness and ability to accomplish, has been the mainstay of the director of the Bureau of the Budget during these trying years in his effort to carry out the President's instruction to reduce expenditures so that taxes may be reduced."

In making this tribute to the President he also gave recognition to the hours of labor—the long, long hours of labor, a good deal of it evening labor—which the President, in conference after conference with General Lord, personally puts into the striving for economy and tax reduction. The triumphs of tax reduction are not brought about by waving a wand or even by a vote of Congress. They have been brought about in large measure by plain, downright, unadvertised long-hour hard work done by Coolidge himself — work of which the country has little concept or realization — and for which it has perhaps as little gratitude or recognition as it has for the work done by General Lord. These are the unfanatical contributions of unfanatical persons.

No Myth

There is no Coolidge myth. If Coolidge mystifies anyone it is merely because in a fanatical era he is not fanatical.

And there is a kind of comfort in that. When so many human beings are jazzing and jiggering and blowing up and trying to evade and escape the inevitable responsibilities, when drivel passes for philosophy and every school child invents a new world and youth and bobbed-hair old age go skittering off after excitement and change, plans, programs, mushroom progress and desires to snatch from God all His functions—then there is comfort in Coolidge. Perhaps not so much in Coolidge as in the fact that the country finds comfort in him. There is comfort in our faith in him because it gives faith in ourselves. There still remains something in the good old-fashioned policy of not being a fanatic.

The Coolidge régime may not be very entertaining. Lots of us expect government and politics to furnish a kind of national circus. And the circus has almost gone into winter quarters.

"How is politics down your way?"

"There isn't any any more."

With such a régime there is bound to come a measure of irritating smugness. Whatever little souls ride on the Coolidge wagon are loathsome with their sense of safety, sufficiency, sureness, safety; and they are smug.

They will go on smugging for a long time. They are probably on for a long ride. The Coolidge wagon fairly purrs on its way. The only danger in sight is this—when things are so right at home, that is the time when a President is most susceptible to those who show him the glittering allurements, the dazzling immortality which awaits the man who not only can fix the United States but who can expand the job of President to that of fixing the whole world. It takes a strong man not to reach out and put a patronizing hand on the world's head.

But Coolidge is a strong man; he is not a sky writer. He is not going to make us over, nor the world either.

I have never seen him step outside his job. It is job enough.

Four Fairway Irons Graded for Distance

These four irons form part of the Grand Slam set of 13 perfectly designed and constructed golf clubs—10 irons, 3 woods, providing the right club for getting best results on every play. If you want to learn to play this great game, or improve your present play, you must appreciate the importance of using the right club at the right time.

Learn your distance with one club—the Grand Slam No. 4 (mashie iron) is a good one to start with. Then grade your shots up and down the numbers according to distance

Go to your dealer's and see these clubs—they sell at $7 each for the woods, $5 each for the irons; $2 each additional for steel shafts. If your dealer can't supply Grand Slams, write the manufacturers. Our catalog "*Happier Golf*" describes the clubs and explains their use. May we send you a copy, free?

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GOLF CLUBS

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.,
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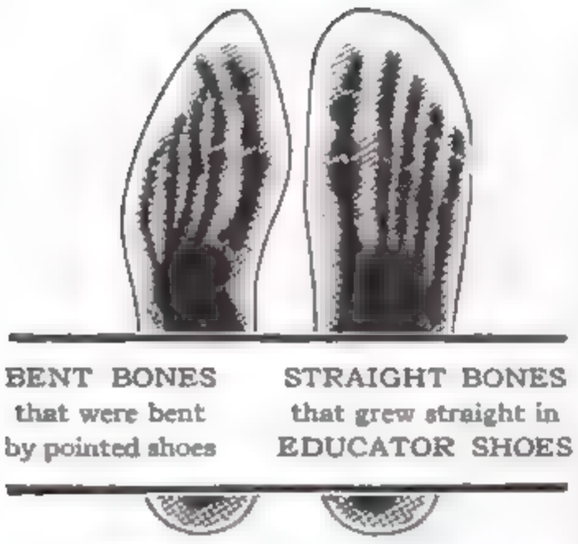
For 50 years manufacturers of Louisville Slugger Baseball Bats



BENT BONES
that were bent
by pointed shoes

STRAIGHT BONES
that grew straight in
EDUCATOR SHOES

Men's Educator Oxford

Lets the feet grow as they should

DELIGHTFUL ease for your feet all day! Yes, there *is* such a thing. You can have it in Educator Shoes. Room for all five toes to lie *straight*. Snug at the heel, resting the arch, shaped to the curves of the ball of the foot.

Corns, ingrown nails and callouses cannot form in Educators. Ills that *have* formed soon pass away.

This Educator Oxford comes in black kid, brown kid and tan calf. A gentleman's shoe in looks and a wise man's shoe in comfort. Ask your dealer for Educators for every foot in the family.

None genuine without this stamp:

EDUCATOR SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR MEN
WOMEN
CHILDREN

If your dealer does not carry Educators, order from
RICE & HUTCHINS
Address: 14 High Street, Boston, U. S. A.
Also send for booklet

THEY ALSO EAT FISH

(Continued from Page 27)

news, he concealed it, whistled carelessly and removed his policeman's uniform without a murmur of protest. He was unaware that he had a deadly enemy within the camp, and further unaware that Shorty had spent sums of money in the other days entertaining Miss Daboe, and was now suffering from the pangs of unrequited affection.

Had Curley known these things, he would have been astonished that a person should feel so deeply over the matter of a girl more or less. To Curley, girls were people who came and went. Girls were always falling in love with a man, as Curley saw it, but they always recovered nicely and no harm done. As for a fellow being annoyed because a damsel's love grew cold, Curley would have grinned at the mere thought. He had a little red book and the names in it began with Alice and ran to Zoe.

"Now," said Gil later in the morning of Shorty's declaration, "if you're going to be a stunt man, get ready, because we shoot some of the bear stuff this afternoon."

"I'm ready," answered the second comedian. "What's there to get ready?"

"We start for the ranch at one o'clock. Take two or three uniforms, because you might need them."

Shorty heard the head cameraman inform Miss Daboe that Mr. Hamp would do his own dangerous work for the rest of the picture, but was unable to tell how the news affected her. He saw her staring at him, as noon approached, with what seemed added respect and a dash of admiration.

"I start on the bear stuff this afternoon," he told her casually, just as though she had not broken his heart with her flippant ways.

"Yes," she said brightly.

"And it ought to look good, because some of it is pretty risky. That bear ain't anything to fool with."

This statement was not far from the truth. Mr. Gilfillan and his staff had met immediate trouble when the quest for animals began. The elephant was readily had, but the lions were distinctly second-grade and all six of them seemed to be worn in spots, like a doctor's rug. A second batch was ordered and approved, though the jungle monarchs were not as ferocious as Gil expected. The first four leopards were returned. When it came to the bear, Gil personally examined half a dozen, running from light cinnamon to grizzly, before finally settling upon Louie Zeller and his trick bruin.

Louie was a dark-skinned person of indeterminate nationality, and his bear was guaranteed sound in wind and limb, fully trained and broken to picture work. Gil concluded the deal, which called for Louie to receive twelve dollars a day for the services of himself and his educated brute.

Though I desire to refrain from giving away studio secrets, I may say here that anybody who looks carelessly at an animal picture in a theater and concludes that there isn't much to it is mistaken. Nine actors in ten are frightened rigid at the thought of having to perform in the precarious company of lions, bears, tigers, large hairy apes, elephants and other four-footed denizens of forest and jungle that one beholds galloping friskily over tables and chairs in a two-reel comedy.

Men and women alike blanch with terror but go through with their business like heroes. Quaking stars and lesser ones submit to lion familiarities, wondering if night will find them still with the concern. Moviegoers who believe it is all in fun, and that play acting with a herd of studio lions is a harmless pastime, are in error. It is nothing of the sort; and the most reputable lion is likely to have a bad night, suspected by nobody until he has bitten an extra man into two equal parts.

Every studio has its grim tales of tame lions that went off half-cocked and left nothing but a job for the undertaker where once a strong man had stood; and it was a palsied Afro-American actor on a comedy lot who, upon being informed by the director that the lion would presently sneak up and lick his molasses-covered feet, quavered: "Whose feet is what lion gonna lick the 'lasses offen when?"

Mr. Gilfillan, directing an earlier animal opus, commanded a reluctant Thespian to enter the cage and go through certain familiarities with a gentleman tiger of none too speckless character.

"Go on," urged Gil, who would not himself have entered a cage for all of Hollywood's diamonds.

"Yeah," answered the trembling actor, "Go on in, and what if I get chawed?"

"You won't," Gil assured.

"How do you know I won't?"

"He can't chaw you because all his teeth have been taken out."

"All right," said the actor, still defiant. "But I don't want to get gummed to death."

Mr. Louie Zeller presently made his first official appearance at the O'Day and Grogan studio leading his bear on the end of a chain, and he was at pains to assure everyone that here was a perfectly trained specimen of mountain bruin that would cause nobody a moment's uneasiness. This pleased Gilfillan, who directed most of his animal action from the top of a set. The studio gazed upon the bear with considerable interest and at Louie in astonishment, for Mr. Zeller was dressed in a padded-leather suit that gave him a slightly overstuffed appearance.

"What's that for?" Gil demanded, poking Louie in the stomach with an inquiring finger.

"This," Louie explained, "is so John"—the bear—"will not scratch when he gets me down."

"Oh," said Shorty, who was presently to have animated doings with John, "he gets you down, does he?"

"Once in a while," admitted the trainer. "Very playful, he is. In fact, he's as playful a bear as I ever worked with."

In no time at all the forces of O'Day and Grogan discovered that Louie had genuine need for his stuffed suit, and that frequently John seemed to misunderstand the signals or to confuse Louie's commands. Toward lunchtime the first morning, there was a sudden scuffling on the open stage where Louie was putting John through a few simple tricks while a crowd of electricians looked on. John seized his master about the waist and playfully decided to wrestle for the spectators, and when they fell, John was on top and Louie was somewhere beneath the shaggy mass, and probably would have remained there to die of suffocation but for his prune.

The prune saved him. With difficulty he removed an ordinary sun-dried product from his pocket and gave it to the beast, which thereupon arose and ate the prune. We learned then that Louie carried constantly a supply of the simple fruit in his pockets and used it to save his life in moments of jeopardy.

It was Gil's intention to begin shooting bear action in the afternoon at the O'Day and Grogan ranch, and after lunch the members of the company lined up for work and the technical staff stood by; but there was no shooting of celluloid drama. The ranch is composed in part of an apricot orchard, and it was Gilfillan's desire to take a few scenes beneath the trees, with the bear running about or gayly gamboling. In this the director was frustrated, for the ground happened to be covered with ripe apricots, and it was seen at once that John liked apricots almost as well as prunes. He defied Louie and ignored commands, pleadings, jerkings on his chain and light beatings with a club. He went hurriedly after the grounded apricots, dragging Louie and two prop men like so much chaff, and after filling his capacious maw with the early ripe, John curled up beneath a tree, shut his eyes, snored hoarsely and let the motion-picture business go hang.

"I thought you said that this was a trained bear," Gil bellowed in helpless rage.

"Just playful," responded Louie. "I'll wake him up in a minute."

"We don't want him playing on our time," said Gil indignantly. "We're here to make a motion picture and not pamper bears. Either this beast works when I say so or the both of you get off the pay roll."

"I'll go talk to him," said Louie, and the entire company spent the afternoon trying to rouse John from his dissolute and apricot-induced somnolence, but without notable success. At four o'clock Gil said, "That's all," without having shot a scene, and the unit returned to Hollywood.

A fresh start was made the following morning and at a new location in the hills, a spot free from apricots, where Gil hoped that if John were untempted, he might consent to get ahead with the work in hand. The first scheduled scene was a funny bit wherein the bear bit the policeman on the calf of the leg in a close-up, or pretended to bite him. Shorty Hamp, playing it himself, discussed this scene with the animal's master.

"Listen, Louie," he remarked, "you may not have noticed it, but I've only got two legs, and I'd be likely to miss one of them. You're sure he'll only pretend to do this biting?"

Louie laughed heartily.

"He'll only sniff your leg," he declared. "I'll be right there, Shorty. I absolutely control this bear."

"Very good," said Shorty, who shared the common human timidity about bears and all other wild beasts down to and including porch caterpillars.

But before the cameras clicked on that eventful morning, while John was slumbering heavily in the sun, chained to a live oak, two gamboling goats from the temporary menagerie used elsewhere in the project happened to go bouncing by the spot where bruin dreamed. One of the goats was a trifle slow in eluding John's lightninglike thrust, and people began running to the scene, led by Louie. It appeared then that bears despise goats. Strong men belabored John with such implements as came to hand. Louie swore and struggled to save the life of an innocent nanny, but without avail. The moment the goat had ceased to be, John resumed his normal calm and went back to sleep, and a second cameraman removed what had once been a carefree mountain leaper. Shorty Hamp pushed his way through the little knot, a trifle pale and with the decisive look of one who has reached certain conclusions. He approached Gilfillan.

"On account of Louie having such perfect control over his bear," Shorty said shakily, wiping off the beads of perspiration, "we will leave out this scene where John smells my leg and it looks like he was biting me. Otherwise you go get a new boy."

"I don't blame you," returned Gil.

"If that's a trained bear," said Shorty, "I'm an obelisk."

Strange as it may seem, Louie defended his meal ticket and declared that a ferocious goat had once annoyed John and he had never forgotten it. The picture proceeded, with Shorty not any too sure of the wisdom of doing his own animal stunts instead of trusting them to a reliable double. He looked at the radiant Hallie, gripped himself anew, and informed Gilfillan that he was ready to go ahead with the sequence where the bear chases the policeman and gets the can of huckleberries, which in the finished film turned out to be a lively episode.

Gil placed his cameras in position. Shorty seized the tin bucket, looked meaningly at Louie, and waved his hand, indicating that

(Continued on Page 159)

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AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior	Flat-Tone	Sem-Lac Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	Sem-Lac Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint Metalastic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior (wood	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Sem-Lac Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
Porch	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	
HOUSE or GARAGE Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS	Flat Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Floorlac		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Fashion Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior Plaster or Wallboard	Flat Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Sem-Lac Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

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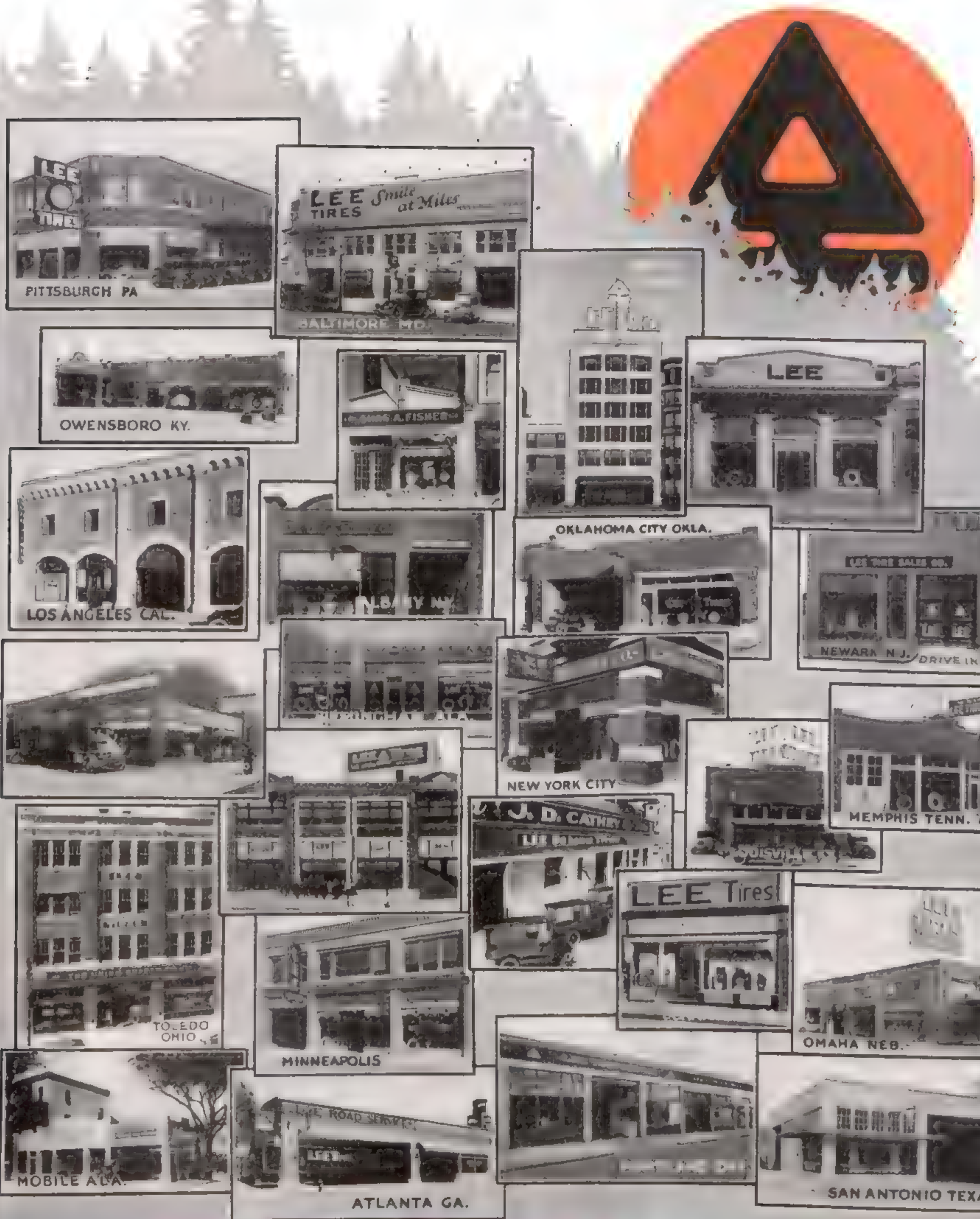

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LEE TIRES are sold as a *vital contribution* to the welfare of your car—not as a nondescript automobile accessory.

Throughout America, in cities large and small, the Lee Dealer may be identified as a *specialist*—***a man that concentrates on tires; a man with complete service facilities in his own establishment; a man you can trust.***

Enter a place where Lee Tires are sold. You will know immediately that the man who sells them to you is fully impressed with the *importance* of your purchase. You can depend on his offering you the right size and the right type of tire for the service your car is called upon to perform. You can depend on his *personal interest* in your purchases. You will find that he will coöperate with you in a manner which contributes greatly to the satisfaction you will get from your tires.

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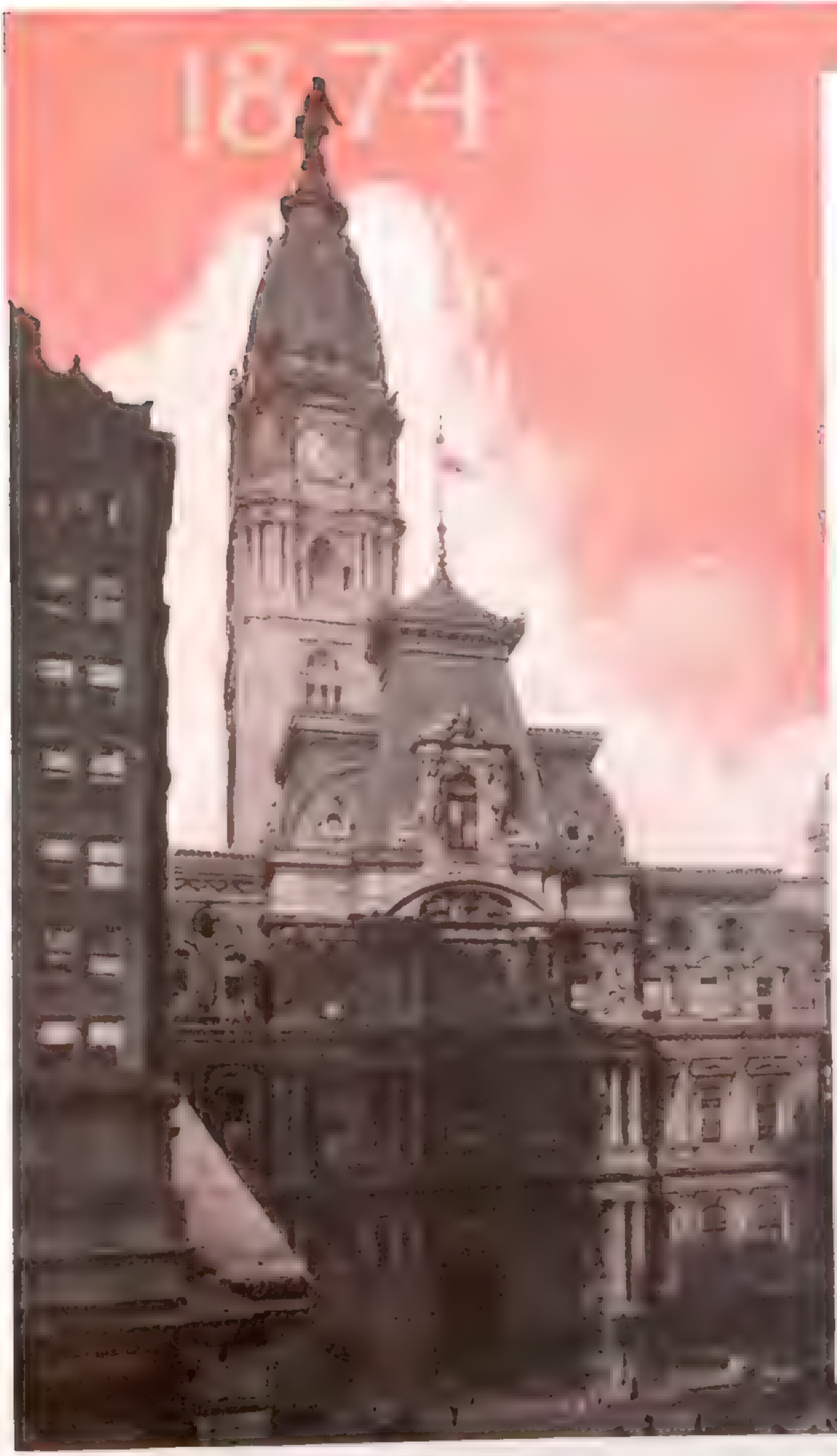

CITY HALL
Philadelphia

COVERING a ground area of four and one-half acres, and boasting a floor area over three times greater, Philadelphia's City Hall long enjoyed the distinction of being the world's largest municipal building. Its imposing tower, rising to an elevation of 548 feet, rivals the Washington Monument in height.

The building was erected in 1874, and contains 662 rooms which are served by plumbing and heating systems costing over a million dollars. Miles and miles of genuine wrought iron pipe were installed in these systems. After half a century of service, this piping is still intact, having apparently suffered little from corrosion. A long list of records like this, duplicated in every large city in the country, gives Byers wrought iron pipe its well earned reputation for durability.

The durability of Byers genuine wrought iron pipe is now widely recognized, and its use is increasing at a rapid pace. America's foremost engineers and architects specify it wherever permanency is desired, knowing that pipe failures are so costly as to make the selection of good pipe a matter of first importance to their clients.

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BYERS PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from Page 154)

the business could begin any time. Hallie Daboe, her lovely tresses blowing in the breeze, climbed upon a chair so that she might miss nothing, and Louie released the snapper on John's collar and said what would be the equivalent in dog talk of "Sic 'em."

The tame bear went immediately after the cop and the huckleberries, and instead of standing perfectly still for the moment, as Gil had commanded and as the script ordered, Shorty saw John coming and simultaneously lost his last remaining shred of courage. He started to run.

Apparently there is nothing more offensive to a bear than running away from him, and John resented it. He bounded after the plump comedian, who ran briskly, dashed behind a tree and threw his huckleberry can away. Everyone present joined in the chase that followed, which was never screened, and for a time Shorty led the parade by a scant jump, the bear in second place and Curley Stocker leading the rescue party. Louie Zeller brought up the rear, being no runner, and though he shouted hoarse commands, nobody paid any attention to him.

Shorty's entire life passed rapidly before his eyes, as they say it always does in moments of deadly peril, his breath gave out, his legs grew weak and presently John caught up with him, threw his paws around Shorty, hurled him to the ground, fell on top of him and began playing post office bear-fashion, with Mr. Hamp howling in terrified tones.

In the brief time that elapsed before Curley Stocker and three cowboys pounced upon the brute, Shorty acquired cuts, scratches, lacerations and a multitude of flesh wounds, but no broken bones. Gilfillan arrived soon after Curley, thoroughly alarmed. Louie came up panting and attached John again to his chain, and a sympathetic group gathered and looked down upon the pale comedian, who lay stretched upon the ground, his eyes closed.

"How are you?" Gil asked, bending over the victim.

"I'm dead," said Shorty.

Gil arose and gave hurried orders. A cot was improvised, placed on a company truck, and the stricken one was tenderly lifted aboard and started for the Sisters' Hospital, where he was examined by experts. As they were lifting him upon the truck, the little man weakly opened one eye, and the last thing he saw was Curley Stocker, breathing hard from his rescue work; and the last thing he heard was the sweet voice of Hallie Daboe raised in excited praise.

"Oh, Curley," she was saying, as the truck driver placed a blanket over the passenger, "he might have been killed if it hadn't been for you."

"No, I don't think so," Curley replied modestly.

"Yes, he would," she insisted, her eyes shining.

"Wasn't anything," said Curley.

"It was positively the bravest thing I ever saw," cried Hallie, and as she seemed about to kiss Curley in the excess of her enthusiasm, Shorty closed the open eye, breathed an anguished sigh, and hoped he would pass on to a better world before they got him to the hospital.

On the location, Gilfillan spoke to Louie.

"This winds you up," he said. "Put your bear in a car and take him in while the both of you still have your health."

"He didn't mean any harm," Louie protested.

"I know," said Gil. "He's just playful, but he don't play any more in our back yard."

The animal man grumblingly led John away, protesting against the injustice; and the motion-picture company called it a day and returned to town, where Gil sent in a requisition for a new bear, preferably one without eccentricities.

With the assistant comedian laid out in the hospital, it became necessary for Gilfillan to make certain changes, and in as much as Curley Stocker was a smallish man and had doubled for several of the cop scenes, it was natural to consider him as a candidate for Shorty's job

"I'll shoot some of the early stuff over again," Gil said to Curley. "You can play the cop all the way through."

"Fine," responded Mr. Stocker. "But do I get more pay?"

"You ought to be mighty glad to have the chance," Gil said indignantly.

"I am, but I'd like more money too," said Curley, and it was presently so arranged. Hallie Daboe, while regretful over the accident that had removed Mr. Hamp, was overjoyed to see the hero in a genuine rôle. The troublesome animal comedy was begun afresh, and from the start Curley buckled down, worked hard and surprised Gil with his enthusiasm and energy. O'Day and Grogan surveyed the rushes in the projection room and assured each other that as a substitute for the absent Shorty this fellow was doing very well.

Following a studio custom, the wounded comedian was reduced to half salary during his invalidism, and when the nurses brought him his official release card, testifying that he was now strong enough to resume his wonted occupation, Shorty returned to the studio, a trifle wan and wistful and having the martyred air of a man who has passed close to the valley of the shadow and is willing to suffer for his art.

He was received rather casually, it seemed to him. O'Day shook hands, but displayed lack of interest in Shorty's hospital career. The animal comedy was finished, cut and shipped and nobody appeared to have missed the assistant comedian.

He went at once to the cashier's window and collected his pay checks—fifty dollars a week, instead of the former hundred. Gil greeted him heartily. Hallie Daboe smiled politely and said she was glad to see him about again. Curley Stocker nodded. Then Shorty heard the studio news.

"We're starting in on a fresh one," Gil informed him. "O'Day has what he thinks is a funny idea for a two-reeler and he wants it done immediately."

"Good," said Shorty. "And after me being cooped up in that hospital so long, I'm mighty anxious to get back on the job."

Gil cleared his throat and stared out of a window. There was a touch of embarrassment in his manner.

"You shouldn't start back to work too soon, Shorty," he asserted, avoiding his comrade's eye. "That was a bad shock you had and you're not strong enough for this rough picture that's coming. You look pale to me, and a rest will do you good."

"I don't want to hold up any picture while I rest. Besides that, I'm on half pay, which you may have forgotten, and I've had enough half pay."

"It won't hold up the picture," Gil returned. "The fact is, Shorty, on account of you being laid up for repairs and not knowing when you'd be strong enough to tackle the job again, I cast Curley for the part in this new one."

Shorty carefully extinguished his cigarette and placed it upon a tray. He looked at Gil, who grinned.

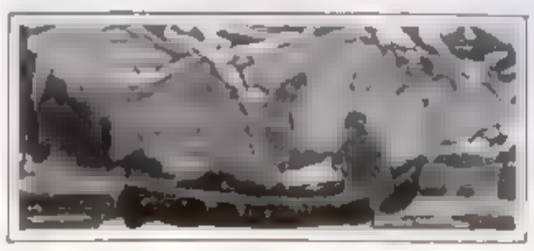
"Does this mean I'm fired?" he asked.

"Not a chance," said Gil heartily. "Certainly not. What's the matter with you, Shorty?"

He reached over and slapped his companion in many pictures a resounding whack.

"I'm only going to use Curley in this next job because there's a part that fits him better than it does you."

"You don't want me to resign?"



"No!" shouted Gil. "This studio couldn't get along without you. Where would O'Day be without the Gil-and-Shorty comedies?"

"And I stay on half pay till this next one is done?"

"Sure, but you can stand it. I tried to keep 'em from cutting you, but you know Grogan."

"I know O'Day too," Shorty said gloomily. "Certainly looks to me like a raw deal."

Having reached a definite understanding, the conference dissolved and Shorty spent his first day out of hospital strolling through the studio and gazing at the pleasant activities in which he was to have no part. He felt an outsider and abused.

Hallie Daboe, with her hair in a new style, spoke to him in a friendly way and asked if his wounds were entirely healed, and while he was looking into her brown eyes and telling her the details and what the doctors had said about certain dangerous lacerations, Hallie excused herself to answer the telephone. Later in the day the exile observed Hallie and Curley together.

The new picture began under Gil's direction and pushed rapidly ahead with no trouble of any kind. Shorty heard from cameramen, prop boys and others that young Stocker was doing splendidly and that Gil would undoubtedly have an uproarious two-reeler. Others spoke of Hallie's rapid advance and of how much better she seemed to be doing her work. At the conclusion of a not very joyous week, Mr. Hamp approached the cashier's window, stood at the end of the line and finally received his check. He glanced at the figures and stopped. Where it should have read fifty dollars, it read forty.

"Some mistake," he said politely to the cashier, who was the usual stern individual that always seems to handle money. "I'm on half pay, and half of a hundred isn't forty."

"There's a ten-dollar reduction, Shorty."

"What for—what for?" the comedian asked irritably. "Ain't it small enough? How can you deduct anything from fifty dollars?"

"For the present," responded the cashier.

"What present?"

"Everyone in Gil's unit is contributing, so naturally we didn't think you'd want to make an exception of yourself. They're going to buy Curley and Hallie either a radio set or a piano and have it in the new bungalow when they return from the honeymoon."

"Oh," Shorty said weakly.

He folded the check and stared at it hard.

"Oh," he said again. "Like that, eh?"

"Yes, didn't you hear about it?"

"I did not."

"It's a good idea"

"Swell idea," said Shorty.

The moving line of impatient pay collectors pushed him gently away from the window. He walked slowly to a sunny spot and stood in bitter contemplation.

"So they're going on a honeymoon, hey? Well, now, ain't that nice," he murmured. "I get all the good breaks."

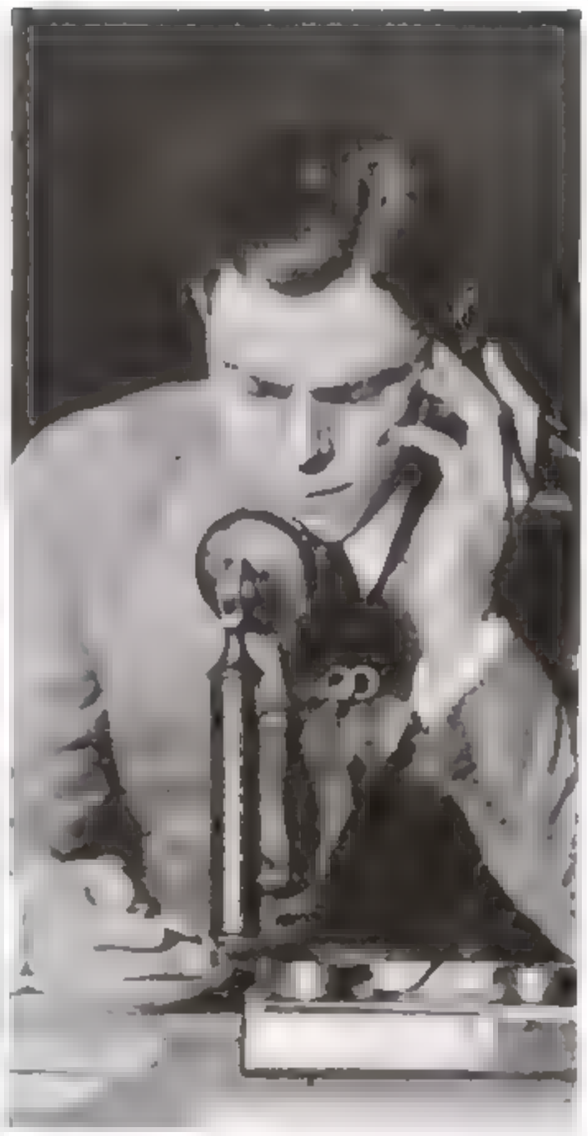
He moved aimlessly and presently entered his own dim dressing room, where there was for the moment no dressing to be done. He faced the lithograph of the man of destiny and gazed at the indomitable figure.

"You make me sick," he said distinctly.

Napoleon made no reply, but continued to observe the retreat of his troops.

"Fine strategist you are, you and your crummy soldiers."

He repeated the simple statement that the illustrious one made him ill, and without further ceremony he removed Napoleon from the hook, tore the retreat into dismal bits and flung the pieces into the alley behind the sheds. He then walked slowly out of his dressing room and went over to Stage Four, where Gil was shooting a jolly scene between Curley and Hallie, in which Curley had to hold Hallie in his arms and kiss her repeatedly.



The Order that Wasn't Landed

Customer on phone—"*Your man Blake has been after me for six months to give you people a trial on service. The Bixby outfit can give me delivery Friday. If you can meet that, you get the order.*" That's something the Superintendent must decide. Find him. Not in his office. Doesn't seem to be on the factory floor. Can't seem to find him anywhere. "We'll phone you back." "*No—don't bother. I'll get it from Bixby.*"

How often you've seen that sort of thing happen. Yet there's a simple remedy.

Autocall

Paging Service is an electrically-operated system of code-calls by which the telephone operator locates any individual without disturbing others, and brings him at once to the nearest phone. A dime a day often covers the cost. Get all the facts. Clip coupon to letterhead and mail.

The Autocall Co., 503 Tucker Ave., Shelby, O.
- ☐ Send data on Paging System and free trial offer
- ☐ Send data on Industrial Fire Alarm System
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THE DUEL

(Continued from Page 11)

Norbert Merignon put an end to that phase of the affair. The city was already seething with the menace of war, and he had succeeded in securing a prompt government decree of dire punishment for any citizen of the republic who drew a weapon against another. The duel would have had a fatal issue surely, for De Kerstrat was aflame with rage and chagrin, not only at his refusal by Diane but at the humiliation of Henri Chartraines' challenge. Imbibing deliberately sufficient alcohol to nerve him to the task, Henri went to the Cercle d'Escrime when De Kerstrat was fencing before a full gallery with Merignon. There he hurled himself between the fighters and struck De Kerstrat, who flew at him, sword in hand. He was pulled away and subdued by the others present.

They met the following day, with Merignon as one of De Kerstrat's seconds. When the adversaries were actually on the *piste*, ready for the unequal combat, Merignon held up his hand, announced the decree and called the contest off. It looked like a *coup de théâtre*, but it really was unstaged, for the decree had only then been telephoned to the Cercle. However, the story got out. Diane then went into action.

That same afternoon De Kerstrat was dictating the really eloquent and now historic proclamation that La Vie de Paris would with that issue suspend publication, in as much as its staff went to defend *la patrie* with rifles. It was the paper's swan song, and the best bit of print that ever appeared in its columns.

Word was sent in that a lady awaited him in the anteroom. He asked her name and was told that she was Diane Chartraines. What followed I can relate better than anyone, for I was there. I had dropped in to tell the editor that my orders for the front had come, and to say good-by. I might never relate the dramatic scene that followed except for what Henri Chartraines told me, sitting before the fireplace in the Cercle des Arts.

What has happened since removes the seal from my lips. Diane, by her own act then, gave De Kerstrat the chance to show the real stuff he was made of, and for his name's sake, it needs the telling now.

I begged him not to see her, to send word that he was out, and actually to leave through a private exit, opposite to the salon where she fumed and waited. He knew that I sympathized with him, but by then he also knew that he had behaved badly. He only shook his head at me, and at the same time signaled that she be allowed to enter.

He then rose and stood under the center chandelier, so tall that his head almost touched it, a majestic figure, with arms folded across his chest, his face pale, except where the great scar glowed.

Diane rushed in. Evidently she had just come from the Bois, for she was in riding costume, beautiful in her short skirt and high boots, with spurs that jingled as she strode up to him. She wore a wide soft hat instead of the stiff, melon-shaped classical horror, and her hair clung damp about her flushed face. Her eyes, blue as De Kerstrat's own, had devils in them. She stopped in front of him, and although tall for a woman, she had to look well up in order to send her fury to his face. In her right hand was a crop, held rigidly.

For a second they held each other's eyes, De Kerstrat looking down at her somberly. Not a word was spoken. Then she stepped back, suddenly throwing her right arm up across her body and bringing the whip down across his cheek.

He did not move, though a welt sprang out as red as the saber scar. He might have been bronze, he was so completely motionless. She struck again, and again; he remained still, gazing at her, still as a dead man. Even when Diane struck him across the eyes, and he closed them involuntarily, he immediately opened them again, to stare at her. That was the only movement of his entire body throughout the scene, except when raw flesh quivered under her lashes. She must have struck him a dozen times, until his face streamed blood. She stopped, arm upraised, just as suddenly as she began, and stood as if herself frozen. Her flushed face whitened slowly. The huntress goddess changed as in a dream into a pitiful woman with horror-stricken eyes. With a cry, she dropped the whip and rushed from the room.

De Kerstrat remained standing fully a minute after she had gone, and before he reached down to pick up the whip. With his left hand he drew out a handkerchief and wiped the blood from his eyes. He walked slowly to his big carved desk, that had once belonged to the Duc de Richelieu at the beautiful Pavillon de Hanovre. He placed the crop in the top drawer and then went on with his writing, pausing only occasionally, again to flick away the drops of blood that blinded him.

What might have happened afterward, if the war had not overwhelmed us, I can only conjecture. But with the first blow from Diane, revenge seemed to die within De Kerstrat. Two days later he had gone to the Front, driving his own limousine as an ambulance, and leaving orders for half a dozen cars to follow as quickly as they could be made ready. The De Kerstrat unit and that section raised by the American Hospital at Neuilly were two of the most complete ambulance organizations to bear wounded from the first battle of the Marne.

"Have you seen De Kerstrat lately?"

Henri Chartraines, who for minutes had seemed either drink stupefied or asleep in the chair opposite, shot the words at me so quickly that I was startled. Why on earth should he ask me that, just as I had been living over again that scene of eleven years before?

"You were there when Diane marked him—she told me."

The young man's voice was calm, but his eyes glowed and he looked feverish.

I replied briefly that it had been months since I had seen De Kerstrat, not since my return from a long trip abroad. Then I asked the news of Diane, but he did not reply. I had not seen Diane for years. She ignored me somewhat pointedly after that affair at La Vie de Paris, although she never mentioned it. During the war she was busy, naturally. She had organized a splendid base hospital. The government awarded her the *médaille de reconnaissance*. She had never married, I knew, and she was now, as ever, wild, fanciful, looking no older and no less beautiful. I wondered again why Henri had brought up the name of De Kerstrat.

After a moment of silence, he pushed the button for a waiter, then blurted out, "Well, you are not likely ever to see him again."

It took me several moments to grasp the significance of that. The waiter brought his order of another *cognac à l'eau*, and he drained it off before I realized that he had said something tremendously important; that perhaps something big, serious, was on his mind and preyed upon him. For the next twenty minutes I listened, horrified, without interruption.

Diane Chartraines and Guy de Kerstrat had never reencountered, although Henri frequently entered the gay world in which the former editor had become prominent. But the two men contented themselves with ignoring each other. Then, just at the end of the present season, you remember, De Kerstrat's horse Emperor won the Prix des Drags at Auteuil. That was the first time he had ever gone in for the big society event, although he had twice captured the Grand Prix at Longchamp. Diane had kept up her stables and for several years entered racers, unsuccessfully, for the Auteuil blue ribbon. This year her filly, named after herself, ranked favorite. The filly led until the straightaway finish. Emperor was then let loose and edged her out of victory by a scant neck.

After the race, Diane and De Kerstrat came face to face in the paddock. She, good sportswoman that she was, could not keep out of the crowd that surrounded Emperor, and was patting the horse when De Kerstrat came up. He bowed coolly and said nothing.

She flushed, then said, "Congratulations, monsieur."

Again he bowed, smiling, with perhaps a touch of his former insolence, but remained silent. She turned abruptly and walked away.

Henri Chartraines slurred these details over quickly, adding that after this incident Diane had seen De Kerstrat several times, once during the polo matches at Bagatelle, again at Auteuil, and later in the Casino at Deauville. They had not spoken; but it was evident that on every occasion each had been fully aware of the other's presence. As in the case of both Diane and Henri, time had little effect upon De Kerstrat. Despite hard living, he had been so much out-of-doors that in his early fifties he looked fitter than a decade before. He was lean and bronzed, so that the saber scar glowed more in harmony with the remainder of his coloring.

Henri, still nervously blurring his words, brought his story to the night of the stag dinner at Count Darlys' magnificent house in the Rue Barbet-de-Jouy, where the affair came anew to a climax—this time a tragic one.

I knew Darlys slightly, and had been in his house, that splendid hotel of the old Duc de Vergne—sold, perforce, after the war, to this astute and somewhat vulgar profiteer. I had been invited there this very night, but I had declined promptly. We of the Montreux family still incline to those functions familiar in a former day, but that are now considered a trifle old-fashioned.

Darlys is no judge of wine. Like all *nouveaux riches*, he knows labels rather than vintages, and serves champagne with the soup. It is more expensive than good Bordeaux and Burgundy, those glories of France, so he serves it through the entire meal—an appalling stupidity. His pomp in general is ridiculous. The number of footmen always corresponds to the number of guests, one being placed solemnly behind each chair. I tactlessly made my feelings apparent on the last occasion I dined there. Jacques Brugnon and I, seated together, insisted that the serving asses should substitute for the Moet-Chandon brut imperial that appeared with the fish course, a decent bottle of Pouilly *fuissé* that we knew ought to be kicking somewhere about in the *cave des vins*. A decent dry white Burgundy it is, and Brugnon and I had it, despite the distraction of the servitors and of the host, who sensed that something was amiss. But I digress, which is bad form, even though my point is important.

Chartraines explained that both he and De Kerstrat arrived early at this dinner. No one else was in the blue salon when they entered, and where they came face to face, actually for the first time since Norbert Merignon had prevented their duel on the day before the outbreak of war. The few guests who were ahead of them had moved into an adjoining salon, where cocktails were being made. The orchestra -music was always one of the features of Darlys' dinners—was ready installed behind a barrier of palms at the end of the dining room and was playing a waltz. Although wood fires had been lighted in several rooms, the double windows opening upon the flagged terrace overlooking the garden were all open, for it was still dusk and the real chill of the night had not come.

De Kerstrat moved to a window as Chartraines entered the room, and had actually placed one foot on the flags outside when the younger man hailed him. Chartraines had been drinking—he admitted that to me—before he had gone to the dinner; but even while trying to explain himself, there in the Cercle des Arts, he could give me no logical reason why he had been the aggressor in the trouble that had then followed.

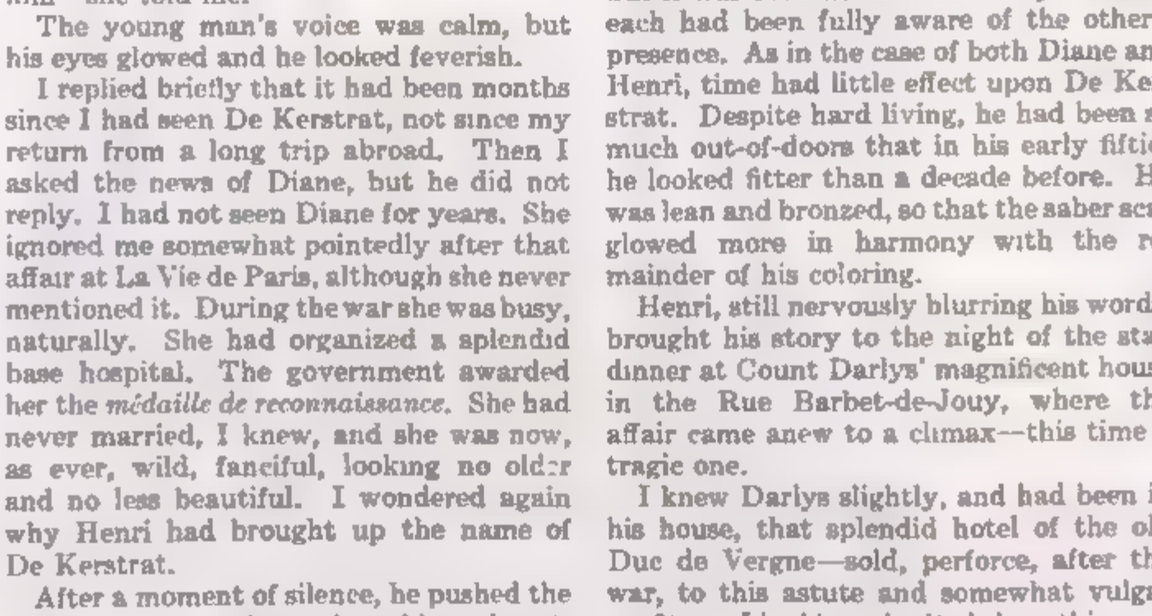
Diane had told him of the meeting at Auteuil and the subsequent occasions when the presence of De Kerstrat at the same gatherings had made an unpleasant effect upon her. But De Kerstrat certainly was not seeking an encounter with either of them. Had he been a second sooner in making an exit from Darlys' salon, had his other foot followed the first across the window ledge, in all probability nothing would have happened. He and Henri would have again sat at the same table, doubtless far apart, as they had done many times.

De Kerstrat whirled about, however, when Chartraines called to him, and waited, silent, his face masklike. Chartraines advanced upon him, evidently as crazily as he had rushed into the Cercle d'Escrime at the time of the first challenge.

Chartraines almost broke down as he came to this part of the story, and was not entirely lucid. He struck De Kerstrat, he remembered that, and also his own insistence that they fight there and then. He was confused about what happened afterward, until he found himself facing his adversary in the garden, both stripped to their undershirts and armed with swords.

Darlys was there, too, acting as a second for De Kerstrat. Young André Lienart, one of the earlier guests, had been dragged away from the cocktails and served in a similar capacity for Chartraines. De Kerstrat, after the challenge, determined to settle matters once for all, undoubtedly had gone quietly to the host, explained the situation and insisted that the duel be fought immediately. It never took long to arrange

(Continued on Page 164)



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Fire's Winning Card

Fire's winning card is man's carelessness. Only the careless man gambles with Fire. Only the careless man plays into Fire's hand. And Fire always wins. Insurance will reimburse to the individual the money loss of the physical property, but insurance can only partially recompense you for the suffering, inconvenience, broken business relationships, unemployment, and loss of good will that a disastrous fire entails. Be careful about your fire insurance. Get the advice and friendly assistance of your local Hartford Agent. He is the best equipped man in your community to serve you. He will write you a policy in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company—a policy backed by more than a century of unchallenged integrity and financial strength, adequate to meet every obligation it assumes.

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SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

(Continued from Page 160)

things when De Kerstrat insisted. And so a *procès-verbal*—a written document in France rather than an oral one, as its name might imply—following the after-the-war Code of Honor and the Duel issued by that celebrated swordsman, the late Georges Breittmayer, was drawn up and witnessed. It contained the Breittmayer phrasing: "After the war, give to the duel its gravity—that is the only safeguard for the present and for the future." Therefore it decreed that the combat between Chartraines and De Kerstrat should continue without halt, "to the end." Chartraines told me that he did not know that he had signed the *procès-verbal* until it was shown to him later.

It was almost dark outside, but lights from the house made it possible for the swordsmen to operate. The windows of the salons had been closed, a precaution against the guests' learning what was happening. However, the dining-room windows remained open, and through them came the sound of music. The orchestra, following its own ideas until the party should demand jazz, was playing the Moonlight Sonata of Beethoven. It floated upon the garden, softly, caressingly, while the seconds measured the distance on the marble flags.

Several flunkies stood about, one bearing bath robes and another carrying an extra pair of swords. Their names were also attached to the *procès-verbal*, to make up the required number of witnesses without dragging any more guests into the affair.

I have already explained the qualities of both De Kerstrat and Chartraines as swordsmen, and also that the former was left-handed, a fact that gave him an advantage over any right-hand opponent, much more over such a man as now faced him.

De Kerstrat forced the actual duel, certainly, but on this occasion he was indeed the offended party. There was no quibble as to the choice of arms, Chartraines agreeing readily to the use of the *épée*, which is the dangerous modification of the old-style light rapier, although he must have known that he stood not more than one chance in a million of gaining the victory.

What was in De Kerstrat's mind when he sought Darlys and demanded the privilege of an immediate encounter will probably never be known. It is possible that he wanted to wound Chartraines slightly, and then, following the regulations of the *procès-verbal*, the witnesses must announce that the difference was forever closed. Certainly, from the manner in which he evidently fought, he did not desire more than this—if, indeed, he wished to harm his opponent at all. Chartraines told me himself, in the Cercle des Arts, that De Kerstrat could have killed him at any instant after they had crossed swords.

Chartraines was so poor in the telling, so lacking in technical knowledge of his subject, that he could not explain his devil's luck that permitted him to sit alive in his club to reveal the tragedy of which none of us had heard a whisper. I was so thrilled and so shocked that, I confess, it never occurred to me to wonder how it all had been so completely hushed. My own long intimate knowledge of the fencing art permitted me to understand approximately what had happened, even when Chartraines could not make himself clear. I have fenced with De Kerstrat and tried to break down that powerful guard of his long left arm. I have now learned, after a fashion, the proper play of the right hand against the left.

In fencing, more than in any other art or sport, if one desires so to classify it, the play for the right-hander when faced with the left-hander is exactly the reverse of that which he has learned. If he drops into the classic *garde en sixte*, his body is a fair mark for the opponent's lunge. So he must constantly remember to do something that he has always tried to avoid—that is, to keep his sword *en quarte* in the upper line and *en septime* rather than *en seconde* in the lower line.

With the foils, where touches count only if the point is placed full upon the body, between the lines of the shoulder blades and the hip, the right hand against the left becomes almost impossible. The *épée* is less difficult, but the body of the left-hander is so completely covered by his guard that it is a distant mark. About the best the right-hander can do is to try for the arm or hand.

The orchestra began Mozart's March Turque just as the swords went into play. De Kerstrat, according to his custom, began skipping about, almost keeping time to the music, amazingly light for so big a frame. I can see him now, quick, graceful as a dancer, elusive as a shadow, except that the menacing point, perfectly covering the great body, was ready to shoot forward like a dart.

Chartraines told me that he had only one idea in his head. It was one that I appreciated well, for it was my own, after my first match with De Kerstrat. I applied it in following encounters, and although I was never able to conquer him, my scores were better. The idea, as Chartraines expressed it, was to keep on his outside, which meant that he must keep his own blade well to the right, and never for a moment be trapped into the *en-sixte* parry. Fuddled as he must have been with liquor, his intelligence on this point was amazing. De Kerstrat, had he desired, could easily have beaten down his guard, but at the same time he must surely have recognized that the youth was fighting the only fight possible for the right hand against the left.

The music bothered Chartraines, just as it excited or uplifted his opponent. De Kerstrat, who had been gloomy throughout the preliminaries, now began to smile and actually to keep time with his right hand, instead of properly balancing it behind him. The younger man retreated and De Kerstrat advanced upon him, his feet falling in with the staccato movement.

Darlys called out that Chartraines was at the end of the measured distance on the flagging. De Kerstrat stopped and brought his sword to salute, laughing, even though, under the rules of combat, he might then have been run through for his folly. Imagine old Louis Merignon ever overlooking a chance like that, when it was the bare point that menaced, or even only the buttoned foil! De Kerstrat gave ground until they were again in the center of the *piste*, easily fending off the crazy thrusts that Chartraines, forgetting his correct theory, sent full toward the body.

Then De Kerstrat began to press and to taunt his opponent. Several times, when Chartraines gave more ground than necessary in avoiding attacks that were only half serious, he waved his sword about lightly, as a baton to the music.

Chartraines must have lapsed into complete sobriety by now, for he related what followed more clearly than all he had told before. These stunts of De Kerstrat, though they angered him, made him realize how completely he was at the other's mercy unless a miracle occurred. He became cautious, and the music softened into minors that also subdued the enthusiasm of De Kerstrat. For a few moments they fiddled about, without any real engagement of steel, neither giving ground.

The orchestra again crashed into loud martial chords, and De Kerstrat rushed him. Chartraines this time retreated quickly, but played alertly for a *riposte*. He told me that his nerves ceased jumping and that he felt so cold that he wished the *procès-verbal*—the existence of which he now remembered vaguely—had authorized him to rest within the folds of a bath robe that he could see from the corner of his eye hanging across the arm of the motionless valet at the side of the *piste*.

That march of Mozart went on forever, so it seemed to him, for that is the way he told it, huddled in his deep chair in the club and stretching out twitching hands to the wood fire. But the march was coming to its majestic climax, when all the instruments joined in a swinging rhythm that would inspire any swordsman to do his best. Again the idea became fixed to keep on the outside. He knew that his guard was wide and his lunges wild, but he repeated his attacks, and once had the satisfaction of seeing his point rip De Kerstrat's shirt at the shoulder.

This encouraged him. Even with the *épée*, the shoulder is a far mark for the right hand against the left. In every duel of this character, where the right-hander has won, the wound has been no farther from the victor's pommel than the forearm.

De Kerstrat was surprised, but he laughed it off loudly, and with a complete return of his old-time insolence, he began to chaff Chartraines. He had the bad grace even to tell the young man that he had brought the trouble upon himself, and how the end for it was already planned. He announced that just when the music finished he would place his point under the hilt of Chartraines' sword, which he said had throughout been held too high, and then pierce his hand. Then the seconds would declare De Kerstrat the victor and the *procès-verbal* would prevent them from again engaging in the same cause. The word "cause" he pronounced menacingly, insultingly, and Chartraines knew that he referred to Diane.

Chartraines told me that his brain raced with the music that he knew would soon cease. He was wild, but continued the same tactics of keeping his distance and never menacing his opponent's body. Suddenly De Kerstrat lunged low, and Chartraines—undoubtedly by accident, for the other could have recovered in plenty of time had he not been completely regardless—parried the thrust perfectly *en septime*. For the fraction of a second De Kerstrat was completely off guard, his sword swinging to the right, his body bent forward. Crazy, blind, Chartraines lunged and felt the point bite through De Kerstrat's shirt into flesh. The sword jerked upward as De Kerstrat fell back, stiffening. The blade had entered the body, just under the shoulder and above the lung.

Chartraines stared stupidly, not feeling the sword hilt drawn through his hand, as the greatest duelist of these times sank to the marble flags, beaten, unconscious, blood spurting from him in a stream, his great career ended. The orchestra was still.

Chartraines, as he came to the climax of the story, leaped from his chair and tried to show me, swaying crazily, that fatal thrust. I understood quite well how De Kerstrat had paid for his carelessness and his generosity with his life. Several times with the *point d'arrêt* I have touched left-handers in just that same manner, but I was not prepared for Chartraines' final words.

"And so I came here direct," he said, looking at me with eyes that suddenly glazed.

He crumpled to the floor, while realization burst upon me that he had not told me of a duel of some days previous, as I had supposed, but of that very night, at the dinner I had declined to attend: of a duel that I might have witnessed or prevented. This time it was I who nervously pressed the button for an attendant, meanwhile hauling Chartraines from the floor, pressing him back into the chair. He was in a half faint.

"Monsieur Chartraines is ill," I told the *garçon* who answered the ring. "Call a taxi and help me get him away."

I did not have any clear thought as to what to do with him. Under the dueling edict it had become a matter for the police. I was considering different wild plans when the attendant came back, running.

"A lady is calling for monsieur," he said. "Perhaps we had better keep him here." He babbled the words, he was so excited.

Other servants followed, all in the same state. The lady, they said, demanded admission, and already had pushed aside Antoine, the ancient door man, and had gained entry to the outer cloakroom. I thought it better to investigate, to allay the club panic, if nothing more, and to keep this excited female from storming any more of the sacred portals, where feminine foot had never trod before. But Chartraines, now suddenly revived from his stupor, stood erect and said he would come with me.

"Diane, probably," he muttered. "They'd surely have telephoned."

Diane burst from the cloakroom, hurtling attendants right and left, just as we entered the long corridor leading to the outer doors. She was in evening dress, wearing the famous emerald that her father had bought from Abdul-Hamid, as a pendant to a chain of diamonds. Her long hair—the haircut was the one item of modernity that she did not affect—had come down and glorious curls fell about her waist. Panic was stamped upon her face, and something else shone in her eyes, that were red from weeping—something that I never expected to see in the eyes of Diane Chartraines. She was still sobbing as she rushed at us.

"You've killed him! Oh, you've killed him!" she cried.

We seized her, turned her about and then half carried her to the door. She seemed on the point of fainting, but continued to gasp out the same words, "You've killed him!" between storms of tears. Her brother, sobered, for once pulled himself completely together, picked her up in his arms and carried her to the waiting limousine.

"Please say to drive home," he asked me quietly, as I closed the car door.

I penned the preceding account during all of last night, after seeing the Chartraineses into their car and returning to my apartments, and during the greater part of this morning. I intended it merely for reference at some future time, when it was my intention to present a work in contradiction to that of Breittmayer, and of others, upon the value of the duel. In this I knew that I would win the support of Norbert Merignon, who, like myself, has always argued that honor cannot be really vindicated and a trouble ended merely by the thrust of steel into a man's body. But there are exceptions to every case, so it seems.

I was surprised when, near the lunch hour, I had time to glance at the morning papers, to find no account of last night's duel. How futile it was, I thought, to try to hush it up! It was sure to come out at any moment, and then, considering the positions held by all involved, what a scandal indeed!

It being a fine morning, I went for a stroll, and a few minutes later found myself standing before the house of De Kerstrat in the Rue de Varenne. As an old friend, I considered it fitting that I should call, and at least say a few words to Jean, the major-domo, who had been in the De Kerstrats' service ever since childhood, and who loved his master well.

To my consternation, Jean welcomed me with no sign of grief, and I could only stammer that I would leave a card and depart. But he beckoned me to follow him. We mounted the wide staircase and passed down the long corridor leading to De Kerstrat's bedroom, overlooking the garden. I followed slowly, to compose myself, before looking at the mortal remains of that truly extraordinary man. I thought to ask Jean whether his master had recovered consciousness, and of his last hours—or moments, for with such a wound as Chartraines described, it did not seem possible that he could have lived long.

De Kerstrat was sitting up in bed as I entered, and grinning at me.

I grasped at the side of the door. He was pale, naturally, so that his scar showed in greater contrast than ever, and his left side was well done up in bandages. He was a superman, of course, or else, after all, the thrust had been a little higher than Chartraines indicated, and thus, by a shade, missed the vital organ. Anyway, he was very much alive and continued grinning, rather fatuously, I thought, as he held out his right hand.

Upon a table beside the bed there was a vase filled with red roses. A card was attached to one of the long stems—a card bearing that large, unmistakable scrawl of Diane.

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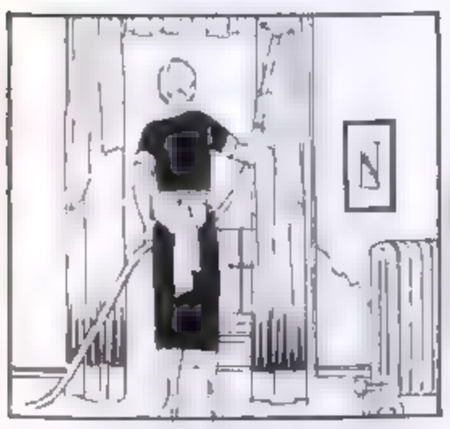

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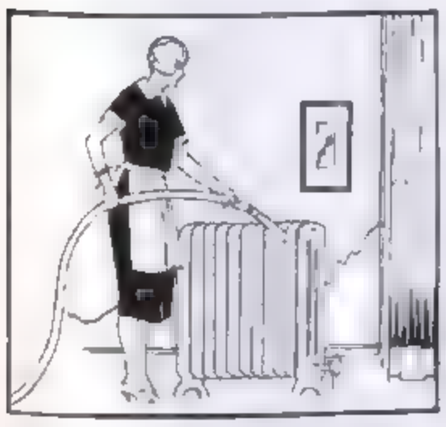

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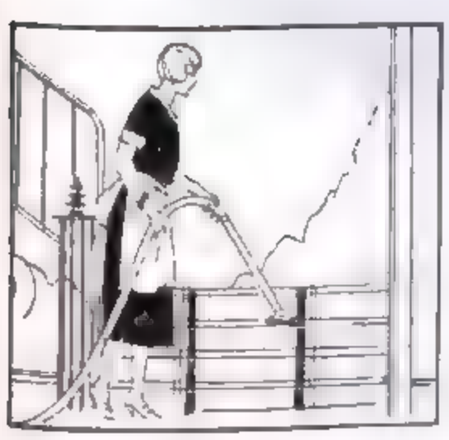

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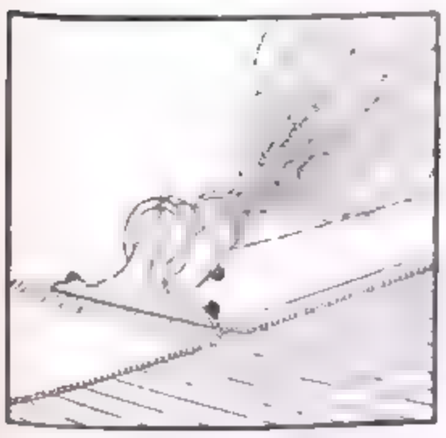

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It Gets the Dirt

The Primer tells you what paper is
The Chart tells you how to use paper

What are the essential grades of paper? Why are they needed and how are they best used? The Primer and The Chart answer these questions—they make you a capable paper buyer and an efficient paper user.

This is the text of The Primer:

1—*What is Paper?*
A matted structure of vegetable thread-like materials called "fibres."

2—*From what source are these fibres obtained?*
From flax (linen), cotton and wood.

3—*What fibres make the best paper?*
Cotton and linen (flax).

4—*How does paper made from cotton and linen fibres differ from cloth?*
Paper is deposited and formed from a water suspension of these fibres, while cloth is made by weaving them in a dry state.

5—*Are paper fibres as long as cloth fibres?*
No, the fibres in paper are shorter, but they must be long enough to firmly mat and interlace.

6—*Are cotton and linen fibres the only fibres used in making paper?*
No, there are substitutes, but cotton fibres were the only ones generally used in making paper until the introduction of wood fibre.

7—*Are cotton and linen used in making any grades of paper?*
Yes, in all the high grade bond and ledger papers.

8—*What other fibres are now used in making papers?*
Wood fibres are used where maximum durability and permanency are *not* required.

9—*Why were wood fibres introduced?*
The bulk of the modern demand calls for a paper of more or less temporary nature.

10—*Is wood fibre considered a substitute for rag fibre?*
Yes, but it should not be used in paper where permanent strength is essential.

11—*Are rag fibres stronger than wood fibres?*
Yes, because they are longer, more flexible, more twisted and curly; therefore, binding more firmly together.

12—*Why are rag fibres more permanent?*
Because in nature the cotton fibre is more directly exposed to the elements and less sheltered than the wood fibres inside of trees, therefore, they should be hardier and more permanent. A child living in the open is stronger than one kept indoors.

13—*Why are rag fibres of a better color than other fibres?*
Because cotton as grown by nature is freer from the impurities found in wood, such as bark, resins, tannins, etc., which retain color and which are hard to remove.

14—*Are the raw cotton fibres, which are suitable for textiles, used directly in making paper?*
No, because the raw cotton is more valuable for textiles and the cuttings and shearings from the textiles are less expensive and just as suitable for paper. Cotton *linters*, however, are used to a limited extent in making paper.

15—*Can silk and woolen fibres be used in paper?*
No, because they will not form in a web of paper. They belong to the animal kingdom and are soluble, while vegetable fibres, from which paper is made, are not soluble by any known chemical process.

16—*How does the wood fibre come to the paper mills?*
In the form of pulp.

17 — *How is the wood reduced to fibre pulp?*
By chemical treatment in the pulp mill.

18 — *Why is this treatment necessary?*
To remove the lignin, resins, non-fibrous material, coloring matter, etc., found in the wood.

19 — *What is lignin?*
It is the non-fibrous binding material surrounding the wood fibres, which is only partially removed by chemical process.

20 — *Does the presence of lignin in the paper affect its character?*
Yes, lignin is very susceptible to light, and papers containing it gradually discolor and become brittle.

21 — *Does chemical treatment produce fibres that are pure?*
No, it is now impossible to remove all traces of lignin and the other impurities in the wood, which tend to eventually weaken and disintegrate the fibres.

22 — *Is there any method of treating the wood fibres that will produce a more enduring sheet?*
Yes, but it only temporarily adds to the strength.

23 — *Does the wood paper have its advantage?*
Yes, it is cheaper to make and fills a need for a paper of temporary or non-permanent use.

24 — *What determines whether a rag paper or a wood paper should be chosen?*
The intended use alone should determine it.

25 — *Why is the use a determining factor?*
Because where greatest strength and finest appearance are required a rag paper must be chosen.

26 — *Has the permanency of rag papers been established?*
Yes, all of our oldest paper records made prior to the introduction of substitutes were written or printed on paper made from rags and these are in excellent condition today.

27 — *Are papers made of rag fibres more durable than those made from wood fibres?*
Yes, all physical tests prove that paper made of good rag fibre is stronger and more durable than paper made of the best of wood fibres.

28 — *What do you mean by physical tests of paper?*
There are several standard instruments used to measure certain definite characteristics in the paper, such as the Mullen Tester measuring the bursting strength under applied pressure; the Folding Tester which measures the ability of a paper to withstand handling or creasing—a durability test; the Tearing Tester measuring the paper's resistance to tear; the Brittleness Tester—the brittleness of the sheet; the Thickness Tester—the thickness; Weight Scales—the weight; Finish Tester—the finish; Sizing Tester—resistance to ink, etc.

29 — *Is paper made of a mixture of rag and wood fibre superior to an all-wood paper?*
Yes, the mixture of rag with wood fibre adds to the strength and durability of the paper in proportion to the quality and the percentage of rag fibre used.

30 — *Are mixtures of rag and wood fibres used to-day in bond and ledger papers?*
Yes, and since there are so many possible combinations this offers a real problem to the purchaser in determining paper values.

31 — *How may the purchaser determine the value of his bond and ledger paper?*
This can only be determined by chemical analysis or by buying grades that have been standardized and these grades identified by watermarks or brands.

32 — *Where may complete grades be obtained?*
The American Writing Paper Company manufactures a complete line of essential bond, ledger and other business papers.

33 — *What are bond papers?*
Originally "Bond Paper" designated a rag paper used for engraved bonds and certificates. Today "Bond Paper" applies to many papers of moderate strength with a surface suitable for pen or typewriter.

34 — *What are ledger papers?*
Papers used for ledgers and book fillers. They are heavier in weight than bond papers.

35 — *Do all bond papers have a watermark?*
No, but all papers of quality should have a trademark watermark. It is the guarantee of a standardized quality product.

36 — *How may the American Writing Paper Company Quality Bond Grades be identified?*
By the following watermark:

37 — *What do you mean by watermark?*
The watermark is a word or design impressed in the fibre while the paper is being formed, similar to a design woven in a piece of cloth. To see it, look through the paper.

38 — *Are there other marks used to identify papers?*
Yes, a surface mark impressed after the paper is formed, similar to the printing of paper. This style of mark is generally used on wood papers.

39 — *Do the different qualities of business papers have distinguishing trademarks?*
Yes, but in most cases the purchaser is unable to distinguish or to understand the manufacturer's grades and trademarks.

40 — *Has the American Writing Paper Company a quality watermark?*
Yes, the Eagle-A Trademark, previously shown.

41 — *How may the Quality Grades of the American Writing Paper Company be distinguished?*
Eagle-A rag content bonds may be identified by an arrow under the word "Quality" in the watermark. The arrow under the letter "Q" indicates the 100% rag bond; under the letter "U" the next grade of rag bond, etc. The position of the arrow always indicates the relative grade. The American Writing Paper Company does not include their all-wood business papers in the "quality group", so their wood papers are not marked in this way.

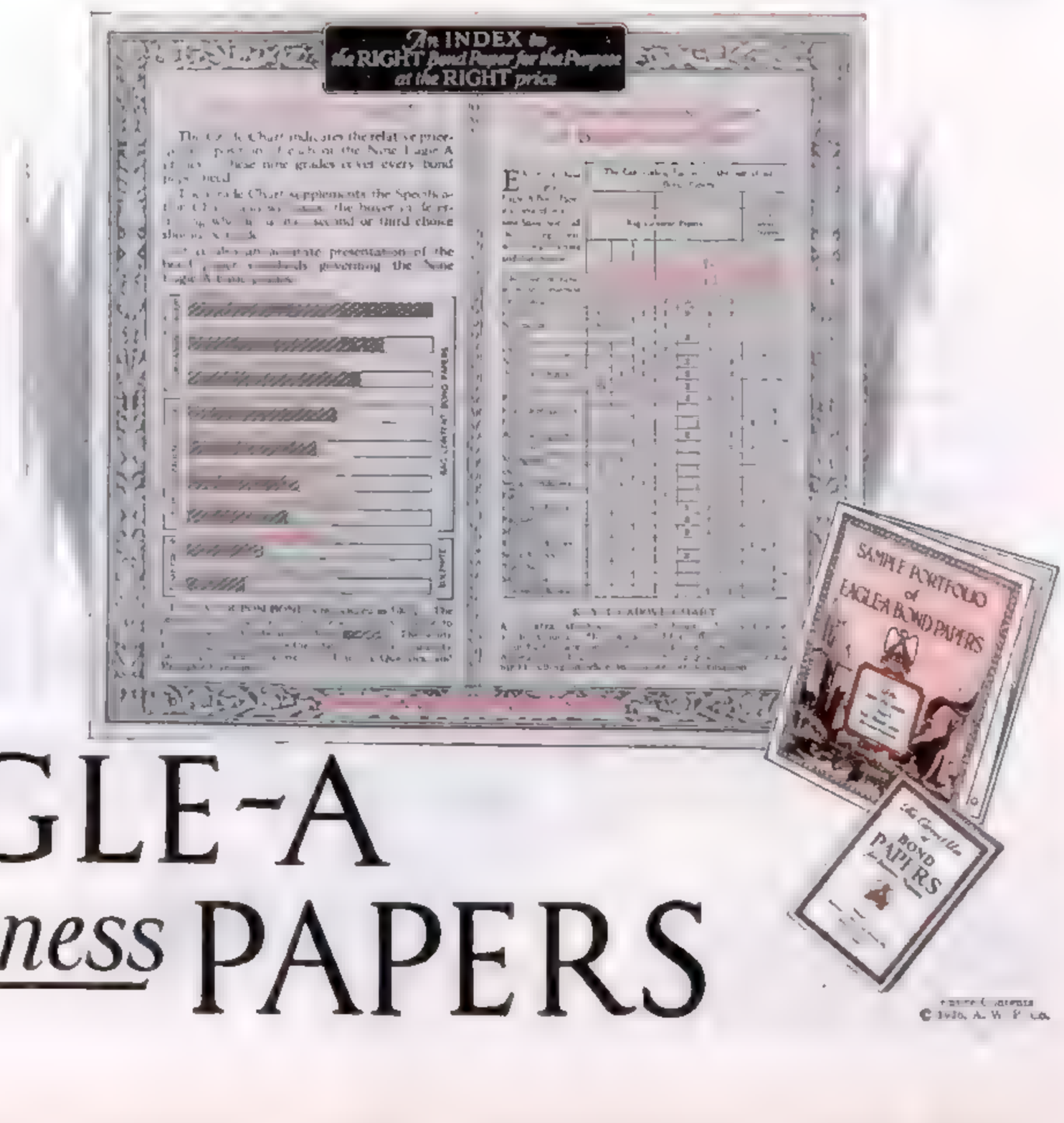
42 — *Does the American Writing Paper Company make wood commercial papers?*
Yes.

43 — *How may their wood commercial papers be known?*
By the *surface* Eagle-A mark; or by the use of the word "Sulphite" in or on the paper.

44 — *How may the purchaser know which grade to buy?*
By use of the chart pictured below.

AMERICAN·WRITING·PAPER·COMPANY
Makers of Eagle-A Writing, Printing, Specialty and Industrial Papers
Holyoke, Massachusetts

May we send you these paper buying guides—"The Paper User's Primer" and "The Correct Use of Bond Papers", The Chart and Sample Portfolio of Eagle-A Bond Papers?



MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS

EAGLE-A *Business* PAPERS

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"For sixty years the Murphy Varnish Company has been making varnish. Sixty years is a long time—long enough to test any finish, or any reputation. If the Murphy Company has a reputation for making good finishes, it must be because throughout that sixty years it always tried to make the best it could."

If you won't beautify your car how about protecting it?

A car needs enamel just as badly as it needs gas or oil—not as often, but as badly. Most owners repaint because they

can't stand the looks of the car, but the real dollars and cents reason is that it saves the car, saves it from deteriorating. You

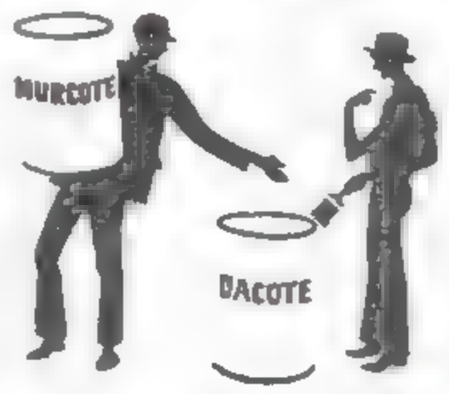
put a trick lock on your car to save it from bandits. Why not put a coat of enamel on to save it from the elements? Save the surface, and you save all.

It's surprising how soon a car runs down when you begin to neglect it, how much sooner you decide to trade it in—and how little you get for it because it hasn't had the upkeep it de-

serves. Why, you wouldn't let the garage go without a coat of paint now and then. And that's merely the box in which the jewel is kept.

Murphy makes three finishes for your car. One is Murphy Murcote Lacquer, that the professional car painter sprays on. The second is Murphy motor car Varnish, also applied by the painter. The third is Murphy Da-Cote Enamel that you put on yourself with a brush.

As between doing it yourself



or letting the painter do it, you must decide, but see that it is a Murphy finish. Either way you get a fine, quick job, one that dries over night, and one that

will last and beautify and protect your car.

The painter in your town applies Murphy Murcote or Varnish.

The dealer in your town sells Murphy Da-Cote Brushing Enamel.

Murphy

MURCOTE SPRAYING **Lacquer** DA-COTE BRUSHING **Enamel**

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY • NEWARK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

The Big Boss is biding
With his Special on a siding,
Till the Local's through confiding
In Luncheon-Counter Kate.

The Local Freight steams up and starts—
At last! At last!
The Limited, full speed ahead,
The Mail Train, racing like Old Ned,
The Special—one long streak of red—
Fly past! Fly past!
You'd think their boilers must explode
The way those three trains hit the road,
All racing for pie à la mode—
You new Lunch-Counter lass!

Fast Mail's late,
Limited will wait
Until it "stands in" better than the Local Freight;

The Big Boss, unbidden,
Sticks around, and can't be hidden.
Fact, he's doing half the kiddin'
Of Luncheon-Counter Kate.

Efficiency, we love it,
System we adore,
Statistics most men study,
Craving scientific lore.

Business could be business,
Cold to the bone,
If woman, pretty woman,
Would leave our men alone.
—*Barclay Gregg.*

Merchant Adventurers

(With Acknowledgments to Simeon Strunsky for the Theme)

MERCHANT adventurers sending their galleys
Seaward from Sidon and Tyre,
Freighting their wares over mountains and valleys,
Desert and jungle and mire.
Merchant adventurers—traders of Venice
Peddling their goods overseas,
Dauntless in face of the terrors that menace;
Merchant adventurers, these!

Merchant adventurers—"English exploiters"
Sailing the perilous main,
Threading the haunts where the buccaneer loiters,
Dodging the galleons of Spain.
Merchant adventurers—dealers and jobbers,
German, Italian and Gaul,
Fighting the greedy baronial robbers—
Merchant adventurers, all!

Merchant adventurers! All through the ages
Somehow their business was done.
Seeking their profit and paying their wages
Everywhere under the sun.

Jasons of trade who were ceaselessly faring
Over new countries and seas,
Shopkeepers canny, courageous and daring,
Merchant adventurers, these!

Now? Writers damn them as "commonplace Babbitts,
Clogging the path of advance,
Middle-class dullards of standardized habits
Utterly lacking romance!"
If we believe all these critics and censurers,
Business is humdrum today;
Gone is the spirit of merchant adventurers,
Crumbled to dust and decay!

Don't you believe it—that spirit is glowing
Under the business man's vest;
Jasons of trade are still joyously going
Forth on a magical quest.
Gambling with fate, burning bridges behind them,
Wagering all in the till,
Bucking the world for a profit, you'll find them
Merchant adventurers still!
—*Berton Braley.*

The Art of Public Speaking

WITH language straight or sinuous,
But more or less continuous,
The demagogues of history have sold their tricky wares;
They spurred the fickle rabble on
At Nineveh and Babylon;
They lifted them to heaven and they jostled them downstairs.

But I am not like that at all;
My words have no éclat at all;
The tinkling demi-tasses seem to strangulate my breath;
When calls for "Speech!" resound around,
And busy waiters bound around,
I'm merry as a string quartet intent on "Ase's Death."

When thus by imp and elf possessed
I cannot tender, self-possessed,
The usual banalities and palatable puff;
With jest and playful persiflage,
With bits of prose and versiflage,
I know not how to charm the mob from shouting "Hold! Enough!"

Alas, I spout no rolling phrase,
No booming, clanging, tolling phrase,
That takes the ache from quaking knees and pacifies distress;
In fact, the sight of staring eyes,
Of curious and glaring eyes,
Makes me almost forget my name as well as my address.

I cannot reach the Pleiades;
The skill of Alcibiades
May be a thing beyond my dreams, but this, at least, I do:
When called upon to speak a bit,
Although I'm feeling weak a bit,
I try to say my little say and stop when I am through.
—*Elias Lieberman.*

The Electrician's Love Song

WITHIN my heart, throughout the past,
Science predominated,
And through magnetic fields it passed
Completely insulated.

Those bodies, charged and dangerous,
That struggle to entwine us,
Passed near me, registering +,
But I was always —.

And then I came within your field;
'Twas surely providential,
For, suddenly, I felt, revealed,
The force of your potential!

Your power is ruthlessly applied,
Ever I thrill and quiver
More positively electrified
But you are negativer!

Ever you flee away from me,
As if my love confounded you;
Where is your conductivity?
Has some disaster grounded you?

The force between us, you're aware—
You'll pardon my insistence—
Varies inversely as the square
Of intervening distance.

Who has short-circuited our arcs?
Let's banish all deterrents
And turn our intermittent sparks
To alternating currents!

My voltage is tremendous; oh,
I would your heart were warmer—
I would I were your dynamo,
And you were my transformer!
—*Morris Bishop.*

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Sealing small cracks where insects or vermin enter.
As a mortar to hold loose tiles in bathroom walls or floors.

Rutland Patching Plaster

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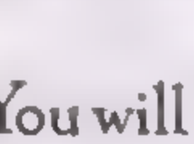

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FERMENT ON THE EQUATOR

(Continued from Page 9)

been able, even with exceptional facilities, to get to the bottom of the Sarikat Islam business. Of course they had been given official brass-hat explanations that it amounted to nothing, save as identifying it as an organization of the natives by religious and other agitators, but they were not so sure of that. What they went on, principally, was the changed attitude of the natives toward the white men. This, they said, had been particularly noticeable for three or four years back. They didn't do much. They didn't say much. It was their manner—mostly psychological, perhaps, but unmistakably there. You couldn't put your finger on any, or many, particular instances; but the feeling of it was there—the general attitude and disposition. It was like a lot of people who had been happy enough, in their way, and contented enough, getting discontented. An atmosphere, if you like. Intangible. But there.

Of course there was nothing to it, really, in the Malay States in an open way, because the Malay is so lazy that it will take a long time to stir him into any affirmative action, if such action is in contemplation.

The gist of it, as far as these old-timers were concerned—and they are very wise and experienced old-timers, and conversant with native ways as far as any white man can be—was that something is going on. There is an undercurrent of some sort, a ferment. They would not go so far as to say that this ever would be more than it is—a sullen protest against the white man, and a changed attitude toward him.

In any event, there was a considerable prevalence of the Malaya-for-the-Malayans doctrine. That was open enough, in its way—open as far as native propaganda was concerned, and preaching of it by agitators; and, no doubt, all backed by the priests and by the sentiment of the Mohammedans—Sarikat Islam. So much for the Malays.

Later, I sought out the Javanese and the Sumatran angles of this ferment, and I found that the same conditions exist in Java and Sumatra and in the Celebes and in Borneo—all through the archipelago. In short, the entire sweep of that country, from India to the Philippines, is impregnated with the anti-white-man spirit; which is nothing new to state, for the revolt of the brown and black and yellow brethren has been predicted for years and years. However, the exemplifications of that spirit in the equatorial regions, coming directly under my observation in the latter part of 1925, seem worthy of comment; for, I am told by those who are on the ground, the thing has grown tremendously within the past year or so.

No Race Suicide Here

Before the thirteenth century the prevailing religion of Java was Buddhism and Brahmanism; but in the early part of that century Mohammedan missionaries landed in Java not far from Surabaya and the natives embraced Mohammedanism eagerly. Within 200 years Mohammedanism had supplanted the older religions, and the followers of those religions who refused to accept it went to Bali and Lombok, where they are firm in their rites and rituals to this day. Since about 1500 the Mohammedan faith has prevailed, and, as the Scotchman said, now 90 per cent of all the natives in the Dutch East Indies are Mohammedans.

After many wars, reversions of interest and squabbles over territory the Dutch finally came into possession of what is now the Dutch East Indies by the Anglo-Dutch Treaty of March 17, 1824, and since that time the Dutch have had control. Since that time, also, the population of Java, which is the principal island and the show place of the Dutch for their colonial methods, has grown to an estimated population of 36,000,000 for 1925. As Java has an area of only about 50,800 square miles, a length of 668 miles and a breadth of from 33 to 125 miles, this makes the place a human ant heap.

It has about 700 inhabitants to the square mile, and it is a country without large cities. The people swarm over the place, and naturally their living conditions, despite the excellent government of the Dutch, are congested beyond belief.

The native Javanese are not particularly intelligent, in the mass, and seem reasonably content to labor for the mere reward of sustenance, which is all most of them get out of life. Still, even in these conditions, and with such intelligence as there is to bear on the problems of life, together with the urgings of the agitators, it has been inevitable that the natives should advance from the acquiescent stage of their earlier experiences under Dutch development to a stage wherein the very attributes of that government as they have known them would give them an inkling of what they might have for themselves if they could regain control of their country.

Governed by Ruled Rulers

No race, however complaisant, submits to such rule as the Javanese have had without occasional fomentings and rebellions and reactions, and the Dutch have had their troubles, of course; but the Dutch also have been clever enough to preserve to the natives certain vestiges of their former sultanesque governments, which, although arbitrary, are at least native. Coming down to the local administrations, which touch the natives, there are two phases, or plans; of which one is the direct government by the central authority, and the other is the native governments under Dutch supervision and direction. Java and Madura are directly governed, while the other islands, called outer possessions, are dependent and vassal native states. The control of the natives is left to the sultans and others of the former ruling native classes under the supervision of the Dutch resident officials. The whole territory of the Dutch East Indies is divided into thirty-eight provinces, and each province has a full complement of Dutch officials; but these officials, by virtue of their long experience, and because of the wisdom of years in dealing with these various native peoples, seemingly efface themselves and say they are but advisers.

It works very well. The native rulers, understanding the minds and knowing the customs of their own folk, and being in the control and the pay of the Dutch Government, do very well in their two-sided jobs; of which one side is to deal in native style with the natives and the other side is to make those dealings comport with the ideas and instructions of the central government. Although Java is directly governed, two sultans are maintained over small sections of that island.

These are the Sultan of Solo, who has his palace at Surakarta, and the Sultan of Joka, who has his palace at Jokjakarta. The Sultan of Solo is of the line of the Solo Dynasty, known as Susuhunan, which in older days ruled all of Java, but which is now reduced to a section of about 100 square miles, with around 2,000,000 people in it. The Sultan of Joka is even more minor in his authority. He has about fifty square miles of territory and about 1,000,000 people. Both these rulers are on good salaries from the Dutch Government and perform satisfactorily. There are many regencies throughout Java, each with its native chief, and all on salary from the Dutchmen. With allowances for local conditions, the governments of the outer possessions are conducted along the same lines.

Shrewdly, and with large knowledge of native differences from white people, the Dutchmen have two sets of courts—one for foreigners, white people, and so on, and the other for the natives. The courts for the natives are, for appearance's sake, presided over by a Dutchman; but the real judge is either a native chieftain of the section, a Mohammedan priest or some other authoritative native. These judicial jobs ordinarily go to Dutch civil-service employes who have vegetated or are vegetating—retired army officers, and so on. The salaries are not large and the places not particularly attractive. The native judges, who sit with the European dignitaries, are in reality the chief determining factors in the courts.

The native judges see to it that no native gets any the worst of it when a white man brings the action. This, of course, is a natural and racial trait; but also it exemplifies, in its recent demonstrations, the attitude of mind of the natives toward the white man, which, though it may not be a new attitude, is certainly more open in its expression. It is entirely probable that the natives have always resented white domination. They owned and ruled these islands before the white man came, and their submission was entirely a submission to force in its original instances. Some of them have not yet submitted, and probably never will. The Achenese, in the northern part of Sumatra, have not yet taken the yoke, and fight the Dutchmen and their less-spirited native neighbors whenever they appear. The Achenese are of the stuff of which patriots are made, albeit they have traits of the banditti also. They have been in continuous revolt for a century or more, and were fighting gayly last summer and putting on a show that was most annoying to the Dutch and the submissive natives thereabouts.

One case I heard about is typical of many. The natives have nebulous ideas as to property rights, arguing, probably, that everything was theirs originally and should by rights be theirs now. The native judges often uphold this view. This was a rubber case—and many, many cases are rubber cases, for the high price of rubber makes that a profitable commodity to obtain in whatever manner, and there are always merchants who will buy what is brought to them without any embarrassing questions as to the source of supply.

The Tables Turned

A rubber estate was losing rubber. Natives working on that estate were stealing it; that was apparent. Workmen on rubber estates are always stealing rubber in some form or other. They may take the latex, or sap, or they may take the crude product. They get it. Rubber stealing is about the same sort of industry in the rubber islands that bootlegging is in the United States. The demand for it and the high prices prevailing make it a valuable commodity to handle. When rubber was a few pence a pound nobody stole it, because nobody wanted it. When rubber got up to four shillings a pound everybody stole it, because there was big money in it. Same with whisky. Nobody bootlegged whisky when it cost a dollar a bottle. But when it grew scarce and could be sold for twenty dollars a bottle, bootlegging became an industry.

Consequently the managers of the rubber estates are put to an extremity of watching and guarding to protect their product. In the old days, in a country where white men were dealing with natives, an offender like a rubber thief would have been punished on the spot, and rather severely. Not now in these countries. There are strict regulations for the treatment of natives by white men, which are growing more stringent each year because of this very ferment I am writing about. Nobody takes a club or a whip to a native offender in these days, except perhaps in the mad heat of passion, and then the clubber or the

(Continued on Page 173)

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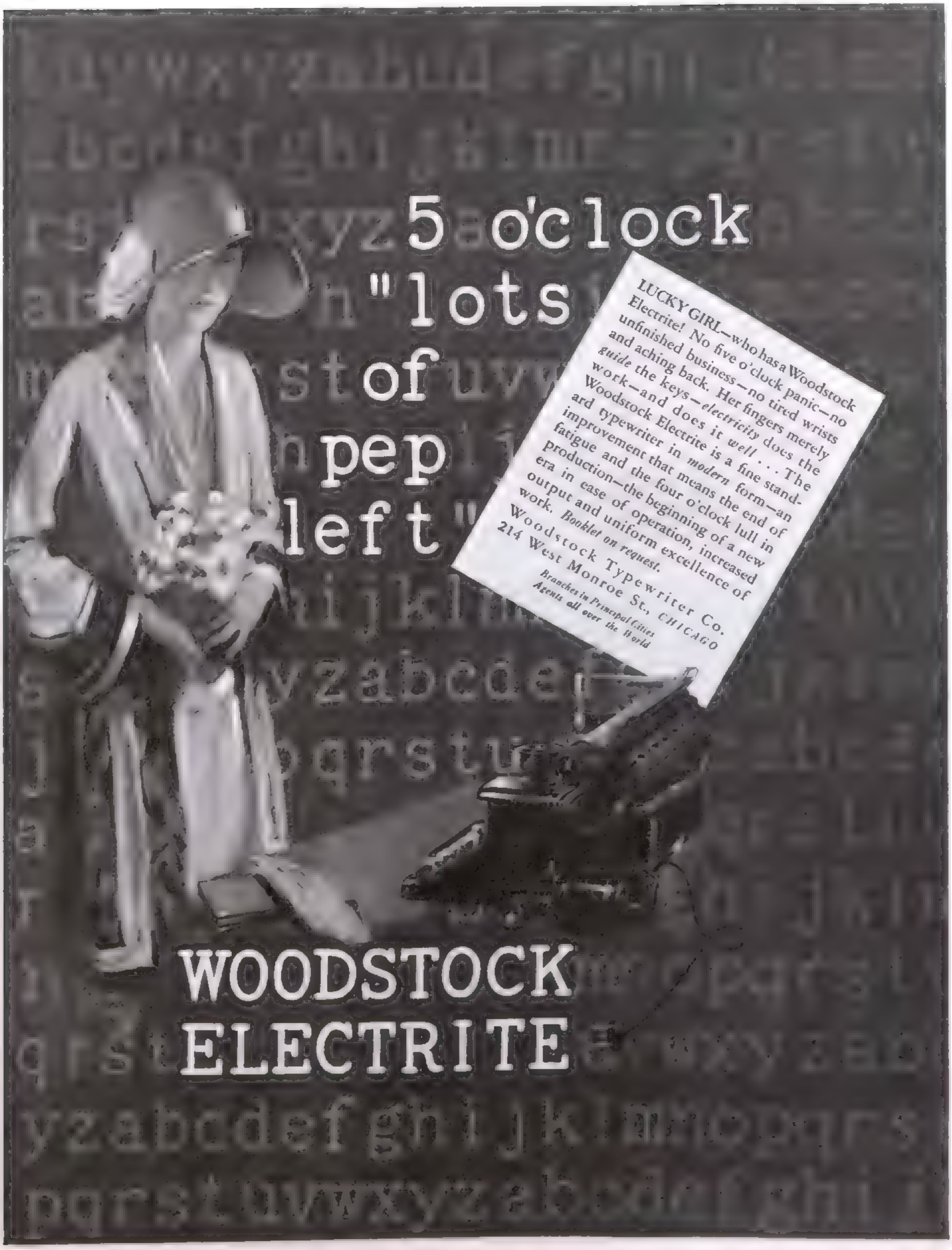
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(Continued from Page 170

whipper is always made sorry for it. Few natives are knocked down or beaten. Instead, the native offender is haled circumspectly to the native court. Punishments that natives formerly looked upon as incidental with the tragic coming of the Orang-Blanda have mostly passed away. The native is a citizen now and not a slave, and is treated as such in every way that will keep the employer within the law. Times have changed and manners, too, in the dealings of whites with the colored brethren, whether they be yellow, brown or black.

The white man is now more humanitarian, principally because he has discovered that is the safe thing to be—humanitarian. He puts it on the grounds of enlightenment, progress, the refining influences of civilization, the lack of necessity for harsh methods now that the pioneering days are over and the conquests made. He bluffs a good deal among his own kind, bloviates a lot and speaks contemptuously of the native and all that; but when it comes to direct contacts he sings another song. The white man is very circumspect in his treatment of natives nowadays in those countries—tolerant and respectful.

Macassar Forty Miles Away

To resume: A rubber plantation was losing rubber, a good deal of rubber. After a time the leak was discovered. A group of employes were taking it, and a certain man was carrying the stolen goods to a buyer in town, who was paying for it—not the market price, of course, but enough to make the venture profitable. After all this had been determined a trap was set. The messenger with the stolen rubber was followed and caught red-handed in the deal with the fence.

The rubber man witnessed the transaction, saw the money pass, and then he grabbed both the seller and the buyer It was a dead-open-and-shut case. The rubber was marked for identification. The seller had the money. The fence had the rubber. All was clear as day.

The culprits were haled before the native court of the first instance. The Dutch judge presided with great dignity, but the native judge administered the law. The case was heard. This was the verdict: The man who sold the rubber and the man who bought it were set free. The watchman who followed the thief, saw the transaction from its inception and made the complaint was sent to jail for two weeks for entering the house of the buyer without authority. That illustrates the point, and it is but one of many similar cases. In older days the whole affair would have been dealt with on the plantation, but not now. Things are more refined now, and the reason for it is that the white men know that such refinement is the part of governmental and commercial wisdom.

I had an experience in Macassar, in the Celebes, that was illuminating, although, being a newcomer, I did not get the significance of it until my companion explained that significance after it was all over. There isn't much to do or to see in Macassar. It is a city of about 50,000 people, the chief port of the Celebes, and important commercially. It stretches along the shore for two miles or so, and has a lot of copra warehouses that smell most rancidly to heaven. The streets in the city are wide and well paved, and the principal amusement of the Dutch living there seems to be riding bicycles in the cool of the evening—the approximate cool, that is, for Macassar is a hot place—very hot. They pedal along gravely, these Dutch and their fraus, and behind mamma's seat, on her bicycle, is a smaller seat where the youngest baby sits until such time as baby can have a wheel. Pajamas are good form as garments for street wear. The pavements admit of this bicycling, for the Dutch are keen on that sort of thing. They build good streets and roads. There are more than 10,000 miles of excellent automobile roads in Java.

After we had explored Macassar thoroughly, and had had a miserable tiffin at the hotel, we sat on the stifling porch and wondered what we could do until the ship sailed. Somebody told us there was a waterfall out thirty miles or so, with a good road, and that seemed to offer a respite from the hotel porch. So an old-timer in the tropics and myself picked out what seemed to be the least scrummy of a very scrummy lot of automobiles parked on the far side of the street. The driver was a native, and he had a native companion. Gregarious folks, these automobile drivers in the tropics. They will not go anywhere without a companion—somebody to talk to. Always an automobile trip in a hired car run by a native comprehends a social guest for the driver.

This driver was not without guile. He took a look at me and dug down under his seat and produced a little American flag which he stuck in the radiator. Then he proudly signified that no other driver had an American flag. This made little hit with my companion, who was an Australian, and he was all for a British car; but we finally set off for the waterfall with the flag flying my home colors. This was a great mistake. The only thing about that car that was not bogus was the American flag.

We rattled and wheezed along through native villages with the houses up on stilts, past a river that is reputed to be the home of many immense crocodiles, albeit we saw none, stopping every few kilometers to allow the driver to adjust something that had gone wrong, until, when we were within sight of the village of Maros, which is where the assistant resident and the controller of the Dutch Government live, and is some sixty-five kilometers—or, roughly, forty-three miles—from the place where we were to take ship at five o'clock, the automobile stopped. It gave a snort and died. My friend had a copious command of Malay, and he was copious with it. He discovered that the water had leaked out of the radiator. The driver did not know what to do. It was suggested that he get some more water. That idea seemed reasonable to him after he had discussed it for a quarter of an hour with his social guest; and after a long negotiation with a native who had a hut near by, he got a jar and filled the radiator.

"Wait a Little Bit"

We started again, and made halting progress until we were in the middle of the main street of Maros. Then the automobile gave another snort, a long, gasping exhausted snort, and the entire radiator dropped off. It was finished. It would and could do no more; and to make that determination stick, it sloughed off the offending radiator and quit cold. It was then three o'clock. The ship would sail at five. We were more than forty miles away. The driver said he could fix the radiator in a short time, and he routed out a Chinese who had a sort of repair shop. We visited the local market, where the natives were bartering for small messes of a minute fish, not much bigger than white bait, of which the fish merchants had great and stinking baskets. A stroll up and down the business portion of the place, and we were through.

We went back to the automobile. No progress had been made, but there were 200 Chinese and natives clustered about, discussing what should be done. We visited the market again. The fish stank even more. The sun was very hot. The street was dusty and dirty. And the ship would sail at five o'clock. No progress with the radiator. Nor could there be, we determined, after another inspection. That radiator, having gone its allotted span, had disintegrated. It was a heap of rust.

Wherefore it was up to us to get another automobile and hurry back to Macassar and the ship. A friendly Chinese tailor, who spoke both English and Malay, told us there were seven automobiles in the village. He assured us that was the fact, and that we might hire one to get back. We set out to find any one of these seven cars. We had our troubles. We were met with bland ignorance on the subject of cars wherever we went. We were told there were no cars there. We saw four of the seven, but could find no drivers or any trace of ownership. Apparently the cars just happened to be in Maros and belonged to nobody; were driverless, ownerless, derelict cars and entirely without the knowledge of the population. And it was almost four o'clock, we were forty miles and more from Macassar, and the ship would sail at five.

Money shown and offered made no impression. Nobody would get us a car, hire us a car, sell us a car or do any single thing except assure us that presently our driver would have that radiator fixed up.

"*Nanti sedikit*," they laughed at us. "Wait a little bit."

"What's the matter with this outfit?" I asked the old-timer.

Home, James!

"Why, they think if they let us have a car we shall skip off in it and this driver, who is one of them, will lose his fare."

"But he can't expect to collect anything for bringing us out to this place and stranding us here, can he?"

"Certainly he does. Moreover, all these johnnies expect that too. They don't care how long we're stuck up here or what happens to us. The fact that the ship sails in an hour or so is immaterial to them. If we stay here until the car is fixed, we'll go back in that car, this pirate will get his money, and two obnoxious white men will be bested by a native. That's the plot to this Celebesian drama."

"Let's pay him his fare."

"That's no good. He'll demand money for all the time he is out, and he may be a day or so tinkering with this wreck. There's one thing you must get to understand about these countries, and that is that when it comes to dealing with white men, all these natives are in one big union. This driver has asked them, as a native, not to help us, and they are not going to. We can miss fifteen ships for all they care. It's just an example of how things are going these days. Cheerio!"

Meantime it was four o'clock. We were stuck apparently. Then a bus came clattering down the road, an automobile bus, headed toward Macassar and packed to the roof with natives and their bundles and children and goats and fish, and so on. The bus was driven by a snappy little fellow who wore a blatant sweater, or jersey, or shirt, from which broad red stripes screamed at us.

As soon as my companion saw the driver he began to shout in Malay, waving his arms and dancing about in the dust like a dervish.

"Come on!" he yelled, grabbing at my arm. "Here's salvation for us. That driver is a Madura man."

"What difference does that make?" I asked, for the driver, save for his gaudy shirt, looked like any other native to me.

"Come on!" he screamed. "Don't ask so many fool questions. Hustle!"

The little driver with the gaudy sweater got down from his high perch. My companion talked excited Malay to him and held out a wad of florin notes. The little driver grinned, climbed back on his seat and expeditiously threw a couple of natives, a bunch of live chickens, a bundle of bamboo and a few strings of fish into the street. Our original driver saw what was going on and rushed up, screaming passionate protests. The citizenry of Maros joined with him. They gave a good simulation of a mob scene in a Belasco play. The red-striped driver paid no attention to them. He motioned us up to the seat, and we were there instantly, and then he stepped on his gas. He made those sixty-five kilometers to Macassar quicker than Barney Oldfield could have made them. Any

(Continued on Page 177)

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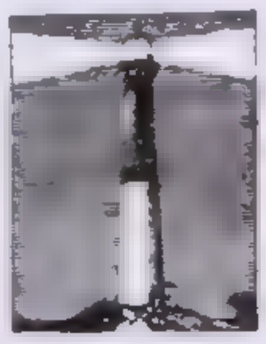

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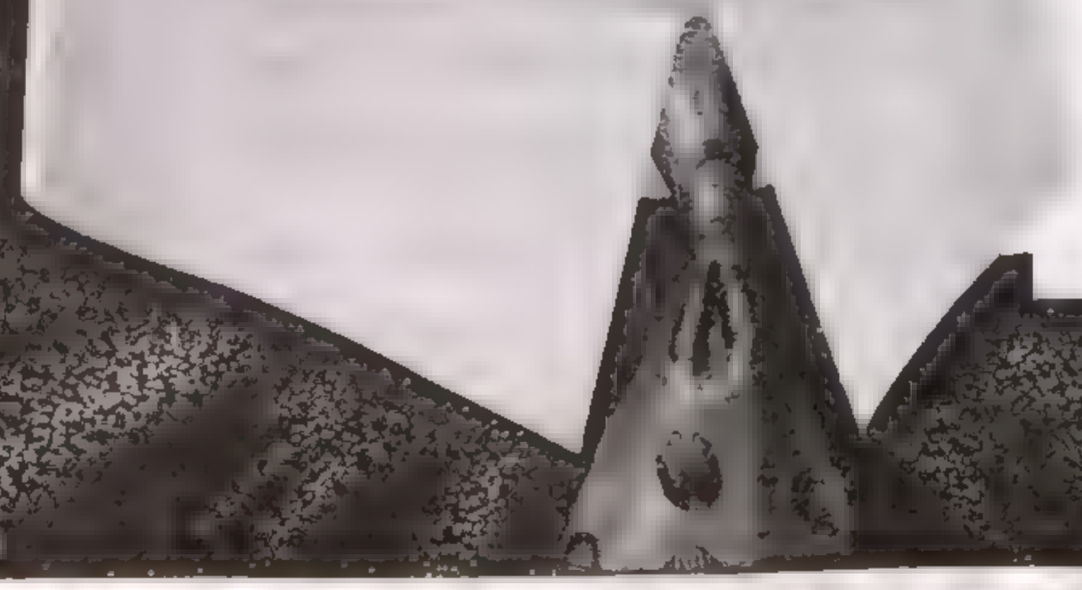

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PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK CITY.

(Continued from Page 173

native who wanted to get off along the road was out of luck. The driver merely hesitated for him, and his packages were thrown after him. We caught the ship.

"Lucky thing that chap is from Madura," said my companion. "If he had been a native of this island we'd be there yet, and for hours and hours to come. As soon as I saw him I knew we could deal with him."

"How?" I asked him

"Why, as I say, he's from Madura. All Madura men wear that red-striped sweater and consider themselves much superior to all other islanders. They are, too, when it comes to courage and capacity for work. They're the cocks of the tropical walk. You can see that by the proud way they carry themselves. And putting something over on those native Celebes johnnies and those Chinks was a great joy to him. That's how we got him to help us—that and a few judicious florins in the way of an honorarium."

Later he said: "That's the spirit that is rampant all through the tropics. Anything to exalt the native, to help him to the disadvantage of the white man. This was only a minor thing, of course, but illustrative. It's all over the place—everywhere."

Straws in an East Wind

An Australian woman was murdered at Garut last August or September, presumably by natives. They were not sure who did the murdering when I left Java in November. Garut is one of the favorite hill resorts in Java, and has many white visitors. Nearly all tourists go there for a night at least. Murders of white hotel guests by native servants are infrequent in Java. White people sometimes murder white people in these places, and half-castes have been known to commit similar crimes; but murders such as the killing of this Australian are not common. On the contrary. Hence it was simple enough for me to understand why the Australian papers and many of the tourists considered this murder so much of a sensation; but what was not so easy to understand was why there was so tremendous an official pother about it. After all, from a news viewpoint, a murder is a murder; and though it does not fit in very well with the national Dutch exploitation of Java as the greatest and most interesting tourist point in the universe, to have a guest at one of the famous hotels murdered by a native, nevertheless the records would prove that the circumstance was most unusual—almost unique—and that there are fewer murders of white people in Java, with its 36,000,000 people, than there are elsewhere.

But all Java buzzed with this murder, and all Australia too. Particularly all official Java buzzed, and probably is buzzing yet.

The woman who was killed was an ordinary sort of woman, and by rights of news values, not entitled to so great concern over her untimely taking off. There was more than the mere crime to it. So I looked around a bit. It is very hard to penetrate to the inner Dutch official consciousness, but I got far enough in to discover that the Dutch were deeply concerned as to whether this murder was merely a crime passional or a crime for gain, or whether it was a symptomatic crime symptomatic of the ferment in the islands among the natives.

That is what the Dutch officials were bending all their energies to find out, and why they were investigating so carefully and elaborately.

The point that is interesting and important is that the officials thought it might be a crime that was an outcome of the stirrings of the natives against the whites, and investigated it elaborately with that idea in view.

One morning in early November last year, Mr. Winslow, the American consul at Surabaya, Java, one of the ablest of the younger consuls in our service and popular with the native business men as well as with the white residents of that port, received a letter threatening him and his family with dire consequences unless he paid a certain sum to an organization of native workers within a specified time. The name of this organization has escaped both me and my notes, but as I remember it, it is Ryat or Ryot. In any event, it is a native organization made up of Mohammedans, and the reason for the demand was this:

The letter writers said that Mr. Winslow's government, meaning the United States, was loaning money to France which France was using to fight their brethren in Islam in Morocco, and that the Surabaya natives felt that they must rectify this outrage in part by collecting a large sum from Winslow on pain of very disagreeable reprisals if the money was not forthcoming. Curiously enough, our consul-general at Batavia received, at almost the same time, a communication advising him to leave Java immediately, but that was signed with a Dutch name, and probably was from a crank.

Symptoms of Fermentation

These, like the murder of the Australian woman at Garut, are small straws, of course, but they are straws none the less. If native Mohammedans in Surabaya, Java, are enough concerned over the fighting against another group of native Mohammedans in Northern Africa to try to get reprisals from a white man in Surabaya who happens to be a consul there, and who by the way is no millionaire, for such a reason, it is probable something is going on in Islamic circles that is based on processes more widely organized, more efficiently controlled and informed, and with more certain definite objectives than any of these things, considered sporadically, would indicate.

The basic fact is that all through the tropics a ferment is working among the natives everywhere. There is no doubt that it is a ferment instilled by Mohammedan direction, for it extends to every Mohammedan country and among all Mohammedan peoples. It is symptomatic in all parts of the Islamic world. The thing is palpable, even if it seems merely atmospheric. It is slow of growth. It is not new, nor is it imminent, whatever it may have for its definite objective. It has been noticed and commented on for a considerable time, and efforts have been made to investigate it, to take it apart and see what the inspiring motives are.

Reds come and go in these countries. All sorts of agitators appear and disappear. Communists and internationalists impinge on it here and there. They make whatever impression they may. But they are incidents, irritants. Back of all these, unhurried, patient, regardless of years, of time, there exists a movement that we white men as yet but dimly comprehend and often foolishly decry.

The Sacred Cannon of Java

I do not know what it is, or why. But I can guess. And so can any other who is familiar with Islamic countries and peoples. What I know, and what every other person who has looked into the matter knows, is that a ferment is working among these peoples, that conditions are changing, that something is going to happen, either soon or a hundred years from now, as the case may be, and that that something is likely to be most uncomfortable and unhappy for the Caucasian race.

India shows it, in its way. The Philippines show it, in their way. So do Java, Sumatra, the Celebes, Egypt, Arabia, Borneo, Guinea, the Malay Peninsula. So do they all.

Hard by the Penang gateway, in Kasteelplein, old Batavia, a cannon lies on the ground. It is a cannon about fifteen feet long, and shows marks of having been, if not recast, repaired or tinkered with considerably. This idea is borne out by the inscription on the cannon, which is: *Ex me ipsa renata sum*—I was born again out of myself. The breech of the gun is a clenched fist, which bears a resemblance to the mystic symbol, linga, of the Javanese.

Two Javanese friends took me to see it. "It is the sacred cannon," one of them said. "Its fellow and mate is at Karang Antoe, in Bantam, the west end of Java When these cannons are brought together the Dutch will be forced to leave Java."

"Do you believe that?"

"All Javanese believe it."

"Then why don't you bring them together and see what happens?"

"It is impossible—yet. The Dutch will not allow it, but we will find a way."

"How?" I asked him.

"Sarikat Islam," he said, and bent and kissed the ancient gun.

Sunset on Bitter Root River, Near Hamilton, Montana

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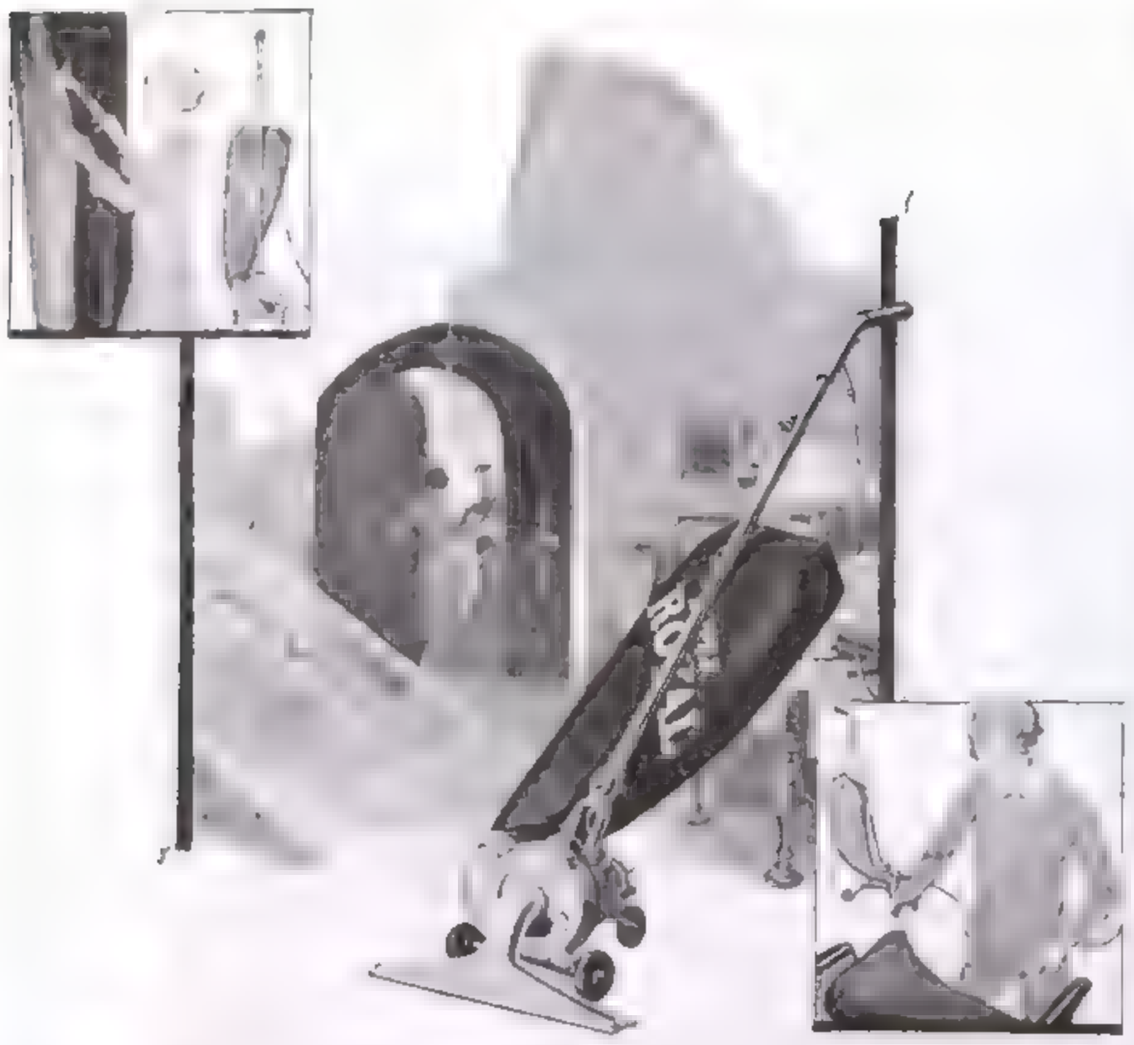

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ELECTRIC CLEANER
Gets ALL *the dirt by Air Alone*

THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

(Continued from Page 42)

day and hour bargain, sell and convey to Benjamin Murchison, North American citizen ——"

"I never had time to tell him Murchison & Pressley," said Uncle Ben. "The girl was just hoppin' up and down for fear Ramon would kill you before I got there."

"—— all lands and properties of my estate known as La Caoba, for the following consideration: Fifty thousand dollars of the United States of North America, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged ——"

"I had him put in the price," said Uncle Ben, "so we could prove it was bona-fide business and not just a shenanigan."

"—— and a like sum to be paid me on this date of each year until ——"

That's where the lines began to jerk, the letters sharpening under pressure of a driving will.

"—— a total of five hundred thousand dollars shall have been paid."

The signature, to the last loop and flourish with which a Latin envelops his legal signature, was clear and firm.

But it didn't make sense, that's all. Ben Murchison, who was no business man, who had lived five months on six hundred dollars, engaging to pay half a million—when a fifth as much had cost us six years of hardship and heartbreak in Peten. You know, he wasn't practical. He glanced at me and grinned.

"You been kickin' because I hadn't spent no money," he said dryly. "I reckon that ought to keep you satisfied."

"You ——" I said, and had to try again. "Is this—uh—legal?"

"I hope so. We're in an awful fix if it ain't."

"And if it is?"

"Well, if it is," said Uncle Ben, "we got a right to throw these fellers out. Did you notice if any of 'em was left-handed?"

"Huh?" I said. "Uh—left-handed?"

"Yeah. The way this door opens, they got to shoot left-handed, comin' out, or show their heads before they can get at us." He was calmly figuring the possibilities. "Might as well give 'em a chance to make a break," he said, "before we get wore out."

Calmly he raised his voice.

"*Hola*, within! Do you hear me? Answer!"

They answered—no matter how. Calmly he continued:

"It is I, Benjamin Murchison, owner of this house, who speak."

Even Zuñiga fell silent then. Crazy he may have been, but he had not come to power in politics by shutting his ears.

"I warned you to get out of it and you fired on me. I told you I would kill the first who showed himself; but now I say you may surrender. I shall open the door one foot. Come one at a time and show your hands first, empty."

"He who does so," howled Zuñiga, "shall die under the lash!"

And his voice broke into obscene squalling, cursing them because they did not rush the door. Uncle Ben whispered instructions to Don Fernando and me, crossed to the hinge side of the door and sat on the floor, set his feet in position and nodded to me. I slipped the latch and gave the heavy door a slight pull. There was the noise of Don Fernando's men retreating.

Then a man catapulted into view, showing his hand first, but not empty; he swung his arm and fired the instant his eyes cleared the door. But Uncle Ben had jammed the door against him with his feet; I knocked his hand up, so that the bullet hit an arch of the colonnade; and Don Fernando's poised shotgun fell earnestly on his skull. He collapsed so suddenly that he hung head down, his legs wedged in the door, before the falling plaster hit the floor.

I leaped to drag him out. Uncle Ben cried "Get back there, Buck! You're the ——"

Flame burned my wrist before his voice could catch me.

"—— durnedest fool I ever saw!"

"They're right against the door," I told him sheepishly.

"Where'd you think they'd be? Lookin' out the window?"

But he had no time to be exasperated with me. A hand flicked out—a left hand; his gun flashed and a revolver fell spinning before it could curl toward us. It fell between the unconscious man and the wall. A right hand snatched for it and he smashed that one too. No more hands appeared. Through the opening they commanded nothing but an empty colonnade and the door of the empty dining room. You could hear them muttering in there, planning a rush, I thought; Zuñiga seemed to be giving them instructions.

After a long time, unexpectedly, a man called, "We surrender!"

"Look out for shenanigans," said Uncle Ben.

But there was no immediate sign of any. Obediently, they pushed the man out of the door, came out one at a time with empty hands and submitted to search while Don Fernando's men, ferocious now, stood guard. It was a relief to be able to let down, I won't deny, even though we knew it was only for the moment. There was no safety for us in Vizcaya now.

Only three of them were entirely unhurt. Taking no chances, we sent one of them back to drag out the ones who couldn't walk—all but Ramon. We knew he was accounted for.

Ramon lay on his face in the center of the room, the slender blade protruding from his back. Zuñiga's chair had been turned squarely from it—in my innocence I thought it was to spare him the pain of seeing his son lie there dead. My humming blood had slowed, my nerves gone slack; dull pity hit me.

You know, danger's a drug, a tremendous stimulant and a powerful narcotic; a provision of Nature, I guess, to keep a man from realizing more than he can bear. It keys your nerves up, makes your heart beat strong—pity and fear shut off; a man's no more than any fighting animal. But afterward the reaction comes. It always comes. I saw Ramon Zuñiga lying there, so harmless now, and I forgot that he had confidently meant to kill me. I saw his stricken father, terribly old and terribly afflicted, huddled there, so shrunken that you had to step close to the chair before you could be sure that he was in it; the pallor of his awful face, in the full light of noon from the barred window, cruelly emphasized by the rich colors of his shawl—and I forgot that he would crucify me if he could.

Nothing romantic about it, I assure you I heard his hollow voice; dully I was aware that Uncle Ben was talking to him. I saw his eyes, fixed in a stare through iron bars at the blank chapel wall.

Why should we move him? What could he do? We left him there—just as he knew we would.

XXXIV

NOTHING romantic about caring for men whose bodies have been cruelly hurt, disposing of bodies that never will be hurt again; but it's got to be done.

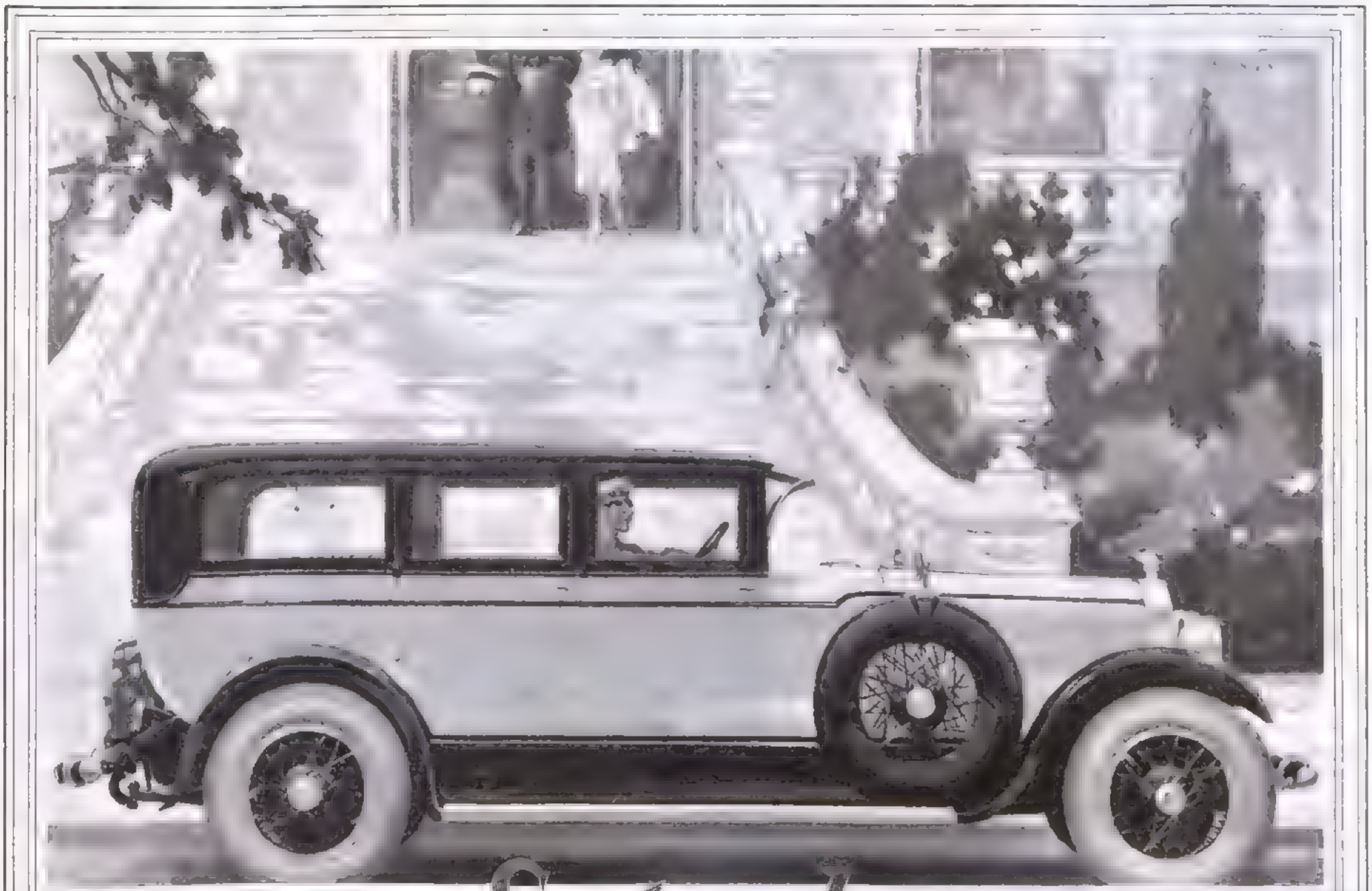
"Buck," said Ben Murchison, "I hate to leave you here with all this mess, but somebody's got to stay; and me and Fernando's got to get this deed recorded quick. Tomorrow'll be too late."

"Look here," I said heavily; "how come? Are you crazy or am I?"

"That ain't a fair question. Maybe we all are. But somebody's goin' to cash in on that lake of asphalt; did you forget that?"

(Continued on Page 180)

ACCELERATION, POTENTIAL SPEED, POWERFUL BRAKES—THE MOTOR CAR OWNER'S SOLUTION TO THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM—F. B. SEARS, PRESIDENT, ELCAR MOTOR COMPANY



Superb!

MANY cars have laid claim to the qualities embodied in this single word, but few with an equal and none with a greater right than this ELCAR 8-in-Line 7-passenger Sedan. The testimony of your own eyes and a common sense interpretation of specifications and demonstrated ability will give to this statement more weight than any words that might be printed here • • • The visible evidence of this newest ELCAR'S right to be called superb is apparent in the illustration • • • Silk-smooth, with a richness that comes of full-bodied skillfully applied Murphy lacquer finish, this graceful and wholly luxurious car draws "Superb!" from all who behold it • • • Yet no whit of that mechanical perfection that will bring "Superb!" from engineers, too, has been sacrificed in the attainment of outward beauty • • • This ELCAR, too, will "do 60" hour after hour, 5 to 25 miles an hour in 6 seconds flat, 10 to 60 miles an hour in 22 seconds flat, 70 miles an hour if ever you need it.

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CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

JUNE 30 TO NORWAY AND THE WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN; JANUARY 19 ROUND THE WORLD; JANUARY 29 MEDITERRANEAN; FEBRUARY 7 TO SOUTH AMERICA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN. PROGRAMS READY. REASONABLE, INCLUSIVE RATES.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

(Continued from Page 178)

Oh, I hadn't forgotten. Somewhere inside myself I was still practical, I won't deny. That great black crater starred with silver pools, black treasure welling up out of the earth, wasting forever down a long mountainside into the sea—it was still vivid in my memory; the vision of it and the roar of wild ambitious dreams. But I saw now its price in blood and hate. Rufo dead, Doña Trini dead, Ramon Zuñiga dead; this place of peaceful memories, a slaughterhouse; and the price only beginning to be paid. I said I wished the asphalt was in hell.

"Now that ain't reasonable," said Uncle Ben. "Have you done anything to be ashamed of? Sorry, yes; a feller's always sorry for the other feller after he's dead—or licked. Oh, I know how you feel. But a feller's got to take things as they come.

"And Zuñiga ain't licked yet; not by a long shot. We can't kill him and he knows it. Soon as he can get word out, we're done for."

"Why don't we beat it for Chunango then," I said, "while the marines are there?"

"And leave Fernando and his folks to face the music?"

"They've got to get out too. Vizcaya'll be too hot to hold them now, and the marines are their only chance—the way I see it. At least they won't let them be murdered."

"Some sense to that," he admitted. "But first place, this land's all Fernando's got; no ready money—not enough to shake a stick at; and he's too old to learn a business now. And by tomorrow it will be confiscated. He's give 'em the excuse by harborin' a rebel. Don't seem hardly right to quit on him when we're his last chance.

"Next place, we can't go off and leave Dowlin's kid. All by herself in Tolobaya—you can imagine what'd become of her. Nobody to look after her but Gabriel, and like as not he'd leave her and come traipsin' after us. You know how much sense he's got. So I got to go to Tolobaya anyway, to get her."

That shows you. I, Howard Pressley, hadn't given a thought to Henry Dowling's kid.

Oh, she amused me, yes; and I liked her spunk—this ridiculous, brave, skinny little woman-child doing the best she knew. But I didn't feel responsible for her—until Ben Murchison shamed me into remembering.

That's the plain truth. I was too busy feeling responsible for myself.

"Yeah," he said, not noticing. "We've got our feet wet anyway; we might as well wade through. If we can get that deed recorded, then they can confiscate till they're black in the face. They can't take it away from Fernando if it ain't his."

"They can take it away from us."

"How?" said Ben Murchison. "We're American citizens; Uncle Sam'll have somethin' to say about that. We ain't harbored no rebels. We ain't done a thing but put up a scrap with a gang of roughnecks that tried to murder us in our own house."

There's irony for you—this old expatriate still clinging to the hocus-pocus of patriotism.

Like every old-timer, many a time he'd grumbled bitterly at the measures of the men at Washington—lawyers and politicians who had no idea how the Latin mind worked. Low as I felt, I almost had to laugh. Sardonically I asked him where he got his faith in Uncle Sam's protection, and he sighed.

"Well," he said, "come right down to it, I ain't never give him much chance to protect me; or reason for it, either. I ain't claimin' I got anything comin' to me. But it's our only chance."

"Look here," I said again; "how come? And how did you get a man like Don Fernando to make up his mind in such a hurry?"

"Wasn't so durn sudden. Seems Brennan's been workin' on him quite a while. He give me the idea."

"Brennan?"

"Yeah. Said the gover'ment was goin' to confiscate it, but if he sold it first, all they could confiscate would be the money—if they could catch it. You can hide money, but you can't hide land."

"Brennan?" I said. "He told me he hadn't seen you!"

"He never," said Uncle Ben. "He had his back to the door when I walked in, and he was talkin' at Fernando like a good feller. Tellin' him how much happier he'd be in Spain, away from the sad memories of his murdered son. But he never said how Fernando was goin' to get there. He never offered to get rid of Zuñiga."

"Oh!" I said. "Trying to buy it himself?"

"Yeah. And that wasn't none of my business; I only went in there to ask him what Zuñiga was up to, comin' here; you know, he come with him. I pretty near backed out before I realized that he was talkin' about you murderin' Rufo. That made it my business; so I squinched down behind a big chair and listened to see what I could find out.

"Fernando saw me all right, but I motioned him not to let on. You could see Fernando didn't want to sell. You know, this place belonged to his folks in the old days, and he's lived here twenty years himself—ever since he got back from exile. These hills feel like home to him, and he don't give a durn for money. He's a—a kind of a hermit."

"A philosopher," I said.

"Yeah. And I kind of know how he feels about it," said Ben Murchison wistfully. "I'd give four dollars if there was some place, anywhere on earth, that felt like that to me. I felt real sorry for him. It don't make so much difference to a young feller, but when a man gets old ——"

"You squatted down behind a chair," I said, "and listened?"

"Yeah. And you could see he was at the end of his string. So every time Brennan give him a chance to say he'd sell, I motioned to say no."

"And he did it?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"Well," said Uncle Ben, "first place, I never did feel easy in my mind about a feller that looks at you first with one eye and then with the other. I kept smellin' a shenanigan, and I could see Fernando was just about wore out."

"I mean," I said, "why should he take your word against Brennan?"

"Maybe it's because both my eyes are the same color."

But there was more to it than that. Something you felt but couldn't put a name to.

Ben Murchison was the same color all the way through.

"Yeah," he said thoughtfully, "two-three shenanigans, come right down to it. Did you see Johnny's face when they said he was under arrest? Like he'd been double-crossed. What made him think he wouldn't get arrested? What was he hangin' around here for, when he'd had three-four days to make his get-away?

"And did you notice, Brennan never paid no attention to those dead soldiers when he walked in? Neither did Ramon or his papa. They wasn't surprised. But Johnny was. You think it over. A dead rebel is just as good evidence as a live one, ain't he? And safer.

"Next place, how come Brennan to know what Zuñiga aimed to do? If Zuñiga told him, then he was double-crossin' Zuñiga. Yeah," he said thoughtfully, "I'd like to talk to Johnny just once more. I bet I could get it out of him now."

"You think Brennan ——"

"I don't know," said Uncle Ben. "I ain't had much time to think about it. I could hear Zuñiga hectorin' you out here, and I was scared you'd lose your temper and get killed. So I motioned Fernando to keel over like he was sick, to get rid of Brennan. Didn't take much actin'; he felt sick. I tried to get him to come out here and tell Zuñiga to get out, but he said it wasn't no use. Nothin' was any use, the way he felt. He was licked.

"Then the girl come runnin' in and said you was goin' to fight a duel with Ramon. Beggin' her papa to do somethin'; but he just sat there with his eyes like burnt holes in a blanket and says what can he do? So then I made up my mind. I said I'd buy the place myself, and run that gang out or break a leg tryin'. Brennan, he had a provisional deed all made out, ready to sign, only he offered ten thousand a year for fifty years, and Fernando ain't goin' to live that long. I said I'd give him fifty thousand a year for ten years, and let him live here whenever he could fix it with the gover'ment. Brennan never seemed to think of that; he was after the asphalt and that was all his sympathy amounted to."

"Oh," I said, "that's how you fixed a price?"

"Yeah. I judge Brennan knew what he was doin'; he had a man down from the States to look it over, Fernando says. So I told the girl to get me paper and ink, and wrote Fernando a draft for fifty thousand to help him make up his mind."

"How'd he know it was good?"

"Well," said Uncle Ben dryly, "he knows you're my partner, and you look like money all right." Pointedly, his mild eyes roved over my unbrushed hair, my blood-streaked forehead, my wrinkled clothes, my black unshaven jaw; he added, "As a rule, I mean!"

"You win," I said. "Go on."

"That's all. I told him to put it in the deed about him havin' the right to live here, but I reckon the racket drove it out of his mind. We'll tend to it in Tolobaya."

It seemed more likely that Don Fernando never wanted to see the place again. Peace? A hospital and a slaughterhouse and a jail. The corncrib lockup crowded with men who wanted only a chance to cut our throats; the *sala de armas* abandoned to the paralytic and his son; and somewhere the noise of crowbars digging graves in rocky ground.

"With any luck," said Uncle Ben, "we ought to be back by sundown or soon after. Zuñiga's folks ain't liable to start worryin' about him before then. But if we don't show up by nine o'clock, you take the women and make for Chunango as fast as you can go. Tell the peons to scatter. It ain't goin' to be healthy tomorrow around here."

There was nothing especially for me to do; the hours dragged. Toward sundown Rita came out and sat beside me in the colonnade, pale, somber-eyed, staring out into the patio. Almost immediately the woman Andrea appeared from somewhere and planted herself grimly in the middle distance.

We might all be murdered presently, but it should not be said that her mistress had held converse with a man alone—not if Andrea knew it.

Rita took this espionage as a matter of course; she was used to it, expected it; she only pitched her soft voice so that it might not reach Andrea's ears. Oh, not that we said anything worth listening to. Trying to take her mind off, I found myself talking about Milo—Milo, Indiana, a far-off, peaceful, one-horse Middle Western town.

XXXV

A TOWN where windows had no iron bars, nor needed any; where the gardens were all outside the houses, and children played outdoors and needed no nurse to watch them; where security depended not on thick walls but on the safe and reasonable temper of the people; where nobody was afraid of anybody. Oddly, trying to make her see it, I saw it through the eyes of Gabriel Zalas—externally, you know. It's queer to look at your own home town externally. Gives you a queer new sense of the reality behind appearances; makes you see things you've always known but never thought of much. A good town, Milo. Dull, yes—if safety's dull. Ridiculous, yes—with its numerous civic clubs making a business of good-fellowship and trying to

(Continued on Page 185)

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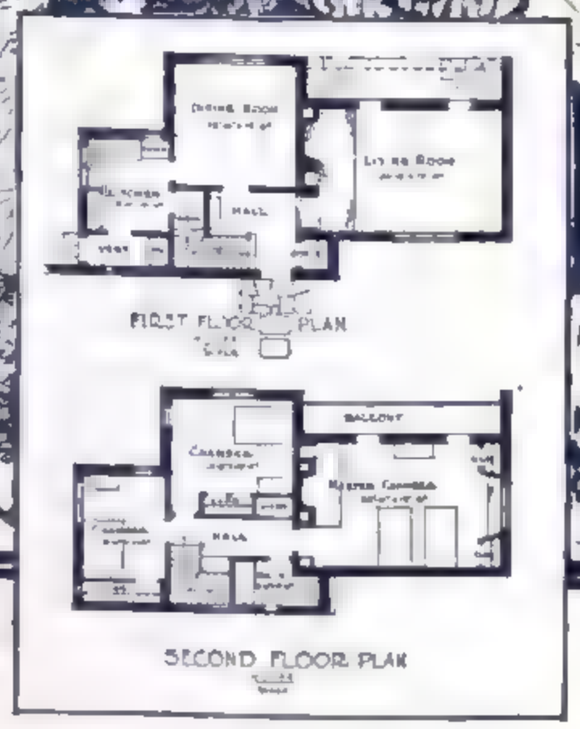


Build a home your children will love

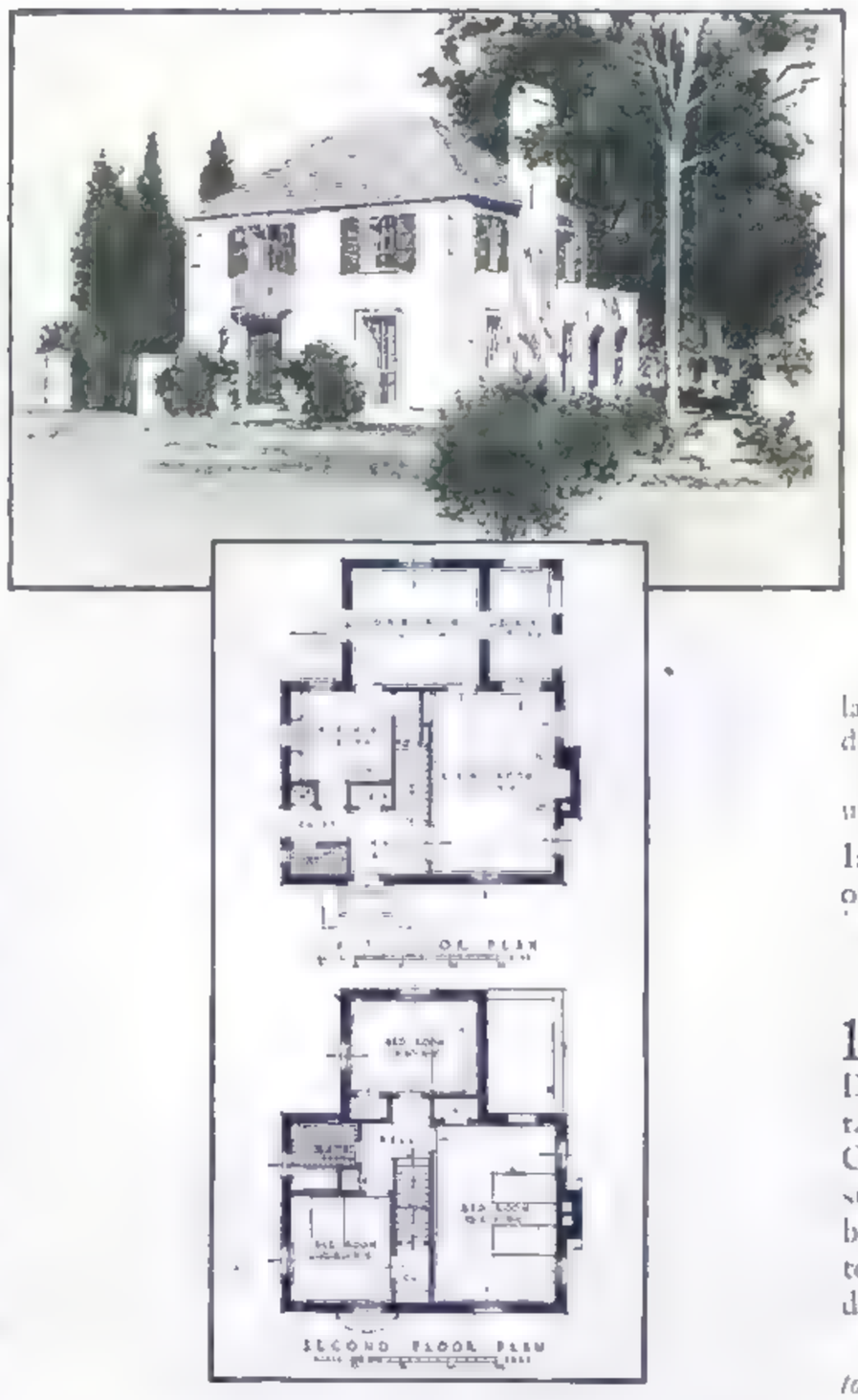
How to bring your hopes to fulfillment

When your children return from school, college, or vacation visits, what do they think of their home? New friends, new scenes unconsciously make them compare their home with others they have seen. Will it stand comparison? Are they proud of it? Does it grow dearer to them each year—and to you? Answer these questions by comparing your home with the 28 prize-winning homes resulting from the Lehigh Prize Home Competition. The plans for these homes were selected by a jury of architectural authorities from hundreds of competing designs.

THIS two-story design by Emil Backstron and Herbert Magoon, New York City, was awarded third prize. This home, with 27 other prize-winning plans, is illustrated in the book, "28 Better Homes." *Mail coupon for your copy.*

Seeing is believing

Prize homes now nearing completion



THIS plan by H. A. Surman, Detroit, Mich., was awarded second prize. A home from this plan is being built in the vicinity of Chicago.

The home here shown is one of the 28 prize winners. It is being built by the Lehigh Portland Cement Company in Chicago, and will soon be ready for public inspection. Other prize homes are nearing completion at convenient points near New York, Kansas City, and Birmingham.

Thousands of visitors, including architects, contractors, and homebuilders, have watched these homes from their beginning. The crowds are increasing daily.

Each prize home marks the successful combination of these five essentials that, together, set a new standard in house construction.

1. Moderate Cost — without sacrificing any detail.
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It starts with you at the time you begin to plan your home — presents the 28 authoritative plans from which to choose — and follows with practical advice on these all-important questions that confront every prospective homebuilder:

Protecting your home investment; 60 things to watch during construction; How to read blueprints; Points on the relationship with your architect; How to secure an able contractor; How to secure, at moderate cost, the charming colored stucco effects so much in vogue; How to insure fire-safety; Methods of financing home-building; How to secure higher real estate appraisal value.

See one of the demonstration homes if you can. Send for the book, "28 Better Homes." Then

Make an early start—save money

The question of financing need not delay you. Your bank or building loan association will gladly suggest an easy way to finance the construction of your home. Start now and benefit by:

1. Making financial arrangements before building money is in brisk demand.
2. Having sufficient time to choose an ideal site.
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4. Giving the contractor time to secure the best labor, buy materials more advantageously, arrange deliveries to avoid costly delays of the rush season.
5. Giving the building supply dealer time to arrange in advance for the contractor's needs.

In this way, an early start insures building economies, resulting in Permanent Satisfaction.

How to get PERMANENT SATISFACTION *—whatever you build*

1—The first essential, when you build, is to get Dependable Materials. Precautions should be taken. The dealer who insists on carrying Lehigh Cement for you, often does so in the face of constant pressure to offer you the "just as good" brand. Is it not reasonable to expect such a dealer to protect your interests in other ways by handling a line of thoroughly Dependable Materials?

Let the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign guide you to a reliable dealer.

2—Make sure to secure Competent Workmanship. A good contractor will save you money through skilful building economies. He will put quality both where it can be seen at the start and where it will be noticed for its low repair expenses in the years to come.

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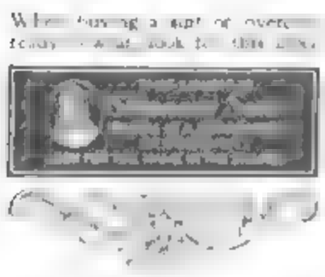

Linings for men's suits and topcoats Linings for women's coats, suits and furs. Dress Satins, Millinery Satins, Shoe Satins.

"WHAT looks like Skinner's Satin in your overcoat, is it?"

"Correct. How did you guess?"

"Well, I haven't 'looked for the name in the selvage', but I think I know Skinner quality when I see it. We're a Skinner's Satin family ourselves. I've been brought up to think there's nothing like it, and Dad would raise the roof if his tailor put in anything but a Skinner lining.

"If there's one thing he hates, it's to be sending out a coat all the time to have the lining repaired. With Skinner's Satin, he never has to worry."

The extra wear in Skinner's Satin and its rich appearance have made it a distinctive feature of fine clothing since 1848.

In purchasing a suit or topcoat ready to wear look for the Skinner label. In ordering from a tailor "Look for the Name in the Selvage".

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS—NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILA.—Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1848

(Continued from Page 180)

put good-fellowship into business; ridiculous, that is, if you only heard them talk and didn't watch them try.

"Is it," said Rita, hesitant—"is it true that American women have *centros*—clubs—like men, and meet to talk of things of wide importance?"

Likely I grinned, admitting it. I had my own ideas of the wide importance of women's clubs; have yet, for that matter. But presently I realized that she was trying to get at something.

"You call it," she said, "a *pueblecito*, a little town. But as you talk, it seems a city to me."

"It has some forty thousand people."

"Forty thousand!" said Rita del Valle. "In size, it is a city now. But in my father's life it was a village; even I can remember when it was a town. Yes, it is still a town. Its people are still neighbors."

"Neighbors," she murmured, as if it were a word to conjure with.

"It grows, but does not change. I found my friends still living, thinking, acting in the same monotony of habit. It was I who had changed; I could not find my place again."

"That is a sad thing," said Rita; "to have known friends once, and lost them. In all my life I never had a friend."

An expressive language, Spanish. She said *amiga*, woman friend. I had said *amigos*, man friends. All their relations are colored by the consciousness of sex.

"The fault is mine," she went on wistfully. "There are families who dare be known as friends of Del Valle; who are, indeed, friends of my sisters. But even among my sisters I never had a place, even when we were little. Their dreams were all of lovers then; their talk now is of their husbands and their children and their—their friends who are said to have lovers. They are satisfied to be women. Even my Aunt Trini spent her poor life remembering her husband—because he was her husband. It was nothing to her that he achieved a kingdom, might have won greatness in the world if he had lived.

"Do you know what my sisters call me? La Loca—Crazy One. Because I think of things I do not understand. Because I dream ——"

Her voice trailed into hesitancy and silence. I had to ask, "What things?" Her eyes came to me, gray, somber, dark like the storm clouds on Vizcayan hills, and in their depths the little amber fires began to burn.

"How do I know? I am a woman! I see the sun go down beyond the ocean, but all my life is shut in walls. I hear my father speculate about the stars, but not to me; wisdom is not for women. I hear the thunder roll across the hills and see the blinding doors of heaven crack, and I feel—something—here; yet dare not even let the rain fall on my head. It would give me a cold, and a woman with a cold in the head is not beautiful. That is a woman's duty—to be beautiful; to be desired; to live sheltered, shut in the prison of a woman's body, and to serve a man!"

And I remembered Rufo pacing in my room, thumping his proud young chest that was so full of wild young feelings, raging against the narrowness of his life.

"You are in truth," I said, "your brother's sister."

"I should have been my brother's brother! There was a time when he would talk with me, dream with me of the world beyond the world we knew. But he grew up, and knew I was a woman, and left me—shut in."

"Are we not all," I said, "shut in ourselves? Do we not all feel things we cannot say?"

"A man can dare experience," said Rita del Valle. "You told my father how a vision called you out from your own town—a song ——"

Her eyes were tired, their fires burnt out, black shadows under them. She said, "When you first came ——"

Trying to tell me something, groping for unaccustomed words.

"Your eyes—your Saxon eyes—were kind. Blue, thoughtful, passionless, without desire. You looked at me as if—as if you listened. As if you wished to know what I —— As if I were not a woman. And yet you too ——"

"—— desire," I said. "Your lovely body and your nameless dreams. All that is you. And all that I might be if you —— I will not lie to you. I love you, and I am not different from other men."

Not making love to her; only telling her; only being honest with her. I didn't even try to touch her hands. It was no time for that. I only sat and looked at her and told the truth. The language helped; in Spanish you can say "thou" and so draw closer without a single gesture that might be perceptible to an Andrea watching thirty feet away. You can say things that would sound florid, overdrawn. What things? Eh, well! Maybe you've loved a woman and tried to tell the truth about the need that shakes you—more than desire; more than a thing you do; more, even, than a woman is.

Something beyond you. Great and sweet and wild and unattainable, kin to the feel of earth itself, and immortality. Something no man can put a name to, though a million men have tried. Rita del Valle, twenty years old and beautiful, had heard men try who had a gift for it—whose eyes could burn, whose words could flame with the poetic ardor of their Latin blood. I only told the truth, not ardently; not asking anything; I had no right—a foreigner and a stranger, charged with her brother's death. I saw her shrink from me, and didn't blame her. She was distressed, perplexed, that's all.

"Don Howar'—I do not—cannot ——"

"No," I admitted.

The sun went down, and Uncle Ben and Don Fernando did not come.

The men on guard at the front gate reported nothing new. A few curious ones lingered before the window of the *sala de armas*, staring with awe at the huddled shape of Teófilo Zuñiga behind those iron bars. It was quite safe to stare now; no bullets could come out; the paralytic was chained in a prison narrower than any ever made by man—the prison of his own impotent body. I drove them away and asked him if he wanted anything. He answered with hoarse implacable obscenity.

So I went on to the corral. The corncrib jail still held its prisoners; the men on guard, when I asked them, said they had given no trouble.

"Nothing has happened, Excellency. Only the man you sent with the message to Don Fernando—we gave him a fast horse as you commanded."

"Eh?" I said. "Message?"

"*Sí*, señor. Did you not send Tomas Goya—El Tuerto, the one we call Cross-Eyes? One of us could have ridden faster; El Tuerto is no rider. He is a stupid fellow. He works at the coffee —— "

"Eh?" I said heavily. "When was this?"

"An hour after Don Fernando left."

And he'd been gone four hours—nearly five. That was the one thing Zuñiga could do. He could still talk. He could still buy—or intimidate—the humble soul of a peon. Poor Tomas Goya! I hope he got his thirty pieces of silver.

Too late even to curse my own stupidity. I took the blame, but I tried to do it calmly, tried to avert a panic—you know how the very act of fleeing can let loose the insanity of fear. We dared not wait till nine o'clock. In Tolobaya, only two hours' ride away across the valley—if a man rode hard—there were men who would take any orders from Teófilo Zuñiga; even the police, humble fellows who knew their unofficial master. There had been time, too, for the message to have been relayed to his great central hacienda at the head of the valley. Already his own men might be coming down the seaward ridge.

XXXVI

I REMEMBER poor, stout, motherly Doña Constanza stumbling blindly about in her riding habit, stunned—she'd had all afternoon to get it through her head that she must go, but she couldn't. She tried to tell her people to obey me, but her voice broke soundlessly. I had to get Rita to take her to her room and keep her there before she got them all into a panic. Nothing romantic about it, I assure you. Children crying, and women screaming at them, and men trying to carry everything they owned. Senseless, you know. They only needed blankets and food for a day or so, until the fury of Zuñiga's men should have passed.

They could take refuge with their kinsmen, the Indians of the Zorro Valley. I remember yet the dumb submissiveness that fell on them finally, plodding before us in the blue moonlight, straggling down out of that saddle of the hills, driven before us, as they'd been driven by white men for four hundred years; helpless, caught in the swirl of currents beyond their comprehension.

That lake of asphalt was nothing to them but a great deal of pitch, more pitch than anybody needed for mending leaks—especially when you could easily get pitch from the little veins along the river. Wealth, power, politics—maybe they understood these things a thousand years ago. Not now.

We kept one of the overseers behind with us; I meant to plant him down there in the valley where the trails joined to hide and wait for Don Fernando and Ben Murchison—if they ever came—and tell them to follow us to Chunango.

But we never got so far. Out of those mist-filled depths there came a sudden muffled stuttering, for all the world like a distant motor car back-firing; but there are no automobiles in the Zorro Valley. Gunfire—how far away? It sounded as if it might be at the very junction of the trails. Ahead and below, where zigzag bits of the trail were visible, men and women and children melted like scared rabbits into the brush. I stopped, straining my eyes. And behind me, trying to turn on that steep narrow trail, Doña Constanza fell off her horse.

A sidesaddle's a silly thing, anyway, especially for the hills. Fortunately, she fell backward, on the uphill side; and fortunately, her pointed shoe slipped out of the stirrup. She wasn't hurt much. But it was a terrible job getting her back into the saddle.

The gunfire had stopped. But faint and clear above our horses' breathing came the sound of clattering hoofs below. I held my breath and watched where riders must first show in the moonlight against a patch of trail, far down. One—two—three! The first two might have been anybody, at that distance; but the third! Not many men could dwarf a horse like that!

My breath went in an echoing yell of relief: "Gabriel!"

His cheerful bellow rolled up to me: "Coming, *patrón!*"

And after it, faint and clear by contrast—odd how Ben Murchison's voice could carry: "Go back, Buck! Turn around and keep goin' till we catch up with you! They're right behind us!"

Go where? There were only two trails out from La Caoba—this one into the valley and the one that came down the seaward ridge, where even now Zuñiga's men might be coming from the mesa.

Not that I stopped to argue with Ben Murchison. You can't go very fast with a rider like Doña Constanza; they overhauled us before we reached the fork in the trail.

"Keep goin', Buck! Back by the hacienda, and down past the coffee *finca*, Fernando says. Hit for the beach!"

I knew the coffee *finca* on the seaward slope; but the beach? Three thousand feet down! Certainly the beach would lead straight to the river delta and Chunango; but if it was possible to go that way, why did they use that roundabout trail into the valley and out through the canyon—almost twice as far?

"Is that one of Fernando's men with you? Tell him to gallop on ahead to the hacienda and load up with canteens and catch up with us. We're goin' to need water."

Up out of the valley rolled a new outbreak of stuttering echoes; but the moonlight showed the hillside empty behind us. I yelled back to Uncle Ben, "Who are they firing at now?"

"Johnny Hecht, I reckon."

"Johnny Hecht! Are they still chasing him?"

"No," said Uncle Ben, coming up, "they're chasin' us. Johnny's holdin' 'em back much as he can. . . . One thing to ease your mind, Buck. That skeleton Fernando buried wasn't Rufo's!"

"Huh?" I said. "How do you know?"

Don Fernando went by, spurring up beside his wife. I saw Ben Murchison's tired, mild old face—grinning!

"I told you I could get it out of Johnny now. Mad as a wet hen, Johnny is. He give that cavalry the slip all right, but he hid down there in the valley waitin' for me to come along; he knew I'd be hittin' back to Tolobaya sooner-later.

"He found that skeleton like he said, but not when he said. He run across it a month ago, hidin' by the trail to ambush some federal scouts. One sure thing, that ring wasn't on it!"

"Huh?" I said. "Then where did Johnny get it?"

"Brennan give it to him."

"Huh?" I said. "Brennan?"

"Yeah. Brennan's the one that sent him to La Caoba. Brennan's the feller he's been takin' orders from all the time."

"Brennan?" I said, unable to get hold of it all at once. "Then how come Johnny to be threatening to blow up Brennan's oil wells?"

"The Consolidated Oil Company's wells," corrected Uncle Ben.

"Oh!" I said. "Brennan double-crossed his own company?"

"Yeah. He seems to be a double-crossin' fool. He promised Johnny to give him plenty of time to get away before he slipped the word to Zuñiga that Johnny was hidin' at La Caoba."

"What—what for? Why did he send him to La Caoba?"

"So Zuñiga could have an excuse to confiscate it."

"But didn't you say Brennan was trying to buy it himself, before Zuñiga could get it confiscated?"

"He tried," said Uncle Ben, "a good many things to get hold of that asphalt, the way I get it from Johnny and Fernando. First he tried to buy it, but Fernando wasn't interested. Then he promoted a revolution to confiscate it himself, but Zuñiga—and Uncle Sam—had too much money for him. Then he tried to marry it—Fernando says. He come pretty near doin' it too. Fernando says he was willin' for the girl to marry him—to—to make an honest woman out of her.

"If I was you," he added, "I wouldn't hold it against Fernando, Buck. He was pretty near crazy grievin' about his boy. But the girl wouldn't marry nobody; said he could starve her to death and she wouldn't."

"I know," I said heavily.

"So then," said Uncle Ben, "Brennan goes to Zuñiga and tells him what the asphalt's worth, and makes him a proposition to give him half the profits for a concession if the gover'ment takes it over."

"And Zuñiga threw in with him," I said, "after he'd tried to upset the administration Zuñiga's backing?"

"I reckon," said Uncle Ben, "Zuñiga don't know that yet. I reckon Zuñiga figured like we all did—that Brennan was the same as the company he works for. See?"

What I wanted to see, right then, was Peter Brennan. Even Doña Constanza, up ahead, was whacking her patient pony with her blunt lady's spur. Hope is a mighty stimulant.

"Yeah," said Ben Murchison; "slick feller, Brennan seems to be. Too slick. Blacked that ring up with sulphur himself,

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I reckon, to make it look like it had been layin' out a long time. I reckon he forgot there wasn't no sulphur out there where the skeleton was."

"Maybe," I said heavily, "there was sulphur—where Rufo's body was."

"Well," said Uncle Ben, "if he knew where Rufo's bones was, why did he tell Johnny to find him a skeleton?"

"Why did he need a skeleton at all?"

"He told Johnny it was to get Fernando to take him in, but maybe he hoped it would make Fernando sick enough to sell out and get away. Fernando says Brennan has been layin' heavy on the sympathy gag all the time, sayin' how sad the place must be to him now.

"Yeah," said Uncle Ben, "I knew there was a shenanigan about this thing. Not two-three of 'em; only one, all Brennan's. But it's Zuñiga we got to buck from here on out. See this?"

He patted something sticking out of his saddlebag.

"That's the book our deed's recorded in."

"Huh?" I said, not getting it. "Where'd you get it?"

"Stole it," said Uncle Ben. "We hadn't no more than got through recordin' it when Gachi—that's Zuñiga's storekeeper in Tolobaya—come gallopin' up and says he wants to see it. I was a fool to brag to Zuñiga that I was goin' to get that deed recorded before the sun went down. What I can't figure is, how did the news get to Gachi?"

I told him, humbly; but he didn't blame me.

"I ought to told you to look out for that," he sighed. "I'm gettin' old, that's what. Can't think of things like I used to."

"What are you going to do with the book?"

"I'm goin' to hang on to it till I find me some witnesses that can't be scared. Wouldn't take Gachi a minute to tear out the page, or spill ink on it, or change the date to day after tomorrow; and he could make that recorder swear his own name was Abraham Lincoln."

Gabriel Zalas carried in his arms the child called Alice. I wondered why she didn't ride behind one of the lighter men. I spoke to her humorously. She answered weakly, "Hello, old-timer."

"Huh?" I said to Uncle Ben. "What's the matter with her?"

"She's half scalped," he told me grimly, "that's what."

"Huh?" I said. "Why—how—who did it?"

"I did. . . . Buck, I'm so tired I don't hardly trust my ears. Hear any more shootin' now?"

"No."

"I sure hope Johnny got away," he sighed. "He's a dirty little hound, but he come clean with me."

Johnny Hecht, soldier of fortune! It would have been a fine romantic end for him—that queer, brave, cold-eyed little man who was a doctor once—if he had got his dozenth bullet hole that night, down there in the brooding jungle and the moonlit mist, fighting alone to hold the trail for us. But he didn't—I know now. The night I speak of was in late September, 1920; it was long afterward—in August, 1924, to be exact—that he was in New Orleans, framing a certain job for a too heavily taxed fruit company. And passing a peaceful crowd before a show window in Canal Street, Johnny stepped carelessly off the curb and let a flivver run him down.

XXXVII

SOLDIER of fortune! That's a funny phrase anyway. Of course the palmy days were before my time, but I've met a few old-timers and I never saw one yet that cared a hang about a fortune.

Take old Ben Murchison. I remember the day we read of Johnny's death in the Milo Morning Star.

The Star prints more Latin-American news than it used to; there are more people now in Milo who are interested; a good many of them are stockholders in Vizcayan Asphalt. Michael Nelson is—genial old Mike Nelson, millionaire boilermaker, leading citizen of Milo, Indiana, whose proudest memory is of the time he got drunk and wrecked a café in Mexico City with Billy Ames, a bonafide adventurer.

Mike had read of Johnny's unromantic finish, and that evening he strolled over from his own place in the Grove Hill addition to chew the rag with Uncle Ben.

"General," he said, "I see where one of your old-time buddies happened to hard luck in New Orleans."

"Johnny Hecht? Yeah," said Uncle Ben gloomily.

"Wasn't he the one that held the trail for you and Buck the night you made your get-away down in Vizcaya?"

"Yeah," said Ben Murchison, and let it go at that.

He didn't feel like talking, and that was a bad sign—for him. All that summer, I remember, he had been hinting that it wouldn't do any harm just to run down to the tropics—just for a month or two; just to look it over and see how it felt once more. Oh, I knew what ailed him right enough! Milo had grown familiar to him; call it that. He knew every inch of Grove Hill and the farms behind it. He knew what every man would answer when he said good morning. He had spun yarns for our romantic-minded neighbors until the colors of those pictures in his memory had dimmed—for him, if not for his listeners.

But the irony of Johnny's death had old Mike Nelson in a thoughtful mood. Soldiers of fortune, men who lived hard and took long chances when they could live better at a steady job. . . . What did they get out of it anyway?

He asked Ben Murchison in so many words; not impertinently; they were good friends, those two. I know he asked him, because I've had occasion to remember—afterward.

But at the moment Andy McAllister's balloon-tired roadster drove up in front of the house and Alice Dowling got out of it, laughing. Oddly, I stared at her—this comely, modish child with her green eyes and her short ruddy hair, almost a woman grown.

Down on the boulevard the motor cars rolled by; on smooth green lawns whose every contour, every flower bed I knew, children were playing; across the river hung the familiar smoke of Milo's factories; at the curve of the tracks below the bridge, regularly every fifteen minutes, the peaceful wail of street-car wheels rose into the long Indiana twilight. It might have been any of a thousand summer days.

But the thought of Johnny Hecht had conjured up a place far off and different. . . . Blue moonlight in a lonely saddle of the hills, silence and distance that muffled a pursuing danger. The walls of La Caoba fading, beautiful, hiding their terrible prisoner and their human hate and pain. The deserted coffee *finca* on the seaward slope; southward the palisades, great organ shapes of stone, marking the place where treasure welled forever out of the depths of earth; the shimmering arch of the Pacific high under the setting moon; and far down, at the foot of a precipice too sheer for any horse, the dim white line you had to reach. Breakers, those were. The ocean sank as you toiled down to it—sank in its distances and pushed the horizon toward you, pushed in great ripples, towered and broke and thundered down into a sliding, reaching sheet of foam, blotting out a narrow strip of sand against the wall; sand that dragged cruelly at weary feet; black sand, volcanic sand, that never packs as our white northern beaches do.

Soldiers of fortune. . . .

"They get a lot of things to think about," said Uncle Ben.

XXXVIII

THINGS to remember. . . . Tired small creatures toiling between great precipice and greater sea, so small that even the shallow fringe of the returning tide could suck them down; clinging together,

(Continued on Page 188)

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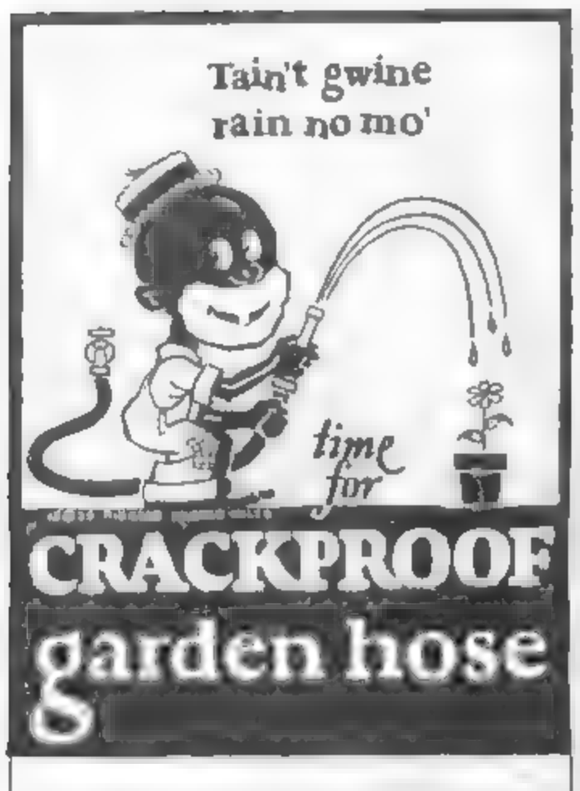

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(Continued from Page 186)

helping one another. In twenty years Doña Constanza had walked on nothing but level floors; her high-heeled shoes doubled the strain and her Latin pride doubled her shame when Gabriel had to carry her—pickaback, this stout elderly gentlewoman. Nothing funny about it; nothing romantic either; it's something else that makes it worth remembering. Her body was a heavy load, even for the mighty Gabriel, but not for one minute did she lean on her tired husband's courage. She walked till she dropped and then rode pickaback without heroics or excuse.

Sun blazing up behind the hills. The giant combers rolling closer, closer, bursting against the rocks and drenching you in the highest refuge you could reach. Sun beating down, caking the salt spray on your face, making the tall cliff shimmer like a furnace wall.

Hanging on, dwarfed in the majesty and violence of earth.

Things to remember. . . . The frail skinny little body of Alice Dowling in my arms; the way her breath came in a ceaseless, shivering hiss of agony, salt burning in those raw red lacerations above her ears. The blessed baby look that eased her drawn face when she slept, exhausted.

This valiant woman-child doing the best she knew—this brave little Alice who had never heard of Wonderland. . . .

"I had a time persuadin' her to come," said Uncle Ben. "I had to tell her it wasn't no use waitin' for her papa any longer. Dead, sure, or run off and left her. Shif'less runt; how he ever got a kid like her —— Well, you can imagine. Made me feel so mean I pretty near bit Fernando's head off when I got down to the notary's house and found out he hadn't even got the deed sworn to. Just sittin' there tellin' the notary how maybe his boy was alive yet. . . .

"Oh, she never made no fuss about it. Just hangin' onto my hand and cryin' to herself. When we got down to the recorder's she just squatted down by the door with Gabriel, starin' across the plaza at the *mesón* where she saw her papa drunk so many times, just whimperin' like a puppy that's been whipped and don't know why. I reckon I was pretty short with the recorder too. Course, he felt real important when he read about the five hundred thousand dollars. He kept congratulatin' Fernando and kotowin' to me till I lost my temper and told him to shut up and get busy writin'.

"Took him half an hour, seem like, to get it in the book the way he wanted it. Then all of a sudden the kid runs in and says Gachi is comin'. She never had no use for Gachi, nor anybody that had anything to do with Zuñiga. So I stepped out to the door, and sure enough, there was Gachi and four-five other fellers makin' a bee line across the plaza. I told Gabriel and the kid to come inside and shut the door.

"Yeah," he said gloomily, "no two ways about it; I'm gettin' old and slow in the head. They come bang against the door and yells we better open it or they'll break it down.

"I says, 'We're busy. What do you want?'

"They says 'We got business with Machain!'

"That's the recorder; he was scared half to death. Gachi was awful tame while the rebels was around, but he's on his high horse again now. He says he'll give us three seconds before he starts to shoot.

"Yeah, it sure looked like trouble; and there I had that kid. I asked Machain where his back door was, and he said there wasn't any. You know how Tolobaya houses are, built up against the hill; the ground come right to the upstairs windows behind. But the bars ain't very close together; I thought maybe the kid could squeeze through.

"Machain, he wanted to open the door. But I knew what their business was; I put the key in my pocket and grabbed the book and run upstairs and threw it out the window and told the kid, if she could get out, to hide it under her *rebozo* and sneak around to our horses.

"But she couldn't. I called Gabriel and told him to spring those bars or bust a rib. He grabbed hold and heaved till he was black in the face, and they bent an inch or two. The kid could get through all but her head. I thought it was her hair that stuck. We could hear 'em bangin' against the door, and Fernando yells up that the lock is comin' off.

"So the kid says, 'Push, old-timer! I'll get it!'

"I pushed, Buck. I wanted her out of there. I never had no idea what I was doin' to her. She never let out a cheep; just fell on all fours on top of the book and says, 'I got it, general!' and skedaddled around the corner. So I went down and unlocked the door and got ready to shoot my way out if I had to.

"And there wasn't no trouble after all. Gachi just looks on the table where the book ought to be and sticks his gun in Machain's ribs and says 'Where is it?' and Machain says 'I hid it upstairs'; and they went stormin' up and I walked out.

"I reckon they didn't hunt long. They had to take time to saddle their horses, but they was right behind us when we got down in the valley where Johnny was hidin'. I yelled to him to hold 'em back much as he could, and he said he would. I done it for him in Nicaragua once."

In Nicaragua once. . . . I knew the yarn, one of the many that he told me first and last. Nothing especially funny about it while it was happening, I imagine; but it made quaint telling.

Eh, well! The tide went out, as all tides do if you can hang on long enough. I know how tired we were, sunburned and salt-burned and muscle-racked, forced still to toil through miles of sand that gave place to sucking marsh that fringed the river delta. The foul breath of the jungle, and mosquitoes roaring; the heavy wash of water in the grass, like something alive and wicked, trying to drag us down. Rita del Valle needed both her hands to hold up her long riding habit; I helped her with an arm about her shoulders, lifting her almost bodily sometimes. Oh, yes, I know how miserable we were. Past a certain point you struggle just as dumb brutes do, dumbly, pitting your measured strength and courage against the vast immeasurable forces of eternity—the sun, the sea, the distances of earth and the unresting drag of its great mass on your own perishable bodies.

Yet those are not the things that I remember. Pictures remain, and they mean something to me. I see her white indomitable face against my shoulder, and I feel the toil of her soft slender body—this girl whom I could help because I was a stronger animal than she. I see us all, tired small creatures, struggling on. Like animals, different from animals only in one thing.

A man feels things, fears things, loves things not measured by his own short life. A man sees what he has not seen, remembering.

Lights! And the open beach about Chunango. The harsh ineffable music of a Yankee voice demanding, "Halt! Who goes?" Beautiful khaki-colored tents and lovely shapes in khaki uniforms, and the sweetest profanity I have ever heard—profanity in the language of the United States of North America. Their commanding officer, a hard-faced, leather-necked young man who eyed us sternly until Ben Murchison introduced himself. Then he became suddenly a boy—this youngster in the fighting trade, greeting a man whose name had been a sort of legend to him.

McDonald, his name was, I remember; Captain McDonald, a witness who couldn't be scared. He said he'd get hunting leave any time we needed him. Officially he frowned, listening and examining the stolen record of the Vizcayan Government; but personally he grinned and said he'd help convict us in any court.

And I remember Peter Brennan coming to his door, well groomed, immaculate, his blue eye smiling sympathetically at the three grim draggled figures who confronted him.

"Brennan," I said hoarsely, "where did you get that ring?"

"Where is my boy?" cried Don Fernando.

"I had a talk with Johnny Hecht," said old Ben Murchison.

XXXIX

NOT a muscle of Brennan's handsome face had changed. Only his eyes. You know? Nearly every man has one eye stronger than the other, but ordinarily you don't notice it. Ordinarily, when a man meets your eyes, his eyes don't really focus at all. It's when he's got to see into your mind that his weaker one shifts, converges sharply on the one of yours that corresponds to his strong one.

Brennan's brown eye stared, and absently he fumbled for cigarettes.

"Keep your hands still," said Uncle Ben. "I ain't goin' to hurt you, not if you come clean with me, and do it quick. I'm tired. I ain't got a word to say about you promotin' a revolution; that's up to the gover'ment of Vizcaya. I don't give a durn about you makin' your own company pay to keep your own rebels from burnin' your own wells; that's up to the Consolidated. But when you try to hang a murder on my partner, that's personal.

"Brennan, what do you know about Rufo del Valle?"

"Not a great deal," said Brennan. "He came here the night he fought with Pressley. A bit frantic, you know. He seemed to feel that Pressley's technic was unorthodox, not to say unethical. And the old gentleman had been harsh with him, I gathered. Altogether ——"

"Where did he go from here?"

"To New York, I believe. At least he begged a chance to work his passage on one of our tankers that happened to be sailing."

"What for?"

"To see the world, I gathered. Seemed rather fed up on parental discipline."

"Turn around," said Uncle Ben. "Keep your hands away from your pockets. Go inside. I got to sit down."

I felt like sitting down myself, I won't deny. Quite a fellow, Brennan! He spoke so quietly, courteously, frankly, that it seemed almost reasonable—what he had done.

"How much did you give him for the ring?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Too much," said Uncle Ben. "What for?"

"Little enough," said Brennan lightly, "on which to see the world."

"You made him promise not to write?"

"Naturally."

"Yeah," said Ben Murchison grimly. "Why did you want his papa to think he was dead?"

"I don't mind telling you," said Brennan, "now. I hoped it might weaken his sentimental attachment for La Caoba. I did my best to get Pressley out of the way—you'll grant me that. It's not my fault he came back. I'm truly sorry for the old gentleman's mental suffering. But ——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"But," said Uncle Ben, speaking softly, "you can bear up all right, long as you get the asphalt?"

"Put it that way," admitted Brennan, smiling.

"How do you figure on squarin' yourself with Zuñiga when he finds out that it was you that promoted the revolution?"

"I fancy his profits from the asphalt may soothe his righteous wrath. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"One thing," said Uncle Ben gently, "maybe you'd like to know. I done the trick you tried to do. I bought La Caoba yesterday, and I'm just as good an American citizen as you are British."

"Eh?" said Brennan, still-faced.

"Yeah," said Ben Murchison. "And recorded the deed. And turned the record

(Continued on Page 191)

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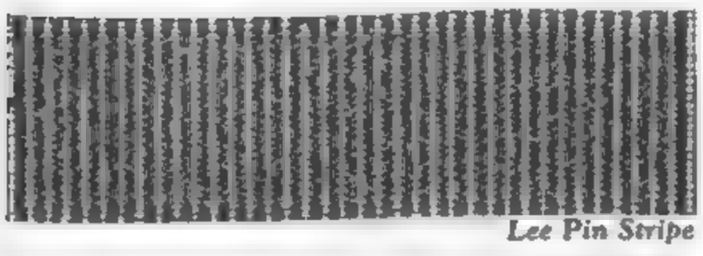
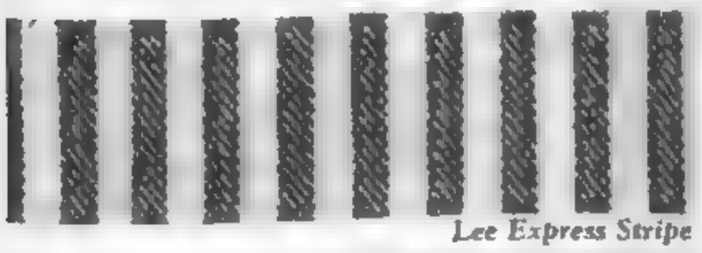
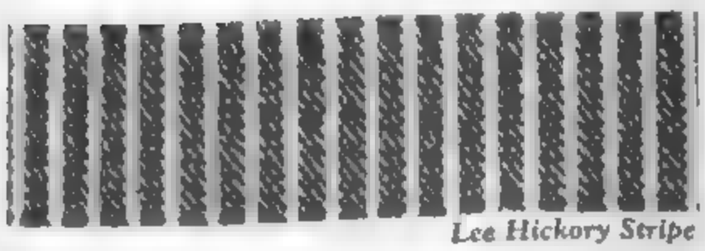
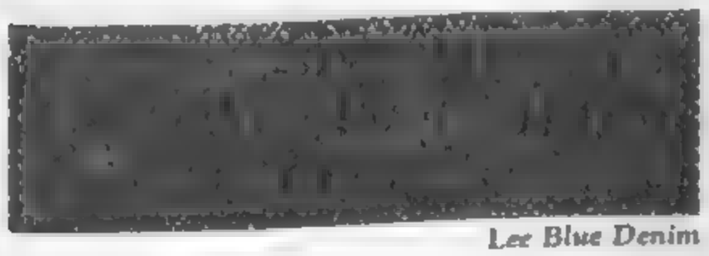

Lee Pin Stripe

Lee Herringbone Khaki


Lee Express Stripe

Lee Herringbone White


Lee Hickory Stripe


Lee Blue Denim

THE NEW LEE fabrics, perfected by Lee textile experts after months of research and experiment, are used only in Lee Union-Alls and Overalls. These new fabrics are 50% stronger than any work garment fabrics yet produced. They give 50% more wear to Lee work clothing.

The combination of these new fabrics with the many exclusive Lee features of design and construction, makes Lee the standard by which all other work clothing is judged. Lee leadership that originated the famous Lee Union-Alls, is now responsible for the most outstanding improvement in work garments in 50 years.

The new Lee Union-Alls and Overalls now being sold by dealers from coast to coast are the best value-giving garments on the market. They are snappy in appearance and comfortable because they are over-sized, yet perfectly proportioned throughout. They wear longer than ordinary good garments because of the new Lee 50% more wear fabrics, solid can't rust brass buttons, rip-proof buttonholes, triple-stitched seams, double-wear reinforced pockets and many other exclusive Lee features.

The Lee Guarantee

If you do not find the new Lee to be the most satisfactory and best value-giving garment you have ever worn, you can get a new pair or your money back. (Enclosed with every Lee Blue Ribbon garment.)

But only by seeing the new Lee garments can you fully appreciate them. It is impossible to describe the wonderful new fabrics. Feel them, then you can tell the difference. Note the construction features as well. Then you will know why the American workingman has proclaimed Lee the greatest work garment ever made.

In fairness to yourself, insist on Lee. Wear Lee. And once you wear a pair of Lee Union-Alls or Overalls, you never again will be satisfied with ordinary work clothing. You'll say with pride, "I wear the *new Lee*."

The H. D. Lee Mercantile Company

Kansas City, Missouri

TRENTON, N. J. SOUTH BEND, IND. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. SALINA, KANS.

*Boys' and girls' shoes as low as $2.50 to $3.50 (none more than $5), according to size and grade. Smaller sizes still less—$1.50 to $2. Look for the Endicott-Johnson trade-mark on the sole.

Fun and health for them —but tough on shoes and mother's pocketbook

Here are boys' and girls' shoes that defy active feet and mean fewer trips to the shoe store

THEY bounce out of bed like rubber balls. Downstairs and outdoors in no time. Active all day. And the healthier boys and girls are, the harder they are on shoes. It just seems that the family shopping list is forever calling for "new shoes for the children."

What's to be done? Nobody wants to curb youngsters' body-building activities. Buy longer-wearing shoes. That doesn't necessarily mean paying more for them. There is a real money-saving way: Buy Endicott-Johnson "Better shoes for less money."

We know how to build children's shoes

Endicott-Johnson shoes are made with an intimate understanding of what the average boy or girl does to shoes. We test different types —on active boys and girls. Select those which are strongest and most practical. Then we put all the wear, comfort, quality and fine looks into them that our thirty-five years' experience can give.

We tan leather in a special way for rough service. We make our own rubber soles and heels. We are careful, too, that these shoes are right up to the minute in styles and finishes. For we know how much a devoted mother loves to see her children look their best. Finally, we put into these shoes the earnestness of 17,000 trained E-J Workers. We give them special incentives toward good workmanship. They understand our policies; know what you expect in children's shoes.

Real value in these shoes

We honestly believe you cannot find a line of shoes the equal of

Endicott-Johnson shoes for the money.* Tomorrow—today—step into one of the 50,000 stores selling Endicott-Johnson shoes. Examine a pair. Try them out on your own children. Let actual use prove that here, indeed, are shoes that *wear* and ease the strain on your pocketbook.

If you don't know where Endicott-Johnson shoes can be bought in your locality, write to Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City, N. Y., or St. Louis, Mo.—Largest manufacturers of boys' and girls' shoes in the world.

1. EVERYBOY—Boys' sport Oxfords. Rich leather Crepe soles. For school, dress and sports wear.
2. WILDFIRE—Charming one-strap pumps for girls of school age. Blonde leather with India tan trim, on last that provides for growing feet
3. ENDWELL—Dressy calfskin Oxfords for boys who pride themselves on knack for picking winners. Brand new style. Note triangular eyelets
4. SCHOOL CHUM—Misses' patent-leather Charleston pumps. Champagne trim. Built from long-wearing leather on last that fits like a glove.

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

Better shoes for less money

(Continued from Page 188)

over to Captain McDonald so nothin' would happen to it. You and Mr. Zuñiga can go ahead and confiscate—and see what it gets you."

"Oh-h!" said Brennan, making two slow syllables of it.

I'd like to think my nerve would hold like that if I were on the losing end of such a gamble.

He looked suddenly tired—terribly tired; that was all.

"Brennan," said Uncle Ben, "however come you to be fool enough to double-cross a man like Johnny Hecht?"

"Not guilty. That was Zuñiga. He was afraid of Hecht."

"You," said Ben Murchison, "better be—from now on."

"Thanks," sighed Brennan. "I fancy you're right."

"How come you ever to hook up with a feller like Zuñiga?"

"You'll admit I tried everything else."

"Except," said Uncle Ben mildly, "mindin' your own business and playin' square with the company that pays you wages."

Just for a minute, then, the shell of Brennan's iron composure cracked. Now, looking back, I partly understand. Chunango is not a port you touch on pleasure tours. It is for practical purposes only; maybe you'll think of it the next time you buy gasoline at some convenient filling station. A lonely place; jungle behind it, empty sea in front, these black mushrooms of oil tanks squatting over it like monsters of a mechanical age with men for slaves; a place of sun and sand, of year-long heat and monotony that can warp the inner fiber of a man.

Brennan's fine lips writhed and his voice began to shake.

"The Consolidated? Oh, yes. Wages I've had. For the millions I've earned them. For the best years of my life. Wages! And once a year some fat mikado comes—one of your Yankee captains of industry, if you like—and does me the honor to be amazed that I've not forgotten how to live like a white man—and takes the next boat out! Let them try it on! Let them ——"

Once on a time, no doubt, Brennan had felt the glamour of the tropics too.

Yet if you put Chunango on the stage it would do admirably for a comic-opera setting—all but the oil tanks, too dominant, too practical. The tents of the marines were there, and the feathered jungle fringe behind thatched huts and sun-dried wooden houses, and the flat black beach and the dreaming loveliness of the moon; yes, even the vibrant throb of a guitar somewhere, and native women singing. On the stage you wouldn't feel the heavy, stifling heat, the slack-nerved weariness, the dull slow pounding of the surf that merges with the tom-tom beat of pulses in your brain.

Nothing romantic about it, I assure you. Too tired to rest, too hot to sleep. A sergeant of marines, lounging out the door of the bar of the long wooden bunk house they call hotel, mopped his brow and asked me if it was hot enough for me. Gabriel, squatting placidly by the wall, waited for me to tell him what to do next. I envied him.

He rumbled tentatively, "Señor?"

"Speak," I said listlessly.

"Do we return now to the United States?"

Dully I said we did. Dully I thought of Milo, Indiana—wondering if I was wanted for manslaughter there; wondering if that fellow with the fractured skull in Woodrow's place had died.

"I am glad," said Gabriel. This huge humble fellow—he liked the memory of Milo because it gave him food for wonder; already he forgot how lonely he had been there. Fool!

Rita came out into the moonlight. The sergeant said gallantly, "Ah, señorita!" She put her hand on my arm; he grinned, "Excuse *me*, buddy!" and philosophically lighted a cigarette.

"Don Howar', you—you will help us find my brother?"

Dully I said I would. I knew her thought; to her the northern world was vast, a trackless wilderness of strangers. But to me ——

"Tonight," she said, "my father is not sad; he can think only that my brother lives. But tomorrow ——"

Tomorrow the miracle of his son's life would be commonplace again; and Don Fernando was too old to be a wanderer. Eh, well! Maybe, at least, Milo would be kind to old Ben Murchison. It wasn't much he wanted. He didn't care a hang about a fortune; but he'd give four dollars if there was some place, anywhere on earth, that felt like home to him. Some place to rest.

Men toiling up and down the earth, their eyes on the horizon that recedes forever, on the tomorrow that lies always just inside the blank and soundless future. Chasing illusions; like squirrels in a cage, going nowhere. And all it came to in the end was—rest. Too tired to run, yet dreaming still of something that is not a cage. Too tired to reach, yet tortured still by nameless needs. Able to see the distance behind the stars. Able to hear the aching call of minor harmonies, unfinished and unsatisfied. Able to feel the need of slender vital hands, the hidden glory of a woman's eyes, the loved dependence of her body and the strength of her deep woman's soul. Shut in the prisons of separate selves, able to speak only with groping words.

"For him," said Rita—"for my father, for my mother, I am sorry. They will be lost, unhappy till we find a haven somewhere. But for me ——"

Her face was lifted to the far horizon and the distant moon; I saw her eyes, dark, almost black—gray like the storm clouds on Vizcayan hills, shadowed with weariness. I prompted her: "For thee?" Her soft lips parted and she drew a long slow breath before her eyes came to me, smiling; in their depths the fires of courage burned.

"Come what may," she said, "I shall be free a little from the walls I know. And afterward I shall have something to remember. . . . Howar' ——"

Her soft voice trailed into hesitancy and silence; but for me there was no sense of interruption. I knew what she was saying and could answer even as she spoke. A man does not live always shut within himself, need not depend on words alone. There was a thing that she had learned that day, a simple thing, yet hard to put a name to. Toiling shoulder to shoulder—her body had been precious to me and my bulk could help her when her own strength failed.

"I am glad, glad, glad to be a woman!" said Rita del Valle.

Oh, not aloud. A guitar was throbbing somewhere in the shadows, metal strings vibrant on a wooden box, and untutored women singing—crooning, barbaric harmonies and a throbbing, aching rhythm, kin to the mighty tom-tom of the surf and to the stars. I knew her mouth was sweet, but I didn't know how I knew until a plaintive drawl recalled me to reality.

"Have a heart, buddy!" said the sergeant of marines.

XL

EH, WELL! What is reality? Take Rufo del Valle. It must have been a dull week when we landed in New York. The Sunday feature writers leaped on this latest resurrection of Gen. Ben Murchison, the indestructible soldier of fortune. They enlarged on the superstition of his charmed life. They fished his forgotten career out of the newspaper morgue. They recorded his discovery of the biggest lake of asphalt in the world—it isn't—and his delivery of a Vizcayan princess; it made no difference to them that it was Rita's uncle, not her father, who had been king once for about a minute; they even credited her with descent from the Incas, lords of Peru. Not

(Continued on Page 193)

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☐ Hudson, 1924-26
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Hotel Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio
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Hotel Statler	St. Louis, Mo.
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The Brown Palace	Denver, Colo.
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A favorite drink

Especially delightful for a long cool drink is Welch's with ginger ale. Fill tumblers one-third to one-half with Welch's, then fill with ginger ale.

PURE FRUIT JUICE *from* FRESH RIPE GRAPES

(Continued from Page 191)

that she cared; those lurid yarns brought Rufo himself to our hotel—a timid, shabby, down-at-the-heel Rufo, a penitent and homesick Rufo, who had not found New York the gorgeous city of his dreams.

He had, in fact, nearly starved before he'd found an unskilled job, picking tobacco stems in a Cuban cigar factory on Second Avenue. New York had stunned him, crushed him. Even working his passage on the tanker had not proved a lark exactly.

And yet

This was five years ago. You should hear Rufo talk about it now—this handsome young Vizcayan grandee, lording it over his young peers because he knows that roaring northern city, fabulous to them. A brave adventure. And he has built a picture in his mind how his tall Yankee brother-in-law swept through Vizcaya like a scourge of God, freeing the land from the grip of the Galician. With appropriate gestures he will tell you how marvelously I fenced with Ramon Zuñiga and ran him through and broke the heart of that terrible old paralytic, his father, so that he died.

It makes no difference to Rufo that he himself, fencing with me, can touch me almost as he pleases. It makes no difference that Teófilo Zuñiga was long past the age when most men die anyway. That's Rufo's story and he sticks to it

Take Milo, Indiana. I remember when I called up Harry Willis, county prosecutor, by long-distance from New York. I had to know. You can imagine it was an anxious moment for me; but Harry's voice broke into ribald laughter.

"Hello," it cried, "you ring-tailed fire eater! Is this straight goods about you in the paper? Are you —— Huh? Oh, that fellow you cracked in Woodrow's place? No, come on home and try again; I've got him on my hands now for a hijacking job. Are you going to give us a look at your princess? Are you going to sell stock to ——"

I had disgraced myself in Milo by getting mixed up in a fracas with gamblers and hijackers west of the railroad; yet now, because I'd been mixed up in greater violence, for a greater stake, farther from home, that minor scandal had become merely funny. The hair of the dog, they say ——

Take old Ben Murchison. He liked Milo at once; you know, he liked to talk, and Milo liked to listen to those quaint romantic yarns of his adventurous career. Gus Hardy got him to address the Rotary Club on the—you know—romance of the tropics; but mostly he talked about Milo. Not the reality of it, the everyday business of making Milo a bigger and better city; they knew all that. No, he showed them the distant picture. How it looked to him, who had no roots fixed anywhere. What it had meant to me—a friendly town, a peaceful, homelike town—distant in time and space.

The Rotary Club stood up and yelled, and told me fervently that he was a wonderful old man. Well, it was true. He was.

And what he said was true. A good town, Milo; it grows. For nearly four years he was content to potter around the Grove Hill addition, chewing the rag impartially with buyers and builders and workmen; he liked them all. It was not till 1924 the summer we read of Johnny Hecht's inglorious end, that he began to get tired of Milo; familiar with it, so that it offered no new pictures to his mind. He began to hint about going with me on my semiannual trip to Vizcaya—you know, just to see how the tropics felt once more.

But I discouraged that. For one thing, he was getting feeble, though he wouldn't admit it. His tough old body had traveled hard trails too long. And for another, I knew he'd be disappointed.

Vizcaya isn't the place it used to be. Oh, the hills are there; changeless, immense and calm and beautiful. But La Caoba is no longer distant from the world. There's quite a road to Tolosaya and Chunango now, and a sawmill working in the valley—not ours—and quite a village by the asphalt lake, and the steel towers of the tram down to the beach. The mail comes every other day. Peter Brennan is forgotten in Chunango, and old Zuñiga is dead.

He made trouble, by the way, with practically his last breath. That was in 1921. He didn't try to break our purchase, but he got President Alba to issue the decree of confiscation with the idea of seizing the annual payments. He could have done it too. But Zuñiga died, and Alba's a weak-kneed old scoundrel. I hope he lives a long time. The next man may not be so easy to get on with. Eh, well! That's something to think about.

But there's nothing down there now but just a job. I knew how tame it would seem to Uncle Ben; so I worked a shenanigan to dissuade him. I reminded him that Rita and the youngster were going with me, to visit the old folks, and asked him who was going to look after Alice Dowling while he was gone.

"Le's take her with us," said he.

"All right," I said, "if she wants to go."

So he called her and asked her. Unfairly, I caught her eye and shook my head—needlessly too. She didn't want him to go; and what she wanted of Ben Murchison, she got.

Solemnly, winking aside at me, she said she'd go

"That is," she said, "if you want to. But I've got dates for the first three Town Club dances"

"All," I said with a dark glance at Uncle Ben, "with Andy?"

"No, only the first and third."

"Look here, young 'un," said the stern Murchison, "you ain't big enough to have a steady beau yet. You break one of them dates and go with some other feller. Hear me!"

"Yes, sir," said Alice meekly. "Then you'll stay home?"

"I dassent turn my back," grumbled the guardian of proprieties.

He never gave a hang about the money he got out of Vizcayan Asphalt, except that it could make a Wonderland for Alice Dowling

It was the following spring—quite peacefully, so far as anybody knows—that Gen. Ben Murchison, soldier of fortune, came to the last horizon men can know—alone, as he had traveled most of the way. He was sitting on the porch of our house in Grove Hill, and children were playing on the lawns below. I thought he was asleep until I touched him.

Ben Murchison wasn't there; only the worn-out body of him—this tired old warrior in his comfortably shabby black civilian clothes, his chair tipped placidly against the wall, his freckled hands placidly clasped across his middle. Just so he used to sit, remembering, conjuring up long trains of pictures for me. Where were those pictures now? What—what had become of all he did and was?

Well . . . Part of it I remember: it has become a part of me. No man can live one life alone. His life was woven into many lives—turned them a little in the pattern, or was turned. More than a little mostly; there was a deep, calm force in him you never realized—till afterward. You underestimated him because he seemed so mild, because he talked so easily. Why was he mild? Because he wanted nothing for himself. Why was he talkative? Because he wanted you to see the pictured trails he knew—deep colors and bold, rugged lines, the record of a fearless seeking.

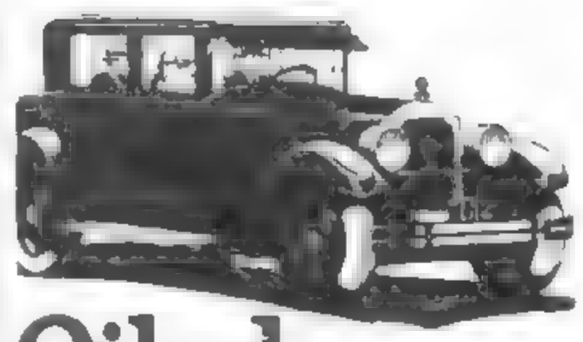
What vision did he follow? Who am I that I should even dare to guess? I, who was born practical; whose first instinctive thought is, "What am I going to get out of this?"

But I've learned a thing from him. I've learned to sit aside sometimes, as I do now, remembering. What is reality? Days and events go by in swift procession, like random beads along the string of time, not one of them ever to be seen before it comes; not one of them ever to be held as it goes by; but sometimes, looking back, a man can see a pattern spreading.

The panorama widens, looking back. Maybe that's it; maybe it's life that moves, toiling, groping, questing into the hidden future—into reality that does not change. Travelers all, exploring, adventuring—into that timeless country where the old men live, whose name is memory.

(THE END)

Sunset on the Ohio, Near Louisville, Kentucky



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The Razor That Sharpens Itself

THE OLD PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 7)

locked in an attitude of static impatience, made him tremble

"*Excellenz*, that is what we have heard. But we could not believe it. I would not have taken any notice, but I was afraid I did not want any misunderstanding After all, authority is authority I, as *Burgermeister*, understand that "

The soldier glanced at him—one sharp, ironical glance, and the speaker faltered. "I mean—I understand—my time of office I did not want any conflict. I wished to work with you to keep the peace. Since nothing can help us, we wish to do our best. That is why we have come so that the matter should be clear."

"It is clear "

The *Bürgermeister's* mouth opened. It stayed open and began to tremble oddly, like that of a child on the verge of tears. But the Herr Doktor Menzel nodded and rubbed his hands as though he were congratulating everybody on a satisfactory case. He was very old and hadn't heard clearly.

"You see," he chirped—"you see, I told you so. What an unnecessary fuss! In these days we are all civilized, decent people. I told you it would be all right."

They tried to silence him, tugging him by the sleeve and whispering in his ear. They knew they ought not to have brought him, but he had been on the council for years and had done no harm. Therefore it had seemed cruel to leave him out. Besides, he was a gentleman, a university man, not a rough peasant like themselves, and the general would surely be impressed. But the general measured him with a restrained contempt.

"Perhaps it is time you people understood your position once and for all. By the treaty you have become subject to the Italian Government. Your suggestion that you should celebrate your resistance to our arms is therefore a piece of insolence that you would be wise not to repeat."

"*Excellenza* ——"

The soldier brought his fist crashing on the table. "My father was shot by your people for less," he said. "Now you can go."

They shuffled their feet. They wanted to go. They were terrified—they hardly knew at what. Something about this iron old man broke them, so that if he had lifted his fist, resting clenched and hard as a block of stone on the table, they would have winced. But the *Bürgermeister* held his ground desperately.

"*Excellenza*, it is our dead we honor."

"Ah, yes, the men who killed our men—my men up there on the Königsberg—my son, for that matter. Excellent! Evidently you have a sense of humor. . . . Now get out of here. You have had my answer. I am in full authority for the time being and you are under martial law. You know, I suppose, what that means."

"*Si, si, Excellenza.*"

They ducked obsequiously. But the *Bürgermeister* had grown suddenly quite calm. It was as though he had come out of terrifying doubt and darkness into some place where he was not afraid because he knew that nothing mattered any more.

"Forgive me, *Excellenza*, I don't think you understand. Our sons died for the fatherland as yours did. It seems they were beaten, but they did their best. They gave all they had. There are no young men left in Windstättl, *Excellenza*—only us old people. I do not speak of my own sons—I will not speak of myself at all. I think perhaps it is of no great consequence what you and I decide or what happens to us two. In a very few years the dust will be over everything. But there are those in this town who will feel your order, *Excellenza*, as though it slew their children a second time. I am thinking of old Andreas Hofner and his wife. *Excellenza*, all their boys went—five in one year. We thought at first they would lose their minds. If they had not felt that their boys had died gloriously, their hearts would surely have broken. Even now they don't understand and we dare not tell them. For a whole year Andreas has worked at his shield. It is a fine thing, *Excellenza*—even you would say so—a thing to touch the heart. He is a great craftsman, our Andreas. He carved the crucifix that stands at the head of the pass. Your Excellency must have seen it."

The general motioned to the sentry. "Get these men out."

"*Excellenza*, they are very old, sad people. I dare not tell them. Think—five sons in one year—even the emperor telegraphed. It is only a little thing to allow them—a wooden shield."

The sentry came with his rifle crossed and began to push them along, hustling them with an emotionless insistence. They went like frightened sheep scrambling for the exit to their pen. But the *Bürgermeister* stood quietly at his place, his head bent meditatively, and when the sentry touched him he made a stern gesture so that the man involuntarily fell back from him. At the door he turned and bowed to the general, and the General Beppo Volpi, yielding to an instinct stronger than his purpose, touched his cap.

Outside, the deputation huddled together. It was very cold. An icy wind raced down the medieval little street. But it was not the wind that made their teeth chatter. They were unmanned and ashamed. They did not dare speak or look at one another.

It was market day. The street was full of peasants interlaced with *carabinieri* parading two and two like solemn twin dolls, and smart Italian officers with their caps at a rakish, victorious angle. Amidst so much movement and color, the deputation had a forlorn gray look like a group of prisoners who have been thrust out into the world and no longer know where to turn.

It was Gottfried Keller who said at last, "We must tell them. You will have to tell them, *Herr Bürgermeister*."

"I am not *Bürgermeister* any more, Herr Keller, and I will not tell them."

"Who will then?"

"God knows, I cannot." He clenched his hands. "Let them find out for themselves what men are made of," he added bitterly.

The Herr Doktor Menzel plucked at his sleeve. "Gentlemen, I will tell them. Who has more right to such a task? Didn't I bring their five sons into the world?"

"Yes, that is true. Let the Herr Doktor tell them."

They sighed their relief. No doubt it was true that he was a little mad, the Herr Doktor, but he was kind and had skillful hands. He would break Andreas Hofner's heart and the heart of Maria his wife very, very gently.

II

HE HAD forgotten. He knew that he had forgotten. For two whole days he had known, and now he stood at the door of Andreas Hofner's house, plucking his lips with trembling fingers and making little moaning sounds under his breath like someone in torment. It was terrible. He remembered how eager he had been. He had pushed himself forward, determined to show them all that he still counted for something; and they had trusted him, and for an hour or so he had gone about with his head up, feeling resolute and confident again. Then a kind of drowsy mist had settled on his brain and he had forgotten.

Of course he should have gone frankly to Johann Kirsch and told the truth. But he was too ashamed. Once upon a time he had been the cleverest man in Windstättl and people had looked up to him and asked his advice. Now they shook their heads and said, "He forgets, poor old fellow—he forgets everything." And he could not bear it. He would rather have died than to have gone to them and said, "I have forgotten."

(Continued on Page 197)

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The Personal Writing Machine

(Continued from Page 194)

Everything seemed to combine together to trouble him. The Sunday morning was so still—so very strangely still. It was as though everyone had deserted him. Except for the inevitable *carabinieri*, who paraded slowly backward and forward, looking about them with puzzled, doubtful eyes, the streets were empty. The windows of the houses had kept their shutters closed. Even the church bells were silent. There was an air of desolate mourning as though the little town covered its face with its hands and wept.

The Herr Doktor did not understand. Perhaps it was the threat of a storm that kept the people hidden. Certainly there was a queer gray light over the Königsberg, whose final peak stood up like a finger against the livid sky. Yes, there was snow coming. But the people of Windstattl were not afraid of snow. He shook his head and rapped timidly. Perhaps when he saw the Hofners everything would come back.

Maria Hofner opened the door to him. At first he was so astonished that he couldn't speak. Why, she had been married in that dress! Queer that he should remember so vividly something that belonged to forty years back and couldn't remember what people had said to him only two days ago. But there it was; he remembered every detail. The light embroidered bodice and full flowered skirt, the close-fitting beaded headdress, such as the Windstattl women had worn in the Herr Doktor's youth, were more familiar to him than his own shrunken hands. But they made her unfamiliarly gnarled and small and twisted. The dress was so new, as though it had been laid out on the bride's bed only yesterday, and she was so old. For one grisly moment the Herr Doktor thought that the whole of his life had been a dream and that at the touch of some evil magic Andreas Hofner's pretty wife had withered in her bridal clothes.

He became more confused. He could see that her bright, birdlike eyes were peeping past him anxiously, right down the street, seeking for someone.

"Na, na, Herr Doktor, it wasn't you we expected. But never mind. Come inside, and the others will be along presently."

"Presently—presently," the Herr Doktor murmured.

He followed her into the living room. There, too, something had happened—something solemn and touching. The room had been cluttered with life, with a turmoil and struggle of hard-won existence—the birth of children, their tears, their laughter, farewells, unspoken anxiety, crushing grief and stoic silences. Sometimes it had seemed to the old doktor that he could see the ghosts of all the room had witnessed—that the very walls had been impregnated with voices and unheard sighing.

But now the place was empty, swept and garnished as for the coming of some great event. The copper pots and pans gleamed on the walls. The oak table, drawn up in the corner under the crucifix, gleamed like a dark, empty mirror. The clock ticked solemnly. Life had been put away. It was like a church, austere and hushed. And set against the wall, facing the door, as if in welcome, was the carved shield of the Windstättl memorial.

Ah, yes, the memorial. The Herr Doktor remembered now—dimly. Of course. They were to hang the shield today on the wall of the *Rathaus*. They had been on a deputation to the Italian general about it and the Italian general had said—what had he said? The Herr Doktor groaned secretly. It was as though a gust of wind had blown to the door of his mind, and though he might fling himself against it pitifully, it would not yield. He had to stand outside, shivering and helpless.

But it couldn't go on. He had to say something. He could see how puzzled they were. The old woman was watching him with her head a little on one side, and he imagined that there was a look on her wizened face as though she knew the thing he couldn't remember and was afraid. And Andreas himself was watching—waiting for the solemn, tremendous thing to happen.

The Herr Doktor remembered him as a slim handsome young man, but he had grown stout and heavy, and the Tyrolean wedding dress didn't fit him any more. He might have been comic—an old man masquerading—but there was an earnest, touching dignity about him. The Herr Doktor had to turn away. He felt dazed and sick with his uncomprehending pity.

"Well, well, that's fine—that's fine," he stammered. "A grand piece of work. Yes, indeed. You must be very proud, Andreas."

"Are they coming the others?" Andreas asked. "They were to have been here by now. I was getting anxious. I thought, 'Suppose there should have been some mistake. Suppose those Italian scoundrels ——' Why—why do you look like that, Herr Doktor?"

"It is nothing—nothing at all," the Herr Doktor declared cheerfully. Somebody behind the closed door had whispered to him, but so faintly he couldn't hear. He went across to the carved shield and ran his shaking hand over its polished surface. "Yes, most beautiful, most touching, as the Herr Bürgermeister said; a thing to move the hardest heart."

"Did he say that?"

"Indeed he did. . . . Perhaps—perhaps in a moment I shall remember something more."

"Ei, Kirsch is a good fellow," Andreas Hofner murmured. He stood in an attitude of perplexity, his hand clenched in his thick gray hair. "But why does he keep us waiting? The bishop is to give the blessing in half an hour. They are cutting it pretty fine, those fellows. And how quiet everything is. No one in the streets. I thought ——" He glanced about him confusedly, as though for a moment he doubted the reality even of his own surroundings. "I had thought somehow ——"

His wife shuffled over to him. She slipped her withered arm through his and fixed the Herr Doktor with her strange penetrating look that seemed to say, "Take care—take great care what you do to him."

"Perhaps they sent the Herr Doktor with a message," she suggested. "Perhaps all the people are waiting outside the *Rathaus*. Is that what you were to tell us, Herr Doktor?"

He nodded eagerly. He felt grateful to her. She couldn't open the door, but she could make him see what was perhaps beyond it. And somehow old Andreas frightened him. He had the tense, strained look of someone balanced on the edge of a precipice who daren't look down for fear of what he shall see.

"That's it—that's it exactly. The streets are so crowded—to tell you the truth I was all confused—I am not so young any more—I had to fight my way through ——"

"And the band—is there a band playing?"

"All the time, all the time—the band from Eulensee. Fine fellows they are, playing for all they're worth."

"Do you hear them, Maria?"

"Yes, yes; now I can just hear them."

She and the old doctor listened to the silence. Andreas Hofner sighed. His glance wandered to the clock, ticking solemnly among the shadows.

"We should be going," he said restlessly. "I don't understand. They were to have come for me. Four men from the *Schutzverein* were to have carried the shield."

"Perhaps if the Herr Doktor could remember his message ——" she insisted. "Perhaps he was sent to fetch us." She said distinctly, under her breath, "Tell me! What is it? What is the matter? Why don't they come?" But he could only stare back helplessly. How could he say to her, "I have forgotten"? And perhaps it was true. Perhaps he had come to fetch them. If only it had not been for that rising, breathless pity in him as though someone behind the closed door of his mind knew and wept.

"Yes, that's just it. I was to fetch you. At the last moment things had to be

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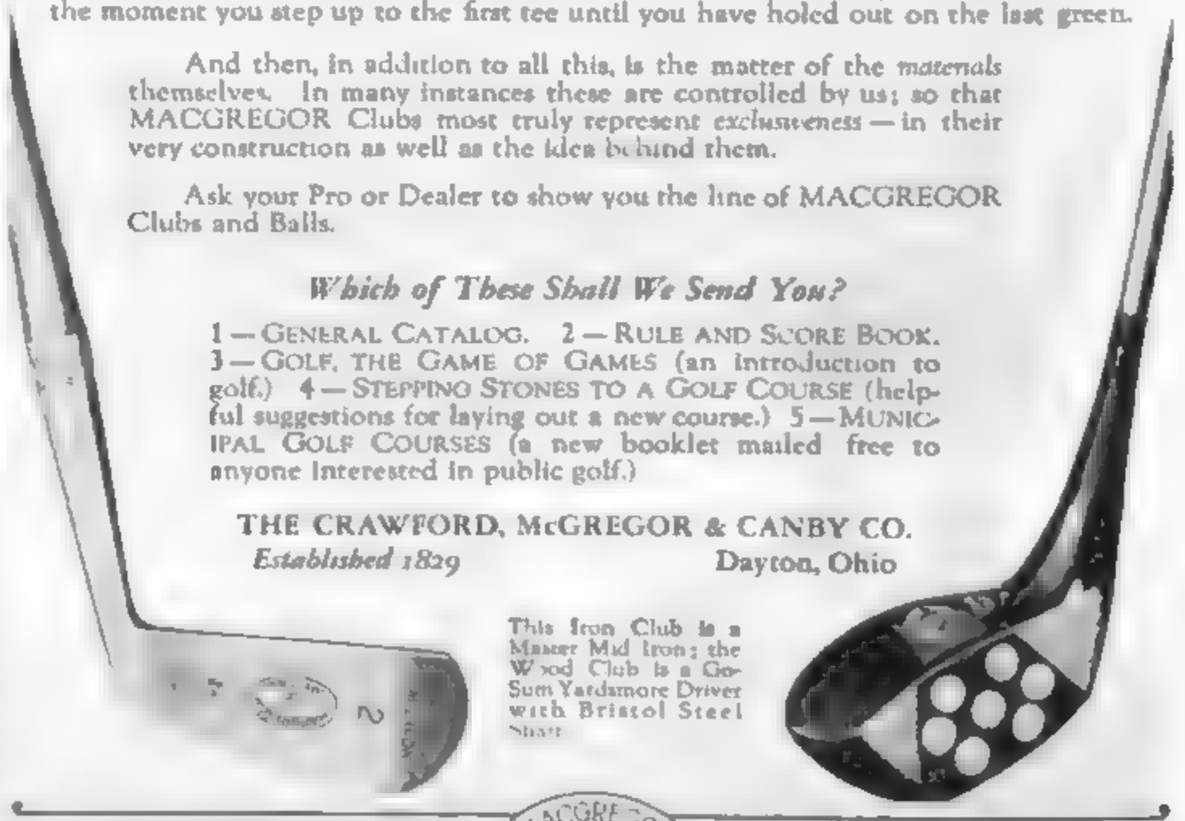

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changed. It was the Italian general. He said things had to be changed. I can't explain now. But we ought to go" He drew out his watch. For two days, in his misery, he had forgotten to wind it, and he stared at its dead face with unseeing eyes. "Yes, yes, Andreas, we ought to go."

The old man sighed again. "I had thought it would be different," he said wistfully. He picked up the shield and set it heavily, sadly on his shoulders. "Open the door, Maria."

The Herr Doktor went out behind them. The street was full of a gray, penetrating cold. Yes, snow was coming. He felt his knees giving way under him. Something was going to happen—something quite terrible. These two old people were walking straight to meet it and he ought to stop them. But if he said "Don't go," he would have to explain that he was a poor old man who had lost his wits, and he couldn't bear it. The tears came into his eyes and he rubbed them back with his knuckles. It was pitiable to be so old.

"The windows are all closed," Andreas Hofner said. "And there are no flags. Why are there no flags, Herr Doktor?" But he was so accustomed to not hearing he did not notice that they did not answer. Presently he asked again, "Can you hear the bands now, Maria?"

"Yes—yes, indeed. They are growing louder, Andreas." But she fell back, plucking at the doktor's sleeve. "What has happened? In the name of God, what is happening?"

He had to reassure her. "Nothing—nothing—I give you my word." But it was of no good. He felt how his face lost its composure and broke up like the face of an unhappy child. He turned away from her. "I don't know—I tell you I don't know."

Andreas Hofner's house lay on the outskirts of the town, and they made their way through narrow twisting alleys toward the Kaiserstrasse, which was now the Corso Emmanuel. A wind was rising and came down from the mountains in short, cruel gusts that nearly carried them off their feet.

"Winter and death," the Herr Doktor thought. "Winter and death." He couldn't think of anything else. Everything was old and dying—old Andreas there, bowed under his shield, and his little wife trotting at his heels—like a pathetic procession of things past and half forgotten. Even the two *carabinieri* stopped to look after them as though they, too, saw how queer and tragic they were—these three old people blown along by the wind.

But the street was empty.

A group of soldiers loitered in the archway of the *Rathaus*. They had been chattering with one another, but as they saw Andreas Hofner and his escort they fell silent and watched curiously. And as Andreas saw them he stopped short and set down his shield and looked about him. He saw the emptiness and the silence and his face, flushed with exertion, went ashen.

He said briefly, sternly, "You have been lying to me. Everybody has been lying to me."

"Andreas ——"

He shook her off. He said loudly to the listening soldiers, "I have come to set up the memorial to our dead heroes."

He advanced upon them, carrying his shield in front of him like a menacing old warrior. A little under-officer came out of the archway. He smiled good-humoredly, showing his strong white teeth, and gave an order, and three of the soldiers advanced and took the shield out of Andreas Hofner's hands. For a moment he seemed dazed, incapable of resistance. Perhaps he thought that after all they were to help him. Then he understood. With a shout of rage and anguish he fell upon them. But it was scarcely a struggle. He was old and there were so many. They actually laughed. Then it was all over. The street that for one moment had seemed on the verge of a violent, terrible awakening sank back into its frozen stupor. The eyes of the narrow steep-roofed houses closed tighter as though they would not see Andreas Hofner lying on the cobbles with his bleeding face on his wife's old breast.

The Herr Doktor was like a scarecrow blown hither and thither by the wind. He wrung his hands and wept, for now the door had opened and he remembered.

THEY had let the stove go out. The stove was the heart of the house, and now it was dead and they didn't even know. They didn't feel the bitter cold. They sat at the bare table, stern and sorrowful, like people who have been invited to a feast and have been made mock of. Their wedding clothes and the bloody scar across the old man's face and the glacial misery of the room made mock of them.

Andreas Hofner held his head up and stared sightlessly into the shadows and his wife watched him. Her hands were folded in her lap in an attitude of stoic patience as though she were waiting for him to come to the end of his thoughts. She was so still. Life had carved so many lines into her shrunken face that it had become as expressionless as a death mask. She might have been a little old Buddha sitting there, frozen into a static resignation. But her eyes glowed. They stared out from their deep hollows like indefatigable sentries from a ruined watchtower.

The *Bürgermeister* looked from one to the other of them. From the moment he had come in no one had spoken. Maria Hofner had opened the door to him without greeting and had gone back to her place as though to resume some grave act of contemplation. More than ever the place was like a church—but a church that had been desecrated and despoiled.

It was so cold that the *Bürgermeister* did not even turn down the collar of his coat. He stood there, looming huge and misshapen against the pale lamplight, and seemed afraid to speak. The wind had gone down, and outside and within the house was a muffled, deathly silence. Every movement—the creak of some old board, the stiff rustle of the *Bürgermeister's* leather coat as he put his hand in his pocket, had the quality of some portentous footstep.

"That is all I have left," he said. He laid something metallic on the table. "They would have taken it from me if they had known, but I had a fancy to keep it. I meant to take it with me where I am going, but it may be that you will know what to do. They have set your shield in the Council Chamber, Andreas, and in the summer the tourists will pay their lires to have a look at it. There are things one cannot bear, so I am going away. That is all I have to give you, my old friend."

He waited a moment. Though he could not have heard it, the metal click of the key on the bare table had seemed to run through the old man like a shock of electricity. Then he fell back into his former sightless brooding. But the black eyes of Maria, his wife, fastened themselves on the *Bürgermeister's* gift. She did not move. It was queer how fiercely alive and vital she seemed sitting there in her utter immobility. The *Bürgermeister* did not even give them his hand.

"*Gott segne Euch*," he said. Opening the door, he stood for a moment looking back at them as though he were impressing some bitter memory on his mind. Then he was gone. A gust of wind swirled round the room and buffeted the untended lamp, whose flame, struggling pitifully for life, flickered and went out. But the darkness had a luminous quality of its own. It seeped through the window in a pale gray tide. In it the two motionless figures grew distinct—enlarged and even ominous.

Presently Maria Hofner leaned forward. She laid her hand over the key and fondled it and pressed it against her breast. She seemed to commune with it. She took it with her to the window and held it out into the strange uncertain light. Then she called, very softly and insistently, as though she were afraid of waking him too suddenly, "Andreas—Andreas."

(Continued on Page 201)

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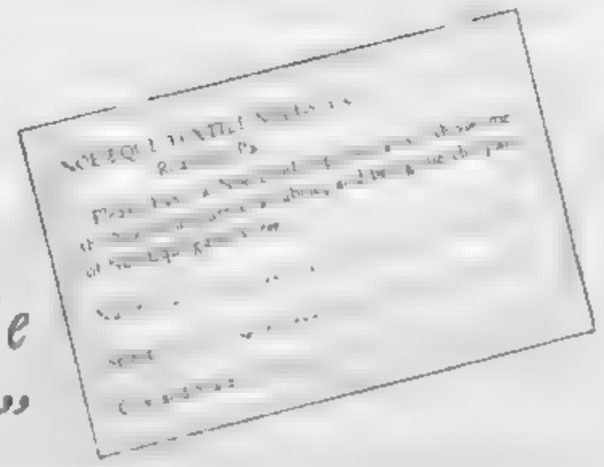

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Foreseeing this, 12 years ago, the original Boyce Moto Meter was made to be placed *on the radiator cap directly in the driver's line of vision.* To see the road you must see the Boyce Moto Meter.

There it stands today a constant guardian of 8,000,000 motors, signalling 15 to 20 minutes in advance, the dangers of overheating which mean expensive repair bills. At any altitude the noticeable rise of the Boyce Moto Meter will always enable you to detect motor trouble.

Universal Model—$7.50

NOTE: *We also manufacture Boyce Moto Meters for dashboard or steering column installation. Thousands of these are now in use on automobiles and U. S. Army and Navy aeroplanes. Whatever type of heat indicator you prefer, you can obtain it in a genuine Boyce Moto Meter.*

But the Boyce Moto Meter is even more than the perfect heat indicator. Its unique combination of beauty and downright utility makes it not merely a radiator ornament of the moment, but the permanent mark of the driver who is kind to his motor.

It is a staunch, foolproof instrument requiring no adjustment and never getting out of order. It outlives any car.

The Boyce Moto Meter is used by nearly half of the drivers in America. It is made in America and in five foreign factories to meet a world-wide demand.

Your dealer has Boyce Moto Meters for every type of car—at various prices—$3.50 to $15.00—in different designs.

BOYCE MOTO METER

THE MOTO METER COMPANY, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., THE MOTO METER COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Hamilton, Ontario

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(Continued from Page 198)

He came at once, heavily, like someone hypnotized, and stood beside her. From the window they looked straight across empty fields to the mountains and the cemetery and their dead sons. They could see nothing, and yet they waited as though at any moment they might see everything. A few flakes of snow that were advance guards of the coming storm fluttered down from the vague and shifting clouds. Slowly, dramatically, the moon rode into space and for one intense minute they saw the Königsberg, white and terribly magnified, blazing amidst a crown of stars.

Then moon and stars went out. The living peaks became ghosts. It was dark again. Andreas Hofner turned away. It seemed that he had come at last to the end of his thoughts—that he knew now what he should do.

"Light the lamp," he ordered.

She obeyed. Though she was so bent and her fingers were twisted and swollen, she could be very nimble. The light flickered back to life, warming the bitter air with its sickly yellow. Their shadows rose up behind the two old people, and ran up and down the walls and ceiling in sly, grotesque mimicry. Andreas Hofner took his greatcoat from a cupboard, and a coil of rope. He drew his fur cap down over his ears, and the giant behind him lifted his hands too, as though in benediction.

"Give me the lantern."

She was wrapping herself in her shawls. "I am coming with you, Andreas."

"You cannot. You do not know where I am going."

"I know, and I am very strong. I can help. I can carry the lantern. They were mine too, Andreas."

He stared at her fixedly. She was close to him, and suddenly he put out his arm and drew her roughly against his breast. It was the first movement of tenderness he had made for many years. Even when Fritzchen had gone, he had only patted her shoulder. Their life had been so hard. And there was something terrible, devastating, in that breakdown of their stoicism. They did not know what to do. They did not know how to kiss each other. Their dry lips fumbled against each other's cheeks. They clasped each other with stiff frantic arms. They began to cry, but they did not know how to cry. Their harsh uneven sobs seemed to tear them and the darkened room to pieces. All the sorrow that had been locked up in silence through the years had burst through the narrow breach of that first gesture. It seemed as though they could never stop—never let go. Only little by little, like a dying storm, they grew quiet, drawing away from each other, back into their stern customary loneliness. He patted her gently.

"Na, na, *Allerchen*."

They did not speak again. Across the sleeping silence of the town they heard the *Rathaus* clock strike. Involuntarily, they stood still, counting the hours. Then Andreas Hofner turned out the light. She held open the door for him and followed him.

VI

IT HAD not been a pleasant evening. From some indefinable cause a cloud had hung over the dinner—a sort of somber ill temper, a dissatisfaction that had nearly ended in a quarrel. If it had not been for young Strozzi, who was a model of tactful persuasiveness, something really unfortunate might have happened. Oddly enough, the general himself had been unable to intervene. He had felt the storm gathering and had let go his customary iron hold over the younger men and gone with the tide. Not that he had made a sign. But within himself he had been a seething caldron of anger, irritability, sheer inexplicable unhappiness.

They had been celebrating the battle by which the regiment had finally regained the heights of the Königsberg—a dramatic celebration. It did not often fall to the luck of men to commemorate a victory months afterward under the very shadow of a height which they had won at such cost. The general himself had lost his son that night, and when they stood drinking to the memory of their dead they turned to him, standing stiff and inflexible at the head of the table, and drank to him.

They had drunk too much perhaps. Or perhaps already they had begun to chafe at the monotony of their garrison life. Windstättl, that had once seemed so great a prize, had dwindled to a sad little town, full of sad people who looked at you with uncomprehending hostility. At any rate it was Gabriel Vinzenzo, a scatterbrained lieutenant, who had said suddenly and loudly so that everyone had to hear him, "They say that old fellow lost five sons up there."

Everyone knew of whom he spoke. The officers' mess was held in the inn facing the *Rathaus* and most of the men present had witnessed the scene from the windows. It had been a good joke at the time. Some of them had been outraged at the insolent attempt, but the majority had laughed. What a ridiculous spectacle they had made—the three shabby little old people with their trumpery wooden shield, trying to defy the whole Italian Army. But now no one laughed. A heated argument started—or rather it was no argument, for everyone but young Vinzenzo said the same thing, but so passionately that men who were in agreement felt a sudden overwhelming dislike of one another. And Vinzenzo had been intolerably drunk.

He had said over and over again, stuttering and stammering, "Well, why—why shouldn't they have their d-d-damned memorial? They're dead, aren't they? I'd have hung it up with my own hands."

Strozzi had led this younger comrade away in the nick of time.

But after that the celebration went to pieces. And now the general stood alone on the steps of the *Gasthaus* and gave himself over to a bitter anger. He had wanted to have Vinzenzo arrested. It had only been because of the scandal—because, too, Vinzenzo had been his son's friend and had been with him when he died—that he had held back the order. But tomorrow he would take disciplinary measures. He would make Vinzenzo smart for his folly, for the evening's wretched debacle. Vinzenzo had insulted the dead. He had thrown a question at their glory, at their rights as victors.

It was as though, in his drunkenness, he had seen no difference between one dead man and another. If things like that were tolerated in the very stronghold of national honor, the crumbling of the whole splendid edifice was foredoomed. He would make an example—a stern, salutary example.

The resolution left him unappeased. He was restless—acutely, strangely unhappy. He was not subject to emotion. When they had brought him the news of his son's death, he had only nodded and gone on giving his orders. Men died and the lucky ones died fighting for a victorious cause. There had been nothing to regret. This impatience, this disquiet that he felt now was just a mood, passing, insignificant. It might mean that he was not so young any more and that he was tired. It might mean that he had drunk too much himself, so that his mind had lost its normal serenity. It might mean, too, that there was something in all this talk of an after life and that tonight dead men were marching through the streets—battalions of them, silent, spectral hosts, blowing their voiceless bugles, screaming to meet other dead men his dead—up there on the frozen heights and to enact again that last culminating struggle.

He gibed ironically at his own fancifulness. Yet he could not quite shake himself free from it. The street itself would not let him. It was empty and silent. Yet there was something happening. The ancient houses, their steep roofs pulled down over their shadowy eyes, were watching intently whatever it was passed between them. Through the pale uncertain moonlight

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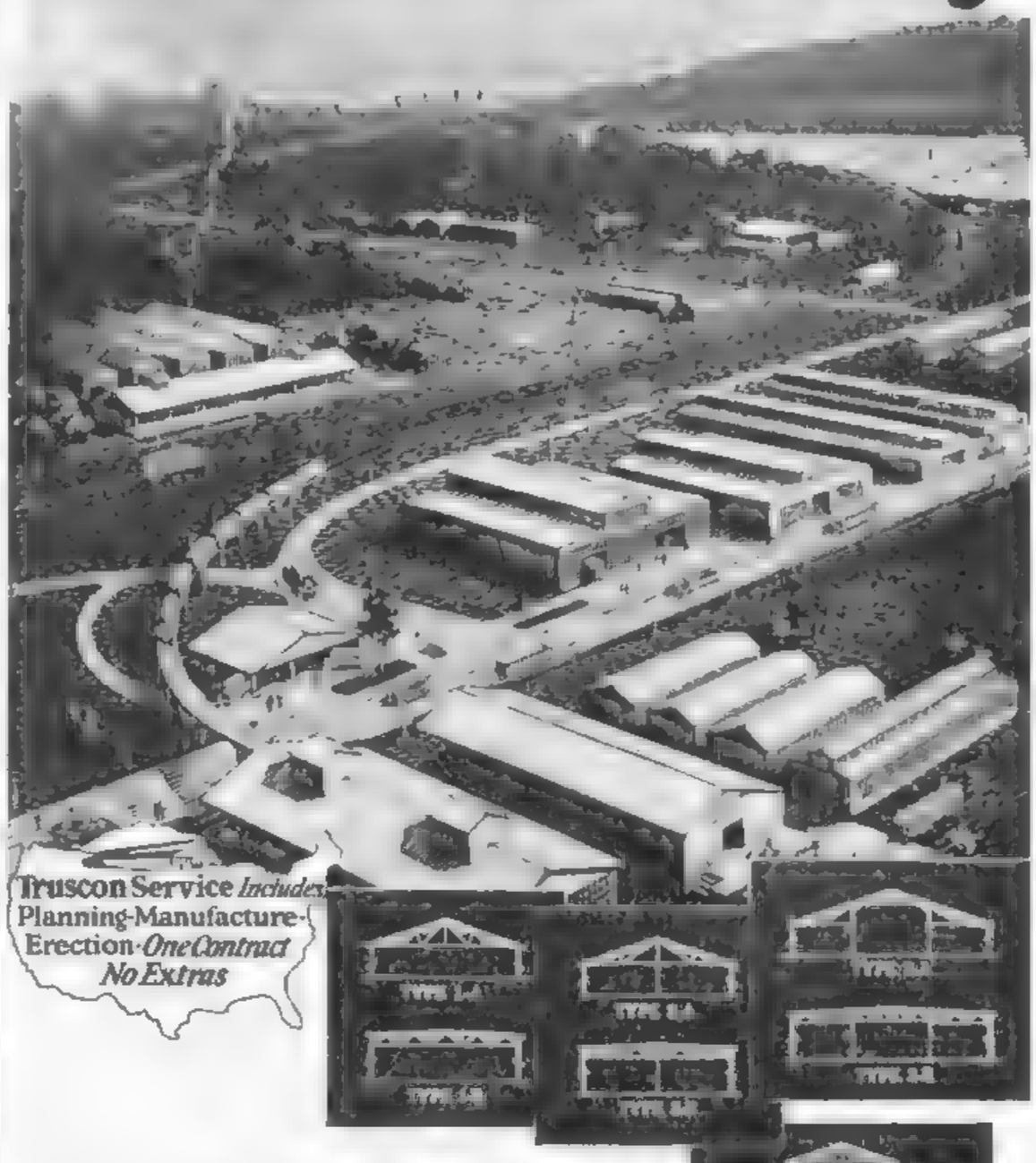

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FRAMES

snowflakes fluttered down like the forerunners of an approaching army. Nothing else moved. And yet the life was there.

A red eye opened suddenly in the dead face of the *Rathaus* opposite. It seemed to rest on General Beppo Volpi, to fix him with a menacing yet anxious curiosity, as though the forces of invisible activity had discovered his alien presence and had sent someone to inquire, "Who is that man?" And for a moment he was actually afraid. He had ceased to be the victor standing on conquered soil, secure, warm, well fed, with power to send men who defied him to their death. He was alone, in hostile territory, amidst a ghostly hostile people. And up there a signal had been given ——

It was an illusion. His alert strong brain sprang to the rescue. He knew that the *Rathaus* guardian had left hours before. Under martial law, none of the townspeople were allowed abroad after dark, and it was past midnight. Whoever it was up there disobeyed his orders—defied him. He tightened his stern lips. Yes, there it was—defiance. A vague tormenting emotion that had pursued him all that day took definable shape. Everywhere defiance. These people, these houses—yes, the town itself—defied him, slipped through his fingers, derided his mastery. He might make laws, might enforce them, but there was something he could not do. And it was intolerable. It reduced victory to an abject absurdity. It turned the loss and suffering of that last hideous night into meaninglessness. He would make an end to it. He owed his dead no less. He would make an example as swift, as remorseless, as a stroke of lightning. Then there would be peace. There would be an end to this unrest. He himself would be reassured. He felt cruelty rise to his lips in a glacial tide.

The eye closed. The face of the *Rathaus* became again blank and enigmatic. The houses up and down the street that had seemed to stand on tiptoe in their agony of suspense now sank back into their former dark watchfulness. The snow fell more rapidly, trying to cover over what had happened, to muffle the grind of a rusty lock, the moaning of old hinges. But the general had both heard and seen. Opposite him, the *Rathaus* door had opened onto a deeper gulf of shadow from which two figures emerged, staining the whiteness of the street. They stood quite still. They seemed to be looking about them anxiously, not speaking. In the faltering moonlight that filtered through the thin slow-moving clouds they looked like two gnomes creeping out of a deserted medieval city. The man was bowed and misshapen by some burden.

The general caught back an exclamation. So that was it! The Windstättl memorial and that old man—that old fury of a woman.

It would have been easy to call out the guard. He did not do so. This, in some curious way, was his affair. It was like a personal challenge. He would make an example. He would teach these people a lesson with his own hands.

How absurd—how childish they were! He could have laughed. Did they really think they could steal like that with impunity? How forlorn and lost they seemed, standing there, already veiled with snow—two crazy old people.

They began to move now. They must have felt that Providence was watching over them to dare to walk through the streets like that. The old man went first, heavily, and the woman followed him with short hobbling steps. The houses seemed to bend forward, throwing their protective shadow over them.

The general waited. There was ironic calculation in his patience. He did not want to stop them now. Let them drink deep of their mad hope. It would be more satisfying to his mood to hunt them out of their hovel, drive them back with his revolver in their ribs, force them to replace the shield with their own hands. He wanted—he needed the satisfaction of that personal domination. Then the soldiers could take them prisoners. Tomorrow they would be tried and shot out of hand. There could be no other end.

He threw his cloak over his shoulder and stepped out of the *Gasthaus* doorway.

It was as though everyone in the world were dead but himself and those two. He could see them clearly, for there was a queer light abroad. From minute to minute a full moon slid out from amidst the tattered clouds; but it was the snow itself, burning with a dead white fire, which gave to familiar objects their magnified and distorted shapes. The quiet was absolute. Everything that moved—the clouds, the moon, the snow—moved without sound. Even the general's own footsteps were lost in that profundity of silence. It became difficult to realize himself, to shake off the impression that he had become a shadow without footfall. He had to think, to call up memories in order to make sure of his own identity, and even his thoughts lost their clearness and became vague and wandering.

The snow was like a white pall.

They went on steadily. He tried to remember where these people lived. Somewhere on the outskirts, he had been told. But they had already passed the outskirts. The last straggling houses lay behind them like a heap of tumbled blackly shining rocks in the valley. Now they were far out on the highroad that wound up to the summit of the pass, unsheltered from the bitter breath of the mountains, three insignificant specks of movement in that vast luminous whiteness.

The general drew his breath painfully. His heavily booted feet sank deep in the soft snow. It was difficult to keep up. How strong that old woman must be! They said that she had had five sons—five. The general's wife had died in childbirth. Five times that bowed, twisted body had been torn by the same pangs and nothing remained to her but her tottering self and that absurd trophy behind which she stumbled, as though by her crazy persistence she could give significance to these five lost and wasted lives. How futile! Here in this emptiness, this remorseless cold, how grotesquely futile! Even as he kept pace with them, his limbs aching with the effort, he became aware of a futility in himself—in his anger, in his stern purpose. He seemed to have shriveled, to have withered at the heart.

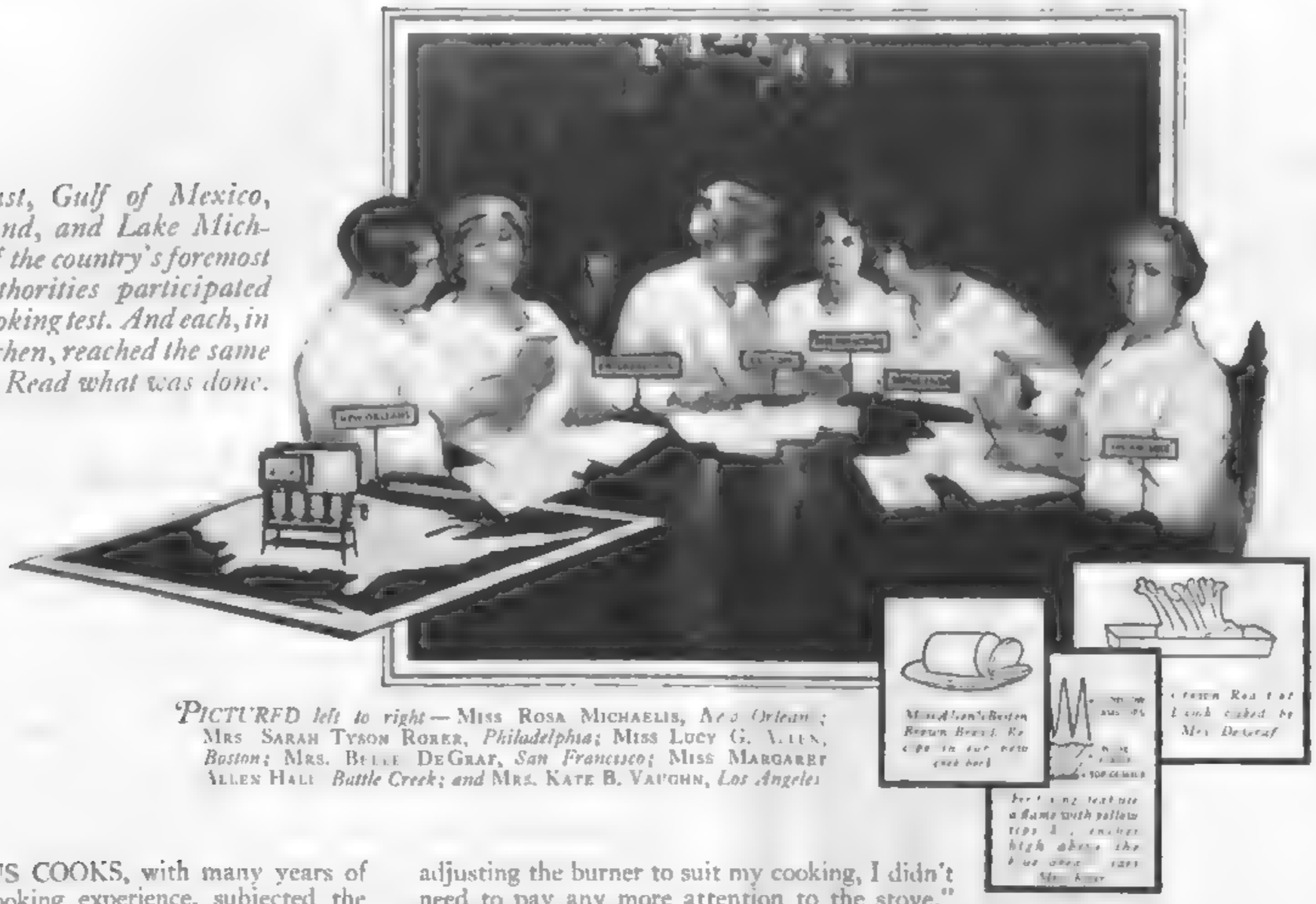
There was the crucifix which he had ridden past only a few days before. In his hard military pride he had scarcely glanced at it. It stood up pitifully against the ghostly sky line, a desolate symbol of human suffering. He leaned against it for support, his hand clutched on the nailed feet. He was tired, wretched, aware of danger. He wanted to turn back. Already the snow was wrapping itself about him in a smothering sheet of cold. Better to go back, give orders, send out a patrol, arrest these two. That was his obvious, reasonable duty. He saw now that he had been mad to set out on such an adventure, and it was madness to go on. He stood there, shivering, his teeth clenched, the cloak freezing in stiff white folds about him. Deep in his heart was the knowledge that there was no turning back. From the moment he had left the shelter of the *Gasthaus* something had happened. The reins of his destiny had been taken from him. He had been caught in the net of a great invisible event.

The town had gone down in darkness. There was nothing left but the snow and a tiny point of light ahead. They had lit a lantern. It moved on steadily, bearing to the right, away from the highroad up the steep flanks of the Königsberg. Suddenly he understood. They were going to the cemetery. Yes, he remembered now. It lay far back from the road, under the heights which had witnessed that last hand-to-hand struggle—a field sown with crosses. There they would set their memorial and tomorrow his soldiers would fetch it away; they themselves would pay

(Continued on Page 205)

Six famous cooking experts agree

Pacific Coast, Gulf of Mexico, New England, and Lake Michigan! Six of the country's foremost cooking authorities participated in a novel cooking test. And each, in her own kitchen, reached the same conclusion! Read what was done.



PICTURED left to right—MISS ROSA MICHAELIS, *New Orleans*; MRS. SARAH TYSON RORER, *Philadelphia*; MISS LUCY G. ALLEN, *Boston*; MRS. BELLE DEGRAF, *San Francisco*; MISS MARGARET ALLEN HALL *Battle Creek*; *and* MRS. KATE B. VAUGHN, *Los Angeles*

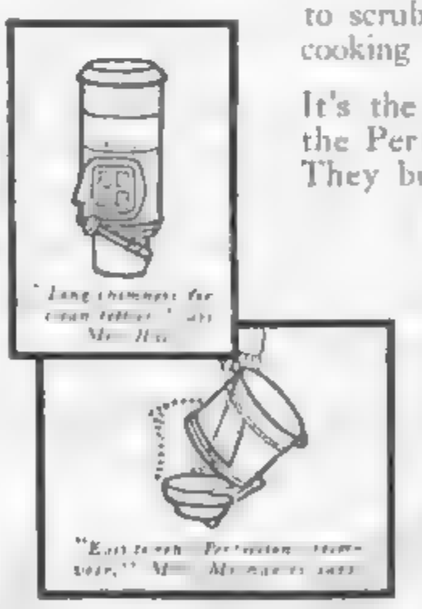
SIX FAMOUS COOKS, with many years of practical cooking experience, subjected the Perfection Stove to cooking tests far more rigorous than the average woman ever would. Each cooked the favorite dishes of her part of the country, and employed every possible method of cooking, from broiling and frying to baking. In every case they were enthusiastic about the Perfection.

"I cooked six meals," said Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, famous Philadelphia cooking teacher and cook-book author, "and whether I broiled a steak, baked a soft molasses cake, or French-fried potatoes, the results were fine."

Rich Veal Gravy

Chipped veal with rich gravy, creamy mashed potatoes, and pineapple fluff. As she cooked this meal, Miss Lucy G. Allen of the Boston School of Cookery became convinced that Perfection is a most convenient stove. "When stirring the pudding I found that the cooking surface was at just the right height," she said. "Food was cooked on four burners in a row. There was no reaching across two or three hot burners, as there is when using many other stoves."

"I cooked a roast lamb dinner and left the kitchen for quite a few minutes," said Mrs. Belle De Graf, San Francisco, home economics counsellor. "The flame never wavered. After adjusting the burner to suit my cooking, I didn't need to pay any more attention to the stove."



A Twice Happy Cook

Eggs-a la-King and broiled tomatoes are delicious enough in themselves, affirmed Miss Margaret Hall, Battle Creek nutrition expert, but twice as delicious to the cook whose kettle bottoms are clean. "I didn't have to scrub and scour dirty pans after cooking on the Perfection," she said.

It's the long chimneys which make the Perfection such a clean stove. They burn every drop of oil completely, so there is no chance for soot or odor.

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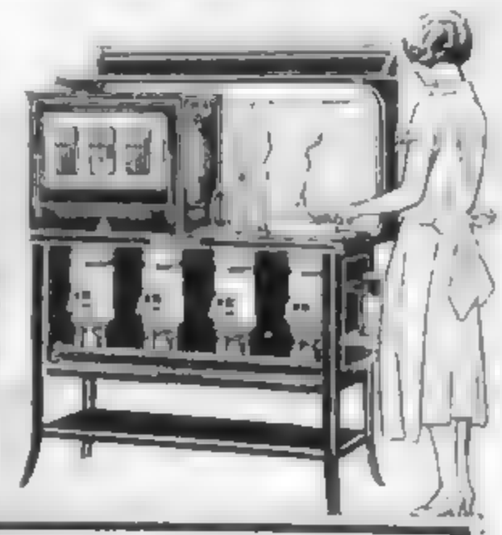

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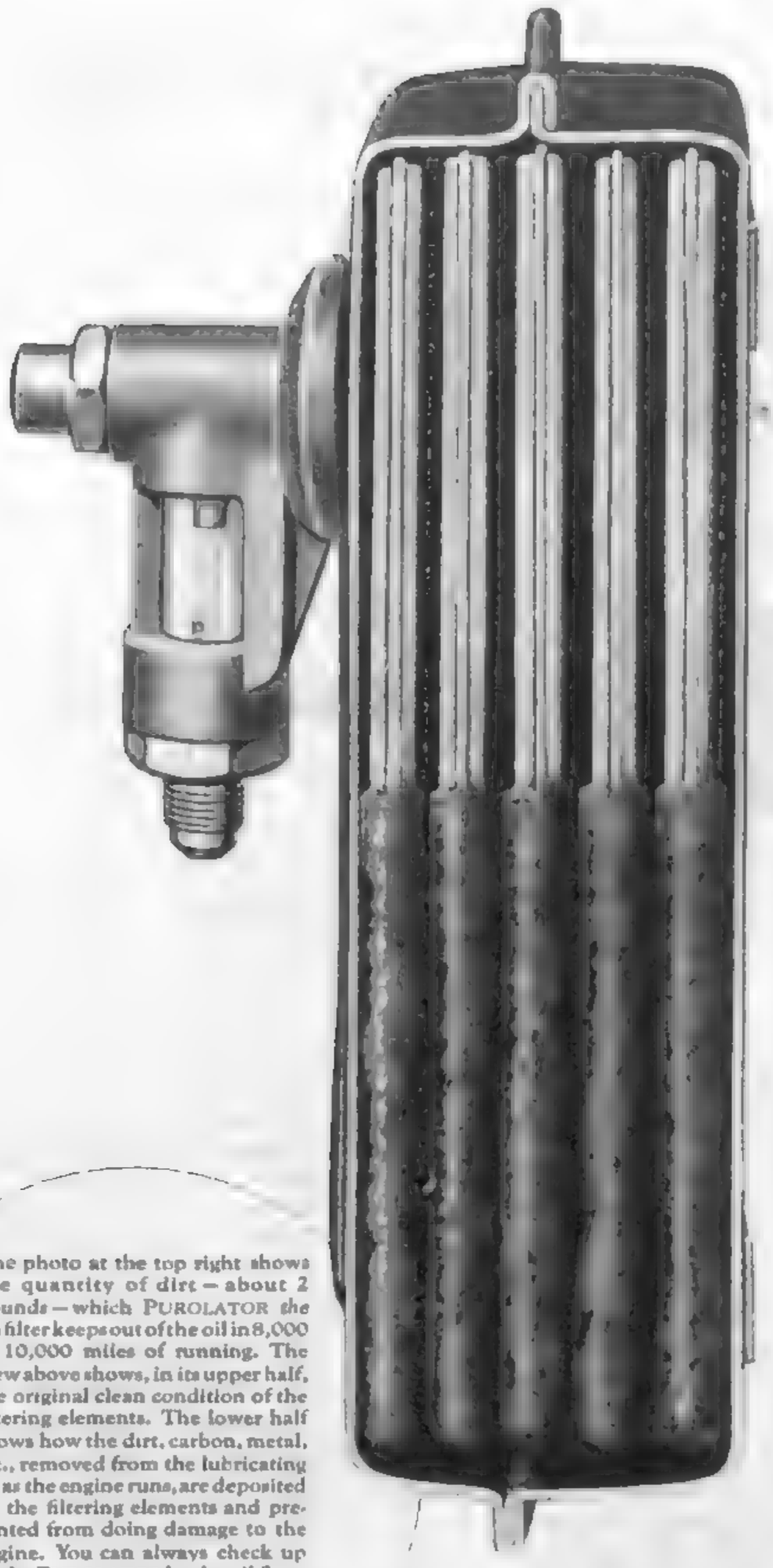

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(Continued from Page 202)

for their temerity with what remained of their old lives. He would make an example. He had to. Otherwise, for what had the dead suffered? What was the meaning of victory? For what had he lived? It was hard to remember. He was cold and tired and confused. Victory, revenge, honor. Just words. He had used them so often that they came of their own accord to the rescue. But to his numbed brain they had become almost meaningless.

The snow deepened. They were off the path now, bearing toward the eastern flank where was the one possible ascent. They had left the cemetery behind them. The general had halted there for a moment, breathless, exhausted, sheltering himself under its crumbling wall. He no longer understood. He had been so sure. The strange light that came and went had filtered through the falling veil of snow and showed him the huddled crosses whose heads barely rose above the white mounting tide. The central cross had had a curiously human look like a shepherd with despairing arms outstretched over his lost flock. The five sons lay there under the snow. But they had gone on. They had not even paused. He could see the lantern light rising—rising steadily as though it were a fallen star beating its way back.

The general shouted. He shouted to them in German, but his voice froze in his mouth. He started on again, stumbling, falling, groaning. They were climbing now. Between the bowlders over which his feet slipped dangerously were snowdrifts that engulfed him to his knees. And once the ground gave way altogether. He broke straight through into a thick glacial river that rose swiftly from his waist to his armpits. He ceased to struggle. He knew what had happened. He had blundered into the old trench that ran diagonally up to the summit of the mountain. It was snow-filled to its brim, a deathtrap now as before.

Something queer happened to him. Time was wiped out—the fat rich years of victorious peace. He was fighting again, he was shouting orders, stumbling along those terrible haunted warrens that they had carved out of the face of the rock. But he was alone. Everyone but himself—enemies and comrades—had become shadows who watched him from a distance with an aloof pity. He could feel them. They were just beyond the enshrouding cloud. Their guns were stacked. They bivouacked together in their white silence. He alone carried on the struggle—he and that old pair climbing to their death.

A coil of barbed wire plucked at his arm. He caught hold of it. He was beyond pain. Somehow he dragged himself on to the lip of the trench and stood bent and trembling, torn by an anguish of exhaustion. His heart was breaking itself against his breast. But he could not turn back. It was too late. The thoughts of power and retribution had forsaken him. He was an old man, the last of his kind, lost in a world of ghosts. The things that had been sacred to him and for which the ghosts themselves had died had become unreal in this vast loneliness. It was like a final loss—a last, crushing bereavement. He felt the tears freezing on his cheeks.

The light brightened. A shred of cloud was torn aside and he saw Andreas Hofner and his wife. He was so near to them now that he could hear their voices. Andreas Hofner's wife lay huddled on the snow. Andreas Hofner stood by her, patient and motionless. And now the old man looked like a martyr, bowed under his cross.

VII

"ANDREAS, the lantern has gone out."

"No, it is still burning."

"I cannot see it."

"The snow blinds one."

"You must go on without me, Andreas. I am tired. I want to sleep."

"It is only a little way," he said. He gave her his hand. They were so frozen they could not feel each other. "I shall need you," he said.

So she went on. They had to climb now. There were places where he had to kick footholds for himself and her in the frozen snow, and sometimes he went on ahead and she had to lift the shield to him when he had reached a place of safety. Sometimes darkness engulfed them and their voices were like the voices of disembodied spirits. And once they lay down side by side as though they were already dead, and he had to rouse her, shaking her by the shoulder.

She had begun to talk to herself; or rather, she talked to baby Andreas, who, it seemed, walked beside her and comforted her. Baby Andreas had been something of a mother's darling, not very strong, and he had clung to her long after the other children had become sturdily independent. Now it was her turn to cling to him. He put his arm under hers and reassured her and she told him how it had all happened

"*Denkmal, Kleinche*, they wouldn't even let us put up a memorial to you—the memorial that your father carved for you with his own hands. And so we are going to hang it where no one will ever find it—just where you died—up there on the Königsberg."

And Andreas said, "That's fine, *Mutterle*. We shall see it when we march past at nightfall. The regiment will be so proud."

Talking like that, they came to the highest peak of all. Andreas Hofner set down his burden But even so, he couldn't stand upright any more. By the pale yellow light of the lantern he made fast his rope to a jutting point of rock. He worked slowly, for his hands were stiff and almost insensible, and when he had finished, the Windstattl memorial was already buried. The snow had risen to Maria Hofner's knees. She looked half her size—a little old gnome—and she was still talking to baby Andreas, so that, through the scurrying snow and the glacial wind that came like a blast of death from the ranges of invisible mountains beyond, he could scarcely make her hear.

"There is a ledge thirty feet below. It will be safe there. They will never find it. But I'll not come back, Maria. My hands are all frozen and you couldn't—you're not strong enough. I shall stay there quietly. It doesn't matter. I am an old man. Go back if you can. But you will never tell anyone—not even the priest when you are dying—where I have gone."

"Baby Andreas says he will go with you," she said, smiling.

He made the shield fast to his shoulders. He knelt for a moment on the verge of the precipice, calculating his distance, steadying himself.

"When the rope goes slack throw it after me," he ordered. "There must be no trace, you understand."

She nodded. All their farewells were made. They had passed beyond the reach of human grief. He tightened his broken, bleeding hands on the rope and turned stiffly over with his face to the rock.

"Andreas! Andreas!"

He had passed over the verge, far out of reach of that thin voice. Only the General Beppo Volpi heard her. He had tried to run the few yards of the smooth treacherously sloping summit, but his legs had given way under him and he had fallen. He reached her as the unhitched rope slipped from her hand and flashed over the snow and out of sight like a writhing maddened serpent. He followed it almost to the edge of the precipice and crouched down and shouted, but there was no answer.

The old woman said quietly, without astonishment, "He cannot hear you."

He turned to her, crying out in a bitter protest, "What have you done?" and she answered with the same tranquillity, "We have hung our memorial to our dead children."

He drew himself back into safety. The wind caught the folds of his cape so that it spread out in wide black wings over them both.

She lifted her lantern to his face. The light glittered on his medals. Her own face was calm and satisfied.

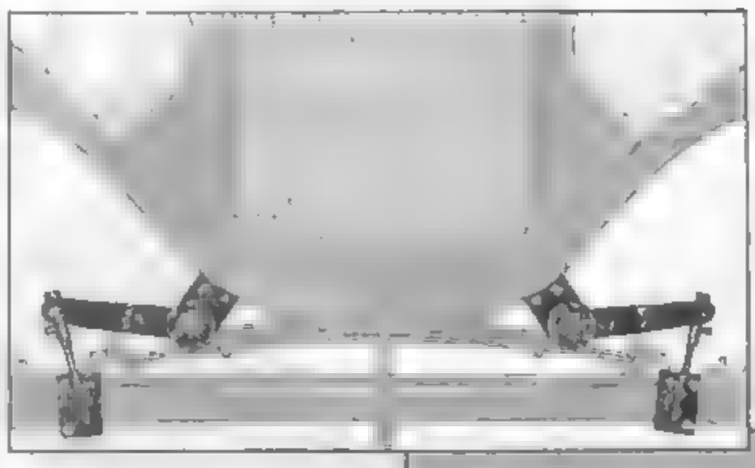

ILLUSTRATION at left shows the new model Hartford Shock Absorbers for Fords—front set installation.

ILLUSTRATION at right shows the new model Hartford Shock Absorbers for Fords—rear set installation.

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SEP 2

"You are the Italian general?" she asked

"Yes."

"And you have brought up all your soldiers, but it is too late. You will never, never find them. They are safe."

The man he had been would have mocked at her defiance. But he was silent. The snow swirled noiselessly between them. He was thinking of the old man crouched against the face of the precipice, waiting patiently for the end. He thought of the things that men do to one another, and the bitter cold crept up his limbs to his very heart. He put out his hand, clutching her.

"We must get away from here—get back. Do you understand? If they found you here they might find him, and it would be all for nothing."

She was quite passive. She let him drag her up the dangerous slope into the relative shelter of the rocks. But he knew that she could not go far. She did not want to. There was no reason. It was finished. She had climbed to a high place where she overlooked the whole of life, and now she was ready to turn her face to the dark. And he too, shorn of everything—the pride of arms, the pride of victory, the pride of vengeance—to what should he return?

"I want to sleep," she muttered. "I want to sleep, baby Andreas."

He got her halfway down the first ascent, then she collapsed. She knelt in the deep snow—a vague, undecipherable bundle—and for a moment he stood beside her, his hand still clasped in hers. His thoughts were strange, wandering, but quite peaceful. He thought of all the way they had to go and knew that it was not possible—not even for himself. He was old. He was tired out. He had never really recovered from those months of inhuman suffering. But it was not only that. He could not leave her. Strange, incredible event. He too was to die for a lost cause—for a cause not even his, the memorial hanging there forever beyond human vision was for him, too; for fools, for brave, defeated men.

He bent over her. "I want you to believe," he said—"I want you to believe that I am glad, *Mutterchen*."

He spoke in German and she pressed his hand. She had heard without understanding, and when she spoke it was to baby Andreas. She seemed to think he was baby Andreas, and he knelt beside her and gathered her close to him. Beneath the shawls he could feel her very bones, like the skeleton of a starved bird, dying in the snow.

He woke once for a moment, just as dawn broke. The storm must have ceased some hours before, for they were covered with a gentle layer of snow no thicker than a white sheet. He lay with his face to the east, and lifting himself a little on his elbow, he could see how the invisible sun called in the stars, one after another, and woke the deathlike livid mountains to a burning resurrection. He was happy, without pain, without regret. He was content not to return. If he had gone back he would have had to betray the dead. He would have become again a soldier with a duty to perform and strange faiths to live by, and all these things had become meaningless. He was already one of those shadows who looked on men and on the ways of men with that grave remembering pity.

The light brightened. The clear sky beyond the mountains began to shine with colors. It was as though a cleansed, forgiven world stretched itself awake, laughing with the joy of returning life. The tears came into the general's eyes, but they were the weak tears of an aged happiness. He thought of the Windstättl memorial that, beneath the highest peak, looked down upon the valley. Already it would be hidden by the snow. Time would efface its inscription. The winter's storm would blot out the face of the dead here and the blazing summer's sun rot the wood to dust that the wind would carry to the ends of the earth. No one would ever see the Windstättl memorial—only the dead as they filed past at twilight, and the stars.

It seemed to the general that across the morning stillness a bugle sounded, afar off, echoing among the heights.

"Cease fire! Cease fire!"

He tried to turn over. But the old woman lay stiffly with her head upon his breast and he did not want to wake her. He made an effort to cover her more closely with his cloak. But his strength failed him. He forgot what he was trying to do.

He too had fallen asleep.

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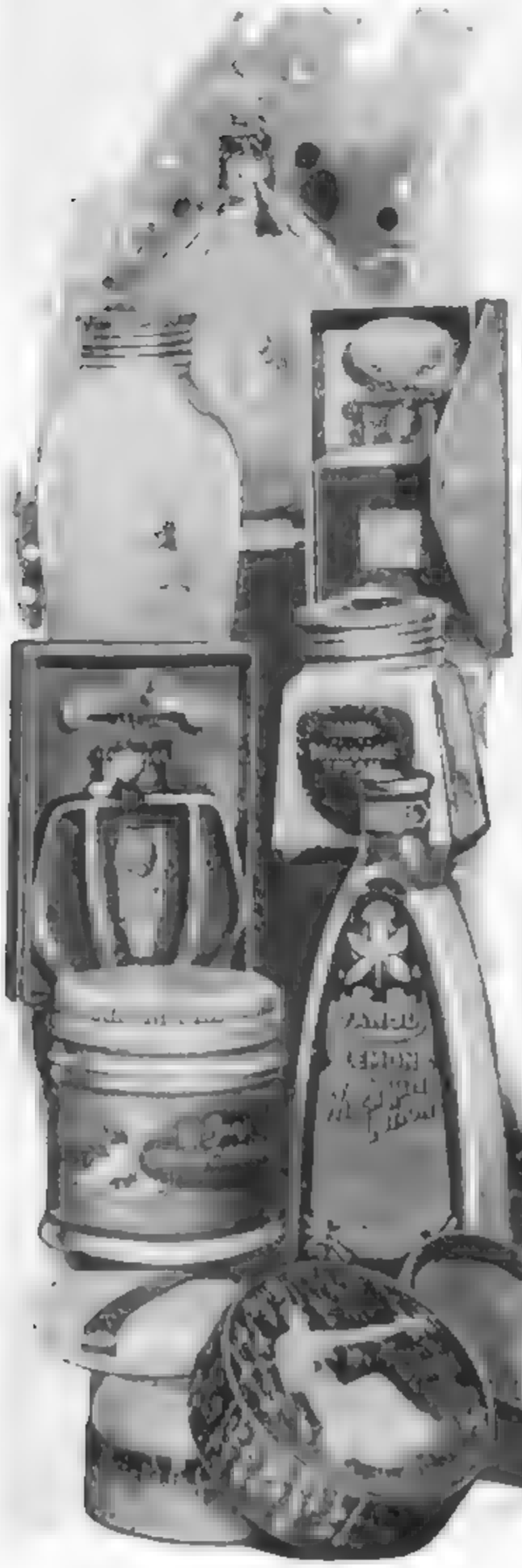

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THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

(Continued from Page 19

never make the shore. It's the darkest hour before the dawn, so to speak. It's the time when he seems too hopelessly buried under his accumulations of material, when the woods can't be seen for the trees, when the tired traveler begins to ask where and what he's heading for. And it's a perilous moment with every pen navvy when he sits back and questions what all the powwow is about anyway. That mood, in fact, must never be allowed to last. He must in some way be bolstered up and made to tighten his belt a bit, and given a breathing spell until he has regained the wider vision, and then refired with enough strength to make the final grade.

Now Adam's recurring waves of weariness, I know, are based on a number of things which he declines to face with his usual candor. He prides himself on being methodic in his work. But you can't be methodic in a business where exaltation, or the creative overflow, or whatever you care to call it, has so much to do with your product. And Adam, behind his protective façade of cynicism, behind his paraded materialism, which merely betrays the fixed tendency of the frustrate to play-act, is as sensitive to physical reaction as the air bubble in a spirit level.

He publicly scoffs at inspiration; but he makes hay, I notice, when the right mood is on. When one of those wayward periods of exaltation comes along, I've observed, he hugs it almost to death. He hugs it about as tight as our youngest son hugs his poor little half-strangled puppy dog.

The Character's Revenge

I remember one close August night when my husband was in his study, working on a poem which had been incubating for several days. I got tired of waiting for the finishing touches to be given to that troublesome old poem, and finally rolled out of my piazza hammock and went to the study window and spoke to him. When he looked up at me, like a sleepwalker suddenly awakened, I noticed a small but significant thing. From the semidarkness where I stood I saw that his eyes were glowing like two coals of fire. They were opalescent, burning with a flame all their own. And in some men's eyes that glow never appears. In others it appears only during their moments of deepest emotion, as an occasional daughter of Eve has lived long enough to learn.

But it betrayed to me the intensity, the emotional concentration, with which Adam was facing the ordeal of creation. And when, a year or two later, I read in Lockhart's Life of Burns how the same phenomenon had been observed in the Scotch poet during his work periods, I realized that my Adam wasn't so exceptional as I imagined. But if you're putting your soul in your work, I suppose, it's only natural for it to show in your eyes. And there's a something inside us, I'm sure, that stands up on our heart and sings. I don't know what it is or where it comes from; but it's no more a part of us than the morning robin is a part of the maple tree outside my window.

The mysterious workings of the subconscious mind puzzle Adam, I think, even more than they puzzle me. For I've heard him say that when he was writing certain portions of a story he was really plagiarizing a dream. And scoffing at the psychic as he does, he has reluctantly acknowledged to me that there have been times and moods when what he writes isn't so much cold-blooded creation as the light and airy reading of the minutes of a secret meeting of angels who have musically argued and organized while his own conscious mind was lost in the land of sleep. I've seen him go to bed, stopped short by a blank wall of sterility, as glum as a man going to the death house. There was a time when I was even foolish enough to ask him what was wrong. On one occasion, I remember, he groaningly retorted, "I've reached the end of my rope." On another he averred, "The best character I ever had just wriggled out between the type bars, stood up on the keyboard and told me to go plumb to hell!"

A Periodic Widow

The inference is, of course, that those characters that were his own creation were not completely under his own control. It's a case, apparently, of the tail wagging the dog about as much as the dog wags the tail, and when they momentarily betrayed him he was at their mercy. Yet, as I was about to say, I've seen Adam go to bed confronted by an impasse that carried every aspect of the hopeless. Then I've seen him get up in the morning, absent-mindedly take his shower and breakfast, seat himself at his desk, sharpen six or seven pencils, file his nails, scratch his nose, frown at his own thumbs, rock back in his squeaking old Bank-of-England office chair, sharpen another pencil, sullenly face his typewriter—the machine and not the lady—and suddenly be off on the jump, like a whippet hound around a race track; off like the wind, with every trouble cleared away and every obstacle vanished, transformed from a defeated toiler to a singing fountain of ideas.

The question is, what hand broke the dike? What mysterious spirit rewound the clock? What secret emissaries of the soul cleared away the log jam that blocked the shimmering river of dream?

It's easy, of course, to join the ranks of the George Moores and say what one writes is merely dictation from above, to pretend to emulate Moses and go up into the midst of a cloud and return with tablets too mystic in origin to be questioned by the mere critics of earth. But Adam, who is a modern of the moderns, would prefer a more material process of enucleating his mental abysses.

There's little that's sacerdotal about the twentieth-century novel. The novel, I've discovered, is a structure as complicated as a three-span bridge, and the author himself is the master builder who must handle every truss and tighten every nut; and that means both worry and work. So practically every book that Adam writes implies a divorce from his family for the time being. He goes into a new novel very much after the manner of Stanley going into the Dark Continent.

About all I get for a month or two are remote little heliograph messages that he is still alive somewhere in that *terra incognita* of the imagination. He comes out of his trance and stares at me sometimes with the slightly puzzled wonder of a patient coming out of an anæsthetic. It's then I have to edit his meals and blue-pencil his calories and put the soft pedal on the coffee percolator, so to speak, for

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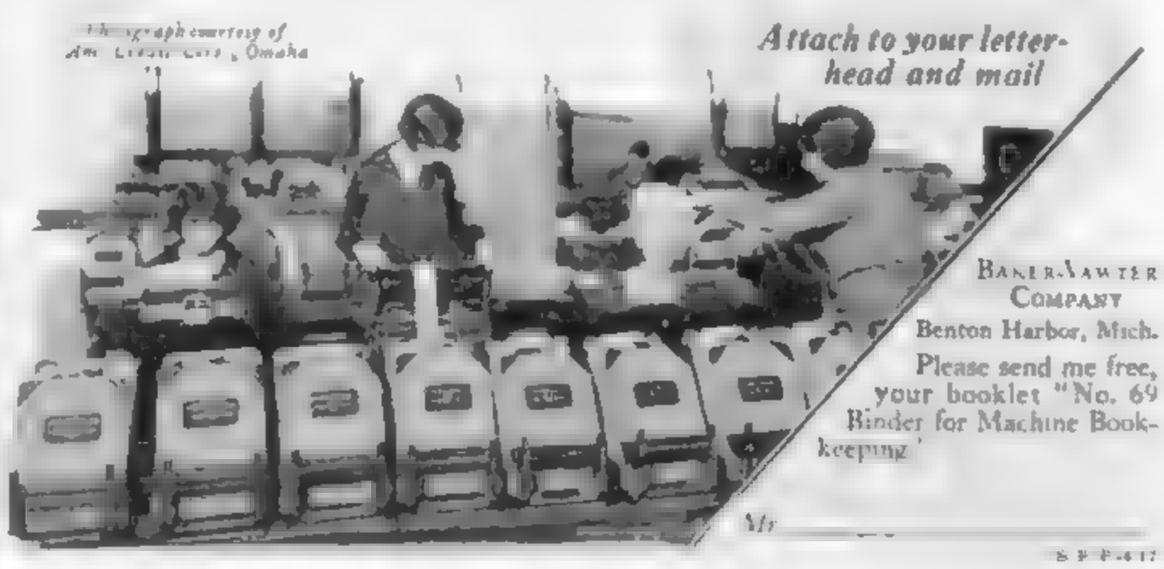

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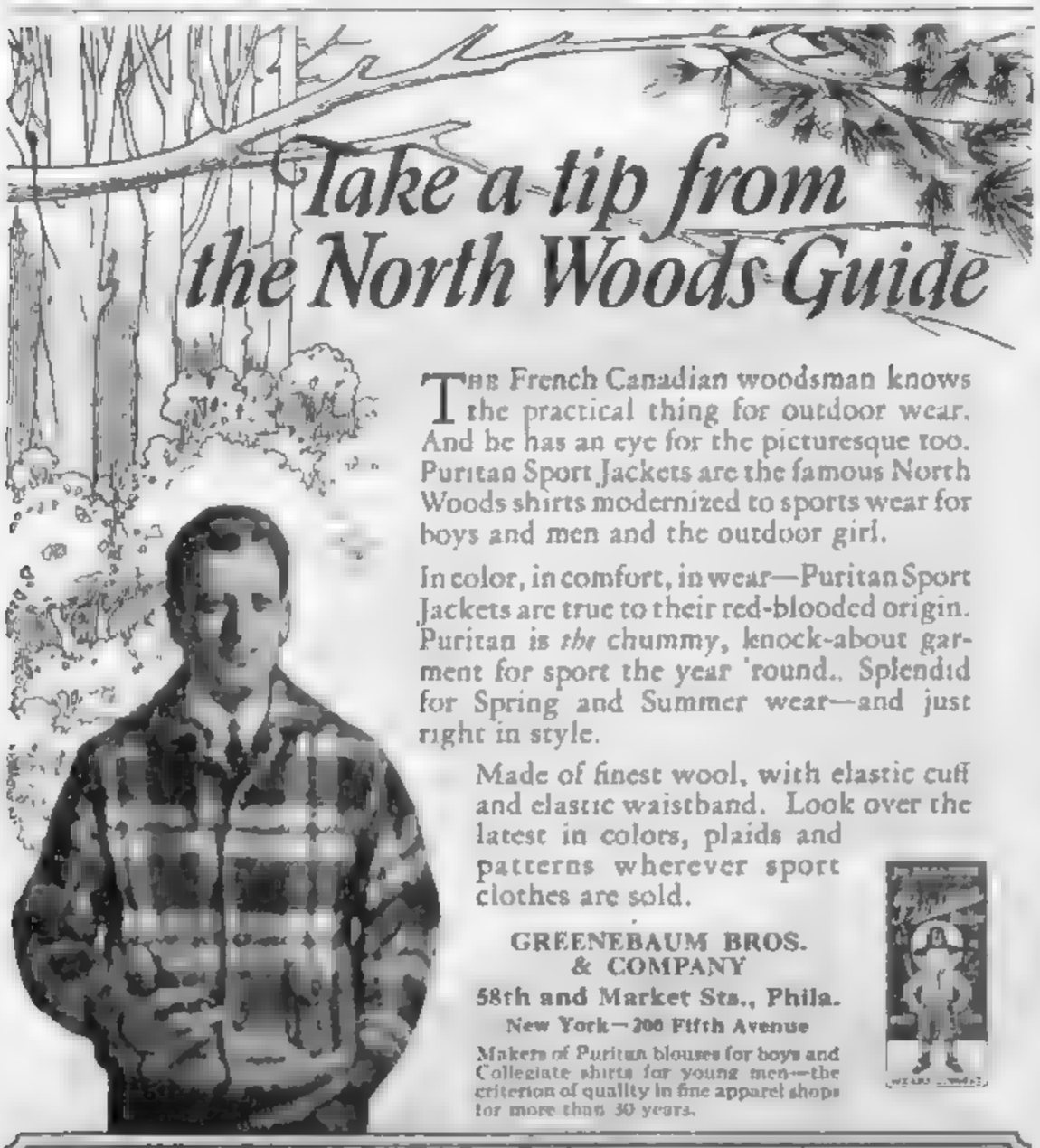

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Puritan SPORT JACKET

Adam's brain can soar on black coffee as blithely as a skyrocket can soar on gunpowder.

But life, as Spencer observed, is only as deep as the viscera; and the second cup, that can give Adam mental rapture at midnight, can leave him with a balky liver the next morning. And it's then that genius has to be handled with gloves. It's then I have to watch my step and ignore my life partner's perversities and discount his *bouderie*, and meekly await his bursts of accumulated affection.

But everything we get from the gods, of course, comes at a price. And Adam grows lighter hearted, I've noticed, as he blazes a working trail deeper and deeper through his tangled Africa of uncertainty. A little of his earlier harried look slips away from him and he seems less like a male Eliza being pursued by the bloodhounds of preoccupation. He no longer consumes his luncheon with the unctuous abstraction of a robin knowing the five little blue eggs up in the tree nest must never be allowed to cool. He becomes human again.

He will solemnly ask the children if they want their waffles with or without onions, and notice how nicely my house plants have grown, and help Junior worry electric sparks out of the old bear rug in front of the fireplace, and squirt grapefruit seeds at the Jap as he takes out the plates, and pour his strained honey into the shape of animals. He will notice my clothes and once more proclaim that blue is my color, and call out with a razor in his hand that he did his chin golf in thirty-seven strokes that morning, and probably ask me as I kiss his bay-rummed cheek if I recall how desperately I chased him before I got him cornered and married.

I know then that the foundations of the new house have been safely laid and the once tottering frame securely pinioned and mitered together. The going, after that, will be less hazardous. In the toil, however prolonged, will be a little more of the savor of conquest. It is then, in the first flush of parentage, that Adam will permit me to look upon his offspring. And each time when he brings in his new chapters I try my best not to think of Belinda, our household tabby, maternally toting in her newest litter for the family approval.

An Author's Desk Sacred

If, before that official exposition, I have informally and accidentally caught sight of Adam's efforts at authorship; if while cleaning up his workroom as hurriedly as a zoo attendant puts a panther cage to rights, my overcurious eyes have rested on some purple patch or other, I have learned to make no reference to any such premature disclosure; since Adam, for reasons known only to himself, hates to have an outsider inspect his half-finished product. His desk is his sanctum sanctorum. That, whatever befalls, must never be touched, must never be interfered with. It may lie buried under scratch pads and papers and house dust and pipe ashes like Pompeii under Vesuvius, but there no intruding hand dare trespass and no peering eye dare rove. It's the sanded arena where the naked martyr must face the wild beasts of invention, the amphitheater where the gladiators of graceful phrasing contend, the bull ring where the worried matador must oppose his double-horned Andalusian dilemmas. But heaven help the nosey spectator who slips over the parapet and piroots about that little coliseum of art! I'd no sooner think of walking in on Adam when he's in the middle of a chapter than Adam would think of walking in on me when I'm in the middle of a bath.

When the time is ripe, however, he reaches an inclination to talk, just as a well-fed baby reaches an inclination to play. It's when he's finally got his house of ghosts in order, I suppose, and all his spirit children are sufficiently tidied up to receive guests. Then the creator looks upon his work and sees that it is good, and he has a human enough craving to share that knowledge with the people nearest him. At any rate, he wants to talk about his new family. He wants to discuss them and appraise them and diagnose their weaknesses and get an opinion on whether they're all wool and a yard wide.

I'm the scratching post, of course, against which he rubs his itching curiosity. I'm the dog town in petticoats on whom he tries out his newly typed productions, and I've made it a point to be always honest in my opinions. He doesn't hate praise, of course, but he is equally anxious for constructive criticism, for confirmation of his own suspicions as to a defaulter or two in the ranks, a false note in the finished effect.

Adam, oddly enough, will always challenge my opinions. He'll oppose me even when he knows I'm right. He does this, I suspect, for his own forensic ends, since he frankly enough acknowledges that merely arguing over a literary difficulty eventually clears it up in his own mind. Yet there is no trace of intellectual condescension in his make-up. He could never be guilty of a gaucherie like that of a certain rival author who once asked me to look over his manuscript so that he might get "the reaction of the everyday mind to a new medium of expression." I think I convinced the popinjay in the end that I had something more than an everyday mind, for whatever my weaknesses of the flesh and spirit, I always had the gift of words.

Eating Up Ideas

Adam, as I've already implied, has no trace of mental snobbery. He never talks down to you. He's far too busy, in fact, absorbing impressions and ideas, to waste time in advertising his own superiority. His anxiety for contacts makes him more than halfway conciliatory. If you're worth while, you may be sure he'll attach himself to you with the patience of the *Hirudo medicinalis* and hang on until he's got his fill. Quite outside of that, though, he has a strong craving for companionship, and can be the best of comrades, even if he does eat away ideas very much after the manner of a moth eating away clothing.

When it comes to an argument he has an adroit way, all his own, of beating you even when you have him down. What he can't reject, in other words, he encysts. On one occasion, when I accused him of having a harem of pet words and neglecting none of them, instead of promptly contradicting that charge, he reached for his notebook labeled Fly-Catcher Number Three and said I'd given him a phrase worth putting into pickle.

On another occasion, when I proclaimed with more heat than I had intended that the tragedy of his career would probably lie in the fact that he'd spent too much time going about asking club ladies running to plumpness if they still believed in Pan, he only laughed and said, "Gee, Bunty, I'm going to swipe that whole sentence and decorate our next chapter with my own scalp lock!" And I can still remember his blush of bridal-rose pink when I caught his eye after reading a particular sentence in a particular short story of his. The sentence was: "Having taken several bites out of the apple, the happy artist then proceeded to paint Eve." For I had been guilty of words so like them, on an occasion which needn't here be gone into, that Adam promptly remembered both their significance and their source.

I may as well acknowledge, in fact, that I've leaked a good many ideas into Adam's ever-receptive tank. He pretends to receive them as passively as a work horse receives a new set of shoes. But that's a part of his economy of operation, his creator's royal right of making all contiguous things his own. And once his mental overalls are off and he's his natural self again, he can be as grateful as any other specimen of the carnivorous roamers for the hand that feeds him.

"I wonder how long I'd last, Bunty, without you behind me?" he one day startled me by asking.

(Continued on Page 213)

A New and Thrilling Contribution to the Art of Better Home Building

FOR many years—ever since America shook itself free from the madcap architecture of the Victorian Period—the vogue for genuine forged iron hardware has steadily grown. Inherent good taste, not fashion alone, stands sponsor for its wider acceptance.

The announcement by McKinney that this much-sought-after forged iron hardware may now be obtained in authentic designs, in complete Period sets, and at astonishingly reasonable prices, is of immediate personal interest to all who have felt the lure of its intimate charm.

The master designs now available are four: Curley Lock, Heart, Tulip and Etruscan. In the top illustration is shown the authentic Curley Lock pattern, its graceful shape bearing obvious

testimony to the origin of its name. In many of the most famous of old Colonial homes this motif was accorded use. The Tulip and Heart designs were perhaps equally popular. And even today, a choice becomes exceedingly perplexing.

The Etruscan design, shown at lower left, catches the essential spirit of the best in Latin workmanship. It was fixed upon by McKinney as a result of most painstaking analysis of the finest examples of iron craftsmanship in the Southern European countries. There seems to have been a strange sympathy of the medieval mind with the properties of iron that led in those days to a very wise use of it. From the tenth to the seventeenth centuries, some of the finest examples were produced, and in this Etruscan design, evolved by McKinney from this background, the essential qualities of iron—its strength and pliability—are splendidly brought out.

Adaptation of forged iron hardware to modern building requirements has heretofore presented a hard problem. To overcome difficulties, McKinney was most fortunately placed, for as manufacturers of the famous McKinney Hinges there was available a wealth of practical experience in solving all problems of application.

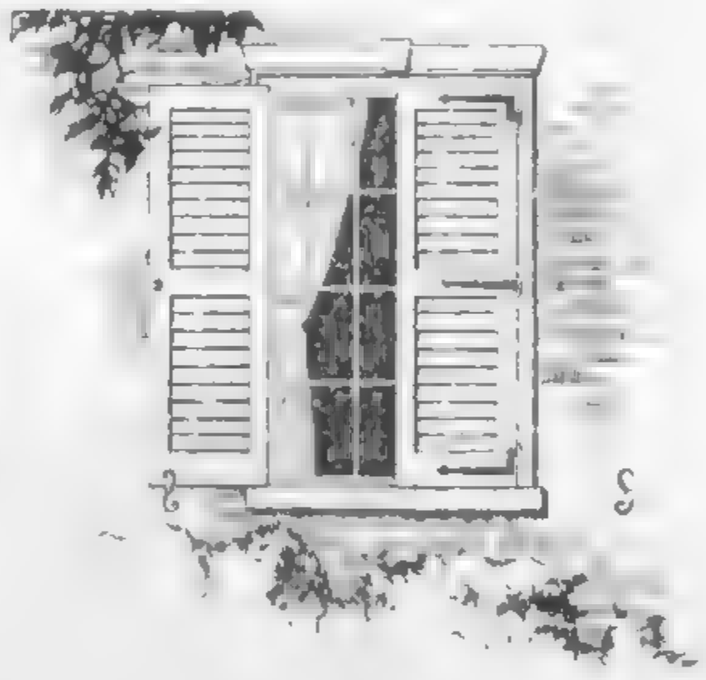
McKINNEY FORGED IRON HARDWARE

Whether your home is to be of brick, stone, wood, stucco or other material, McKinney Forged Iron Hardware will fit. All necessary allowances have been made for the characteristic construction which each requires. Nor is additional hand metal work on the job necessary to application. Wherever mathematical exactness is essential, as in the fitting of a modern lock, the piece has been machined accordingly.

Separate pieces in each of these four designs make it possible to furnish a home with consistency from ground to roof with all needed hardware. They include hinge straps, H & L hinge plates, drop ring and lever handles, entrance door handle sets, rim and mortise latches, door pulls, push plates, knockers, shutter dogs and casement sash fasteners.

One further point ought to be stressed about McKinney Forged Iron: it is rustproofed and completed in three different finishes, Dead Black Iron, Rusty Iron, Relieved Iron—also referred to as Grey Iron, Flemish Iron, Swedish Iron and Half-Polished Iron.

Surprisingly reasonable prices on these beautiful new McKinney pieces have been established. The cost of doing a home complete—doors, windows, cupboards and shutters—is remarkably small.



In all cities and towns there are dealers who make a specialty of Builders' Hardware. For many years these merchants have sold McKinney Hinges. Now they are receiving their stocks of McKinney Forged Iron Hardware. By all means, see the display at once. It is a new and thrilling contribution to the art of Better Home Building.

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To make possible an accurate study of all units, McKinney offers a beautiful new Brochure illustrating the units themselves and their proper application. Send for this free Brochure at once. Then visit your Builders' Hardware merchant and make your selection. If he has not yet received his stock, let us know.

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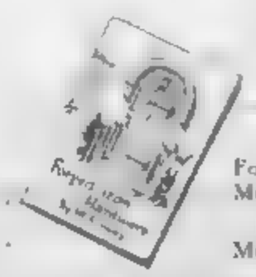

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For boys who tumble

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The makers of triple-knee Iron Clads certainly must have had some little rough and tumble Indians of their own. They knew that mothers wanted stockings which would stand the grind of gravel, rocks and tree trunks—and they've made them!

They've made a fine-ribbed stocking as good-looking and as "dressy" as the most expensive hose. They've made a super-fortified stocking that is selling at a price you'd think impossible. They've done their job and done it well. The only thing they ask of you is that you positively refuse to accept a substitute.

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COOPER, WELLS & CO., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.
Mills at St. Joseph, Mich., and Albany, Ala.

"Iron Clad"

Iron Clad Hosiery

(Continued from Page 210)

"You'd last until you'd scratched your way into the Hall of Fame," I said, with a defensive sort of frivolity.

"I wouldn't last a year," he asserted, with quite unlooked-for humility. I loved him, of course, for lying like a scholar and a gentleman. But I knew he was sacrificing the ewe lamb of truth on the altar of affection. And I also suspected that he was campaigning for a Lady Baltimore cake for luncheon.

On another occasion he rather startled me by suggesting that we collaborate on a certain book—as though I hadn't collaborated on every book he ever wrote! But I declined the honor, protesting that I'd feel too much like a stoker up on the bridge. And Adam's efforts at collaboration have been singularly ill-fated, as I'll explain a little later on.

In every stage team, they tell me, one partner has to be the feeder, and that's about all I can ever be to Adam. I can't burn with the sacred fire myself, but I can stand beside my more gifted mate and see that the drafts are properly regulated and the clinkers removed. For I'm without the creative gift, and I know it. I haven't the heaven-sent power of creating character, of putting words together on paper in such a way that out of my patient sowing of sentences will flower men and women who seem to live and breathe like myself, men and women who can make us share in their fairy-world sorrows and exult in their make-believe happiness.

No Room for Reality

That miracle of bringing ink-and-paper dummies to life is something eternally beyond me. I'm not an ignoramus, of course, for you can't be born the fifth daughter of a jerk-water college professor, whose bump of philoprogenitiveness was considerably bigger than his academic salary, without acquiring the salvaging ability of being useful before you are ornamental. You can't for four long years do secretarial work for a defeated and embittered teacher of track runners and football squads only incidentally interested in history without achieving a working knowledge of the English language and a slightly disillusioned outlook on life.

If I'd been a plumber's daughter, for example, I might have brought a respectable dot to my husband, instead of coming to him with an acidulated mind and a weakness for phrase making. But I've at least paid my way as I went, and if I have learned to laugh a good deal at life nowadays, I think I've earned my right to that amusement. If I can inspect the contemporary scene from behind my sense of humor about the same as I can comfortably study a puff adder behind the plate glass of the Snake House in Bronx Park, it's because of my Indian-summer knowledge of what every woman knows. Or perhaps I'd better make that not what every woman knows, but what every woman ought to know before she goes to her reward. For there is, after all, such a thing as a Pyrrhic victory.

"Some people seem to get everything in this world," Adam's married sister once enviously proclaimed to me. "You were born with a good skin, and you went to the Hoyt School, and you had a whole winter in Europe, and then you got Adam!"

Yes, I got Adam. But being an author's wife isn't all beer and skittles. For if no man can be a hero to his valet, it's doubly true that no genius can be a demigod to his own wife. A clever husband's mots can grow as threadbare as a college professor's clothes. And the mistakes of an absent-minded man can become as thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa.

Adam, for instance, has a mental blind spot in the matter of names. I've tried to excuse this by maintaining that he's so preoccupied with his fictional figures that he confuses the real and the ideal, that his horizon is so crowded with purely imaginary persons that he has scant room left for the real people of the world about him. But now and then he'll miscall even his closer acquaintances. He invariably designates Miss Green, a neighborhood spinster, as Miss Bird, and consistently addresses Mrs. Aspen, our rector's wife, as Mrs. Ash.

He's no more successful at remembering his own telephone number than he is at recalling whether he ordered theater seats and answered a telegram. He went three long days without stumbling on the calamitous discovery that his own wife had bobbed her hair, yet he's able to spot his own name in a solid page of type as promptly as a soaring hawk can see a field mouse in a cow pasture.

He's so sensitive to interrupting sounds that he wired down the Westminster chimes on my new mantel clock, yet I've seen him contentedly pursuing his tasks of composition when the three boys were making more noise than a troop of cavalry on a plank road. He's incredibly modest, in certain ways, about his own work; yet he's so childishly vainglorious about a number of his avocational pursuits that triumph or defeat in those more trivial side issues of life can elate or depress him for a whole day.

His tennis is rather awful, but I've seen him strut like a turkey cock when he's won a set from me. When he used to rest his tired nerves with a turning lathe he was prouder of a prodigious six-shelved what-not he carpentered together than he was of the honorary degree his old college bestowed upon him that same summer. He's even a trifle conceited about the way he can ski and dance, though he's now a bit too old to excel at pastimes so vigorous. He nurses a most unheroic aversion to cold water, yet he can swim like a fish and was mad for a month when he came home and found that Uncle Roddie had taught Tiddler, our second son, to keep his puffing little face above water—for if you have a boy of your own it's naturally your privilege and prerogative to school him in all such aquatic sports.

Adam is also proud of his after-dinner speaking, though I've noticed that it nearly always gives him nervous indigestion, and is quite as morbid in its effects on me as I sit in a sympathetic cold sweat and feel him clutching like a drowning man for the rounded phrases which we'd so carefully rehearsed beforehand. He is a born writer, and couldn't be happy at any other calling, yet he repeatedly proclaims that writing pieces for the printer isn't a real man's work, and he as frequently protests that before you can be an artist you must first be three-quarters cad.

A Fragile He-Man

Sometimes I interpret such things as modesty in him, and sometimes as pose, and sometimes as out-and-out perversity. For there are occasions when Adam is so little I could spank him, and there are others when he's so big I could worship him publicly in the center of City Hall Park. He's like a marble cake—an absurd mixture of light and dark. He wants the world to accept him as a big he-man, as something between a Prussianized Tom Mix and a Jack London hero with a hairy chest. He even likes to go about in flannel shirts well open at the throat, and get himself as black as Lucifer when he works on the car engine, and sling about biologic phrases that can make the poor ladies shiver in their shoes.

But at heart he's a sensitive plant, shaken by semitones our cruder ears seldom catch, played on by currents we more obtuse mortals never altogether decipher, susceptible to trivial nuances that can make him suffer and exult, sing and sulk, worship and storm. There is delicacy mixed up with his grimness, something absurdly fragile in his strength. He has the habit, in his moments of depression, of saying that he's merely the sick oyster that produces the pearl.

But the more I know him and the more I understand the nature of real authorship, the more I'm inclined to feel that I'm the custodian of one of those big guns which can fire only a predetermined number of heavy shells before shaking itself to pieces.

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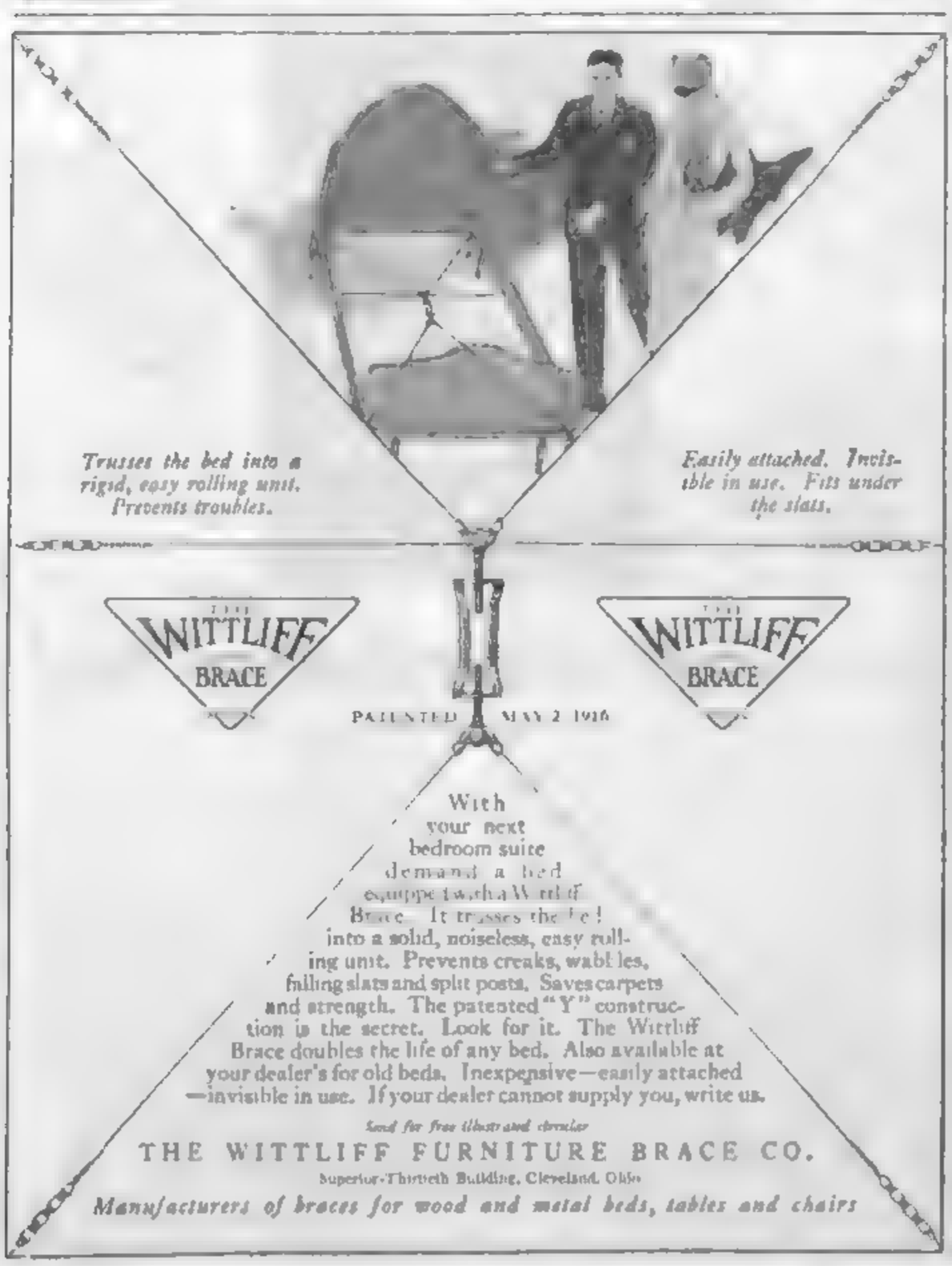
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It must be oiled and polished and tarpaulined, it must be groomed and guarded; but with all this care, because of its very bigness, it can launch only its limited number of bolts before going to the scrap pile. So, in our household, it's the duty of everyone, from the smallest powder boy up, to see that no effort is misdirected and that no aim is a haphazard one, and that no muzzle bursts imperil that triple-tempered steel.

A big gun, of course, is not easy to guard. And I've had my troubles in looking after Adam, in protecting him from both outside menace and internal peril. The bureau of foreign affairs, I've found, has to be just as busily alert as the bureau of domestic relations. For if a high-spirited and sensitive and slightly wayward author doesn't get his encouragement at home, he's going to get it somewhere else. And there are always enough idle and irresponsible women in the offing to smuggle their rum runner's cases of inspiration past the coast guards of home contentment. I am and always have been averse to adulation. But I realize that an artist has to believe in himself, has to have faith in what he's doing. The pull is a hard one, and he needs enthusiasm to make the grade.

I once heard a fellow writer of Adam's avow: "When I write a story I've got to believe that that particular piece of fiction is the best story ever written." And, since the more I know of authors the more I'm persuaded they're all made pretty much in the same mold, I realize that much depends on the home support that is given these forlorn spirits reaching so frantically out into the circumambient for the ideal.

A Lion Among the Dears

But while you soar with the artist you also have to live with the man, and an individual too thoroughly oversold on himself is not the most pleasant of house companions. It takes pretty careful piloting to steer between the Scylla of humility and the Charybdis of self-esteem. Touchstone, too, has to be uncommonly sure of his Audrey before he can publicly proclaim, "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own!" And I've always wanted to make a success of marriage just as much as Adam wants to make a success of writing. Yet I've always insisted on honesty, on candor, on calling a spade a spade where my husband's work is concerned.

I've consistently refused to pump the helium of flattery into his shrunken gas bags of industry. He has come to value my opinion, I think, even while he has vaguely hungered for the adulation of the irresponsible outsider. But those outsiders, I must confess, have given me a good deal to think about. What, for example, is a patient wife to say when a bevy of cooing ladies flutter into the author's study and exclaim, "Is this the chair he sits in? And oh, is this the pen he really writes with?" One can't grind one's teeth and bark out, "Yes; and these are the pills he takes when he has a bilious attack!" One must smile serenely, just as I did the other day when the gushing lady from Buffalo hugged my husband's first edition of his first book of poems to her ample bosom and cried, "Oh, the precious, precious thing!"

Adam has a sense of humor, as I've previously indicated, but it isn't always in working order; and it takes a broad base to keep praise, when it comes out of beautiful lips, from bowling one over. Even Adam, I've noticed, is a trifle harder to live with after a waiting line of club women have solemnly shaken hands with him and a bevy of empty-headed flappers have importuned him to autograph their programs.

That, however, is not the reason why I so vigorously opposed his second venture on a lecture tour, just as I have always been indeterminately opposed to his appearance in public. But this platform work always takes something away from him. It tends to theatricalize him, to release the latent exhibitionism in every creative artist. It makes him too institutional, too sure of himself, too much of a parlor pet, too much of a lion among ladies. As I've already said, it's the eternal boy I love in Adam more than anything else. And the saddening thing about his public reading was the way in which it was so insidiously turning the schoolboy into the schoolmaster.

I want to keep Adam modest. I long to see him retain his sense of humor—and one of the most promising incidents of my husband's last public appearance was the brief but unmistakable wink he gave me over the shoulder of an oppressively large and enthusiastic poetess in a princess gown of brocaded satin. That microscopic lowering of the left eyelid meant more to me than I could ever explain. It said as plain as day, "No delusions of grandeur here, Bunty darling!" It said a number of other things. It reminded me that Adam was still mine.

And without quite carrying him away in a marsupial pouch at the mere approach of a petticoat, I intend to keep him mine. For two women can spoil a man as surely as two cooks can spoil a broth. And when Samson let that adventurous Philistine lady from Sorek rob him of his strength, it was certainly not the cutting of his locks but the implied intimacy of relationship that led to our strong man's downfall. It wasn't so much the scissors, in other words, but the falling asleep in an irrelevant lady's lap that led to this historic athlete's undoing.

Marrying even a near-celebrity, after all, is a good deal like an Arctic voyage, demanding both special prudences and special fortitudes, the first for the reduction of privations and the second for the preservation of hope.

"Just living with a man like our Adam must be an education," his proud Aunt Caroline once said to me, with the long-familiar family sigh of envy.

She was right. It has been an education. Yet not altogether in the way that dear but deluded Aunt Caroline meant. For it must be remembered that I took Adam largely on faith—though he still gallantly proclaims I came to him in answer to prayer. I took Adam, in fact, entirely on faith. And this confession should need scant amplification beyond the mere statement that Adam began his professional career as a poet. That, I still hold, was both a very wise and a very normal way of starting. But the highway to family comfort is not paved with iambic pentameter, though Adam, with a heart full of hope and a head full of song, came blithely on to New York to set the Hudson on fire.

Saved From Bohemia

But instead of a conflagration in the bed of the North River, he merely burnt his frugal midnight oil in a frugal Waverley Place studio and at the end of two years was rather broken in spirit and rebellious in attitude.

I married him, then, not only because I tumbled head over heels in love with him but also because I knew he was a real man and could do real work. I banked on Adam because I saw he was something better than a studio rat. He impressed me as an observer in a plane without a pilot. I felt that Adam needed me as much as I needed him. So I put all my eggs in one basket, and then proceeded to see that the basket was properly handled. Certain of his long-haired friends have accused me of killing his soul—whatever that may mean. But I've at least kept his body alive, his record clean and his faith in the Constitution and the Decalogue intact. And that's considerably more than many of the anarchistically minded ladies of our American Latin Quarter can claim.

Adam doesn't have to bum a dinner by reading a cubist poem to a tableful of hungry-eyed Village cranks in a cellar restaurant. He no longer wears Boul' Mich' blouses and pursues the Muse by sitting up all night and sleeping all day. He no longer has to secrete himself on the fire escape while a bill collector is storming at the door.

(Continued on Page 217)

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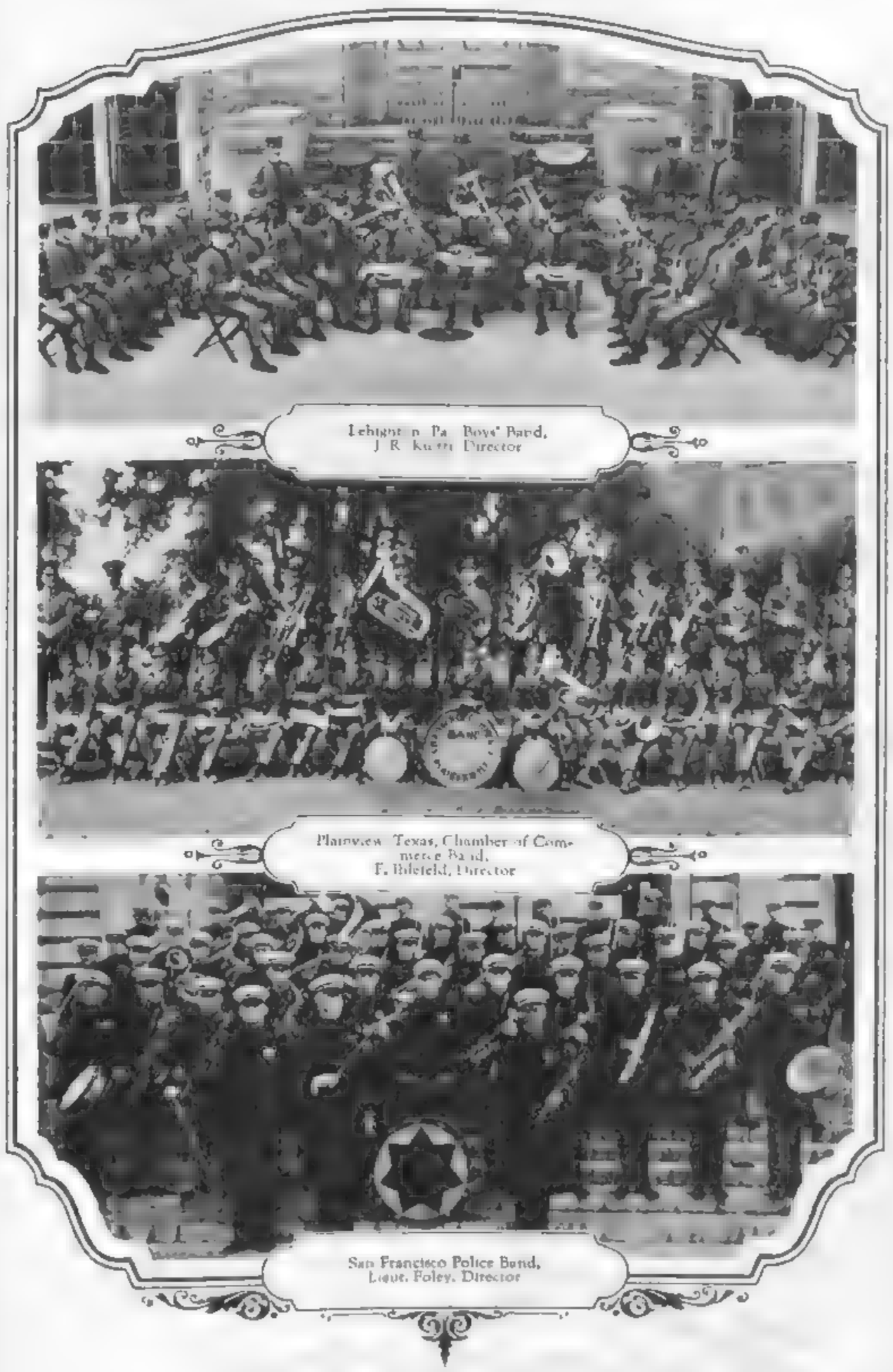

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On with ease, dry overnight, brilliant and smooth without sign of brush marks, "laps" or uneven ridges.

If *you* don't know *Kyanize* yet—you're missing something. Your *Kyanize* dealer will supply you or, if you can't find him, send $1 for trial pint can and brush. It will pave the way for a quick, joyous acquaintance.

Send 10 cents for our newest 24-page book, illustrated in color, "The Charm of Painted Things", if you want to know how to really accomplish delightful finishing effects at home.

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CELOID—The *Kyanize* Medium Gloss Enamel

For tinting in the delicately-toned shades on furniture, walls and woodwork. Pure white or delightful tints, as you wish. Easy to brush on, dries overnight with that much desired "handrubbed" velvet lustre but *no rubbing is required.*

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VARNISHES & ENAMELS *for Floors-Furniture-Woodwork*

SPECIAL $1.00 OFFER

If you cannot find the *Kyanize* Dealer in your locality, send us name of nearest dealer together with ONE DOLLAR and we'll send you prepaid a full pint can of *Kyanize* Floor Finish and a good brush to apply it. Mention color you prefer: Mahogany, Golden Oak, Cherry, Light Oak, Rosewood or Dark Mahogany, Walnut or Brown Mahogany, Colonial Green, Dark Oak, Natural or "Clear".

(Continued from Page 214)

His social companions are no longer slightly faded ladies, running to fat, who wear sandals and talk socialism. He no longer has to borrow a fiver from ex-manufacturers who've migrated to Christopher Street stable mows to escape the sclerosis of affluence and express themselves in futuristic art. He doesn't have to pose as a New World Rodolfo, as the sight-seeing busses make the rounds of the Village cabarets. And where that sex which is so foolishly known as the weaker is concerned, he doesn't have to pretend that he's a cross between François Villon and Paul Verlaine.

That's the sort of thing that kills a man's soul as quickly as anything I can think of at the moment, and as soon as I could manage it I took Adam away from such things. For Adam can write, and has written, real poetry. His private idea of paradise, I rather imagine, is writing true-blue poetry to the sound of trumpets. And now and then he goes back to it, as wistful-hearted as an old graduate revisiting the campus of his elm-shadowed alma mater. But in America today men cannot very well live by poetry alone. What the highbrow designates as pure poetry is not written overnight and does not circulate with the abandon of David Harum. Such poetry, I've always contended, should be avocational, free from the dust of commerce.

Sold for a Sail

Adam, it is true, had written a little fiction before my fatal shadow fell across his path. But he had done it without enthusiasm and for purely commercial ends, though most of it went to those futuristic mushroom magazines and mauve-tinted booklets whose careers are about as brief as their exchequers are lean. Even here, however, Adam's success had been extremely limited, since his efforts were mostly that arty and spineless product known as the sketch. He was strong for what he called word painting in those days. Yet without quite knowing it, he was still harassed by the intellectual timidity of the newcomer, the awkwardness of the beginner who has never fully tried out his tools. But he was learning. The souring ferment of growth was in his soul. He talked vaguely though volubly of a novel which he intended to write. When I tried to persuade him to drop that for the time being and give an undivided year or two to the writing of short stories, he looked at me with a wounded-gazelle sort of gaze and secretly took my advice while he openly condoned my materialism.

We had, on the whole, a very unhappy autumn and early winter of it. We almost went bankrupt in fact. One story was finally sold, after being laboriously reconstructed, for a little less than Adam had been getting for an occasional Walter-Paterish literary article placed with one or another of the high-hat critical periodicals. And another small check came in for doing some limericks for street-car advertising. But during the weeks that ensued we just about touched bottom. We learned to live on two meals a day, and Adam got hollows under his cheek bones and I anticipated fashion by acquiring that boyish figure which is the perverted ideal of this more affluent day. Yet my Adam refused to give up. He grinned and took his medicine, and I loved him for it.

Then the tide turned, as tides, from time immemorial, have had the habit of doing. Came the dawn; came deliverance; though it didn't come after the manner of the movie-title people. It arrived, as so often happens, in a manner as ridiculous as it was unexpected.

I had come up to breathe, like a whale, at an afternoon tea in a certain Madison Avenue brownstone front, and there I met the incongruously sedentary editor of a travel magazine, who told me he was frantically in need of a love story with a tropical setting. I as promptly told him that my Adam had precisely the story he needed. Adam didn't, of course, for at that time he had never been south of the Mason and Dixon Line. But he had a love story, and it is still the heaven-given prerogative of genius to write of regions never actually visited. So night and day Adam and I toiled to impose a sultry and equatorial atmosphere on that frostbitten romance of a more temperate zone.

And success crowned our efforts. That benighted editor took the story. He took it, however, with the saddening and quite unlooked-for information that he could not pay for it in actual cash, but that as he had a credit slip on a certain steamship line, he could still reward us with two first-class passages to the Canal Zone and back.

Adam promptly started forth to replevin that story. But I prevailed on him, in the end, to come back to the studio and think it over.

So eventually, while he opposed my attitude, he took my advice.

And it so fell out, accordingly, that in the last week of the leanest January in our leanest winter we blithely embarked on a large and luxurious cruising steamer headed for the land of sunshine. We installed ourselves, free of charge and altogether without cost, in an absurdly elaborate suite de luxe on the promenade deck and imagined we were millionaires casually slipping away for a couple of months in the Caribbean. We simply locked up the chilly old studio, turned our backs on our troubles, scraped up enough money for our stewards' tips, and for nine blessed weeks we loafed and invited our souls and seldom failed to do full justice to the five meals a day aboard that floating palace. We steamed leisurely through the West Indies, enjoyed the most Edenic of climates, visited Central American ports, and lost both our city pallor and our willowy waistlines. I felt like a usurper, an impostor, like a Cinderella who would have to go back to ashes and humility the moment we once more nosed up through the Narrows. But Adam did more than get rid of his cough and his fixed look of worry. He got a new perspective on life. He filled up his depleted tank of energy. And on the hurricane deck, between Hatteras and Sandy Hook, he mapped out the action of his first novel.

Shopping for Characters

It was odd to watch that novel grow. Adam would stumble on a striking phrase or a situation and put it carefully away for future use just as I'd stow my fine china up on a top shelf. He'd go shopping for characters about as I'd go shopping for dress goods. He'd mix up a chapter as carefully as I'd mix up a shortcake, sometimes to find the batter too rich for proper baking or too soggy for easy consumption. When he'd have to stop to do a potboiler or two, he'd be as fretful as a sitting hen driven off its nest.

But by the end of August the book was written. The purblind publisher who so purblindly accepted it, I must confess, insisted on certain changes in the structure—and it nearly killed poor Adam to operate on his first-born. I sat up with him night after night, assisting in the grim business of amputating limbs and sewing up yawning incisions. But it intoxicated Adam a little, I think, to know that the presses were waiting, for the dummy had already been made up, the volume announced and the advertisements placed.

On the last day in October Adam brought the first finished copy home from the publisher's, spick-and-span in its blue-and-white jacket and a thing of beauty to us both. Adam, in fact, slept with it under his pillow that first night. He even sat propped up in bed, turning it over and over, while I scrambled the eggs for breakfast. He was as sheepishly proud of it as a young father is proud of a ten-pound boy. It was Adam's first real book. He has done a dozen of them since then, but never again did he get that holy joy of paternity. It's like one's first love affair, or one's first spring ride through Paris, or one's first glimpse of the ocean. Nowadays Adam is

MADE BY INGERSOLL
TO SELL FOR
ONE DOLLAR

CHAS. H. INGERSOLL

From 1880 to 1921 Half Owner, Sec.-Treas., and General Manager of Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., originator, maker and distributor of 75 million Ingersoll Watches that Made the Dollar Famous.

A fountain pen with a point that will outlast your writing days.
The same *point* as used in pens costing as much as $50!

Three models — Men's, Women's and Juniors'

Chas. H. Ingersoll, of Dollar Watch Fame, has achieved "the impossible" in pen construction by producing a pen with a *14-karat solid gold* **hard iridium tipped** *point*, to SELL FOR ONE DOLLAR!

Guaranteed to meet the most exacting tests for smooth writing and durability—and in this respect the equal of any fountain pen regardless of price. Handsome, indestructible metal barrel, two-point bearing clip and convenient stem-winding self-filler.

Decide today to have real pen satisfaction at reasonable cost. Get an INGERSOLL for yourself and every member of your family—it's sound economy!

AT 15,000 DEALERS: If your dealer is not yet supplied, send his name and address and $1.00 for each pen desired, specifying models preferred. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

TO DEALERS: Tie-up with this and other big Ingersoll Pen advertising in leading National Magazines. Order NOW a dozen or more with FREE handsome display easels. Wholesale price guaranteed to satisfy. Or send for special display-sales plan.

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$131.00 in One Month Without Leaving Home!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
331 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How can I make my spare hours pay? No obligation in asking.

Name

Street

City *State*

Leon B. Wade
of Massachusetts

LEON B. WADE is a subscription representative in a little Massachusetts town. In a single month, not long ago, he earned exactly $131.00 *without leaving his home!* How?

He earned this extra money by telephoning to many of his friends and neighbors and by writing personal letters to others. He told them that he represented *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* and would be glad to forward their orders. Some sent him new subscriptions, others their renewals—Mr. Wade's total profits were $131.00.

Extra Money for You too!

Whether you live in a small town or a large city; whether you are 18 years of age or 80; whether at one time you have days to spare or only an hour or so—we'd like to make you the same cash offer we made Mr. Wade.

Shall we send you all the interesting details? Then just get your scissors and clip the coupon above.

The Telephone and Better Living

Pictures of pre-telephonic times seem quaint today. In the streets were horses and mud-splashed buggies, but no automobiles and no smooth pavements.

Fifty years ago homes were heated by stoves and lighted by gas or kerosene lamps. There was no domestic steam heating or electric lighting, nor were there electric motors in the home. Not only were there no telephones, but there were no phonographs, no radio and no motion pictures.

The telephone permitted the separation of business office from factory and made possible the effective co-ordination of widespread activities by a centralized organization. It changed the business habits of the Nation.

The amazing growth of the country in the past fifty years could not have come had not science and invention supplied the farmer, manufacturer, business man and family with many new inventions, great and small, for saving time and labor. During this period of marvelous industrial progress, the telephone had its part. It has established its own usefulness and greatly accelerated the development of the industrial arts which have contributed so much to better living conditions and to the advancement of civilization.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company
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BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

$10 A DAY AGENTS

Your chance to make big money, showing our full size samples

the world. Our big national advertising and Sales Manual helps you. Pay starts at once. (633)
Territory going fast. Write quick for free outfit offer
THE FYR-FYTER CO., 1037 Fyr Fyter Bldg Dayton Ohio

SANFORD'S
The Original
FOUNTAIN PEN
INK
ALWAYS GOOD
ALWAYS THE SAME

CASH?

Mail the coupon below, with your name and address, to Box 1624, c/o *The Saturday Evening Post*, 332 Independence Square, Philadelphia, and you will receive the cash offer which enables scores of men and women to earn up to $1.50 an hour.

Name

Street

City State

926

apt to complain about the color work on the wrapper or wonder why his name was put in smaller type than the title.

I was so keyed up with the Bacardi of success that I went electioneering for that first novel, without taking Adam into my confidence. Among other things, I coöperated with a veteran and charmingly unscrupulous newspaper woman, and together we concocted a sufficiently fantastic article about the origin of the story to insure its publication in a Sunday paper. There was a full page of it, and it rather frightened me when I first saw it irrevocably committed to type. It was so awful, really, that I suppose Adam had a perfect right to storm for a month. But that highly romantic article spread like the measles. It went from coast to coast, with Adam's photograph getting more and more like something out of the Rogues' Gallery every time it was reproduced. But it seemed to get people talking about the book, and what people talk about they buy and read.

Five editions of that precious first novel were sold during the next ten months. And we no longer hid in the kitchenette when the landlord's agent came to the door.

Adam finally forgave me for what he had angrily called my tub thumping. He'd had his first taste of blood. And though that novel didn't make nearly so much money as some of his envious and adhesive Village friends imagined, it at least persuaded its author that the field of prose was not one to let lie fallow. My husband began to talk about his next book.

I-Knew-Him-When Clubs

But I wasn't happy in our Greenwich Village environment. To the normal woman, after all, living in a studio is about as satisfactory as living in an Indian tepee. And besides being tired of the city, I was more tired of the same old circle of *poseurs* and idlers and half-baked amateurs who sat up half the night debating and fighting about the first principles of art, and at the same time adopted a slightly condescending attitude toward Adam while smoking his cigarettes and consuming my crumpets and rarebits.

I got more and more opposed to those long-haired confreres who publicly claimed that Adam had debauched his talents for a commercial success, yet weren't above privately applying to him for a small loan to tide them over the winter. And Adam, who would have divided his last dollar and given away his last pair of shoes to any studio pauper who could quote Stephen Phillips' Marpessa or do a skim-milk imitation of Manet, was imposed on to the limit of my patience. So I began to campaign for our migration to the country.

To be quite frank, it wasn't merely the male parasites I wanted to get Adam away from. It was the female of the species, who began to impress me as more deadly than the male. Not that I distrusted my husband. The disturbing element in the situation was the fact that my life partner happened to be an author, an artist who painted in ink. And women, I know, mean a great deal to every artist. In men of that class, in the first place, is a latent streak of the feminine, not in itself opprobrious, but leaving them with an undue affinity for—and not always an understanding of—the fair sex. And Adam always had the mixed blessing and curse of eliciting personal confessions. He was sympathetic; he was serious-minded; and—much as I hate the word—he was understanding. Yet women, especially in his younger years, were apt to take advantage of his innate chivalry. They imposed upon his generosity. And as they constituted America's only leisure class, there were always enough of them in the neighborhood. As our only leisure class, too, they stood and still stand our acknowledged custodians of culture. They are the conserving angels of sweetness and light. They buy the books and invite the authors to address their clubs and read papers on the true inwardness of the writer-of-the-season's intent, and ask for him in the lending libraries, and about the social board become charter members of the I-Knew-Him-When Club.

But I don't see why women should regard an author as a public parking place for their personal emotions. He deals in sentiment, I suppose, and they're instinctively prompted to pay the poor man back in his own coin. He trades in romance, I take it, and since the dyer's hand is colored by his trade and it's a human failing to confuse the container for the thing contained, they conspire to make him as romantic as one of his own fictional seraphs in chocolate. There's a type of woman, I've noticed, who invariably begins to mince and coo when she talks to an author, to clamber up to an exalted plane where they can be as ethereally intimate as two cherubim on a cloud.

When the Best Move Was to Move

But it wasn't the cooer I was most afraid of. It was more the opposite type, the unattached freebooter of the literary colony who prattled about *l'art pour l'art* and was as free in her ethics as she was in her verse. And it wasn't so much as a Delilah in slinky peignoirs, as it was as a lawless amateur in letters, that I regarded her as a nuisance and an undesirable factor in family life. She always wanted something done for her. She always had so many magnificent ideas and was looking for a commiserative male who could light-heartedly throw them into shape for her, or, if not for her, for those sadly commercialized enemies known as editors.

There was one lady in particular, a lady with Titian-red hair and Cooper Hewitt green eyes who, when I nipped her obvious intentions in the bud, never quite forgave me; and what was much more unjust, never quite forgave the uncomprehending Adam. Failing at creative work, she later on became a critic, and it is worthy of record that she has never once let pass a professional chance of lambasting poor Adam's product.

Yet when another Village lady, who burnt joss sticks in her *atelier* and wore two-inch emerald earrings and rotated her perfumes with the rotating days of the week, proved so emancipated that she could quietly invade my home and confront me as the Roman warrior once confronted the flax spinner of the Sabines, I felt it was about time to cry quits. For that lady practically dynamited me out of the district.

"I'm in love with your husband," calmly announced that brazen young thing with the revolutionary eyes. "What d' you intend to do about it?"

It was obviously a highly incendiary speech, and at one time it might have made me pop out of my chair. But I knew my Adam, and I knew my district, and I had come to know the type.

"So is Una Thorndyke, my dear," I said as casually as I was able, "and that poor little Thompson girl who types his scripts for him. So I really think the very wisest thing you could possibly do would be to go and talk it over with them."

That seemed to turn the trick. It turned the trick in two ways. It ended the lady's purely subjective interest in my Adam and it ended my interest in Greenwich Village. I called it exhibitionism, of course, but I didn't want more of it in my neighborhood.

A month later we moved out to the great open spaces of Connecticut. There we dwell in a dignified if slightly dilapidated home which Adam has paid for and is reconstructing as his family demands and his purse will permit. We ride about in a car without a chattel mortgage on it, and the children have five acres of sunny orchard land to play in, and Adam has got rid, among other things, of the cough that used to worry me in the city. He is a member of the board of education of this borough, has become a proud if ultra-foolish father and goes in rather extensively for dahlia raising. He no longer wears his hair long, has a full column in the newest edition of Who's Who, and, absurd as it may sound, is still happily sojourning with the woman whom he first joined in holy wedlock.

Why your money goes farther in a Kinney shoe store

Kinney Footnotes for April

Shoes must fit well to be good-looking and to keep their shape. That is why Kinney recommends these splendid models for April. *They're high quality shoes that fit!* Why pay more?

No. 7058. Boys' Goodyear welt, tan Oxford, rubber heel, sizes 1 to 5½, $2.98. Sizes 9 to 13½, $2.59.

No. 16140. Women's patent leather, Oriental sandal, Cuban or low heel, $4.98.

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FIRST, because our five big, modern factories make the shoes sold in our stores all over the country. These now number more than 250.

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And, finally, the benefit of more than thirty years' experience in manufacturing and selling is applied to the making of shoes that will give you still more comfort, still longer service, still greater satisfaction—*at the lowest possible price!*

Is it any wonder that last year 5,688,030 people bought Kinney shoes—that the Kinney stores are spreading throughout the country to meet the demand—that people at last agree that they have found the shoe store where their money will go farthest? . . .

Go to a Kinney store yourself. You will be welcome. You will not be urged to buy. But you will see shoes—real shoes—good-looking, comfortable shoes that will *wear*,—at prices you have never thought possible.

Whatever you or your family may need for the feet can be bought in Kinney stores. Slippers, rubbers, arctics, socks, stockings. And always the very finest shoe value offered in the entire country.

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Atlantic City, N. J.
Augusta, Ga.
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[illegible], Pa.
[illegible], Del.
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[illegible], N. C.
[illegible], R. I.
[illegible], Mass.

York, Pa.

Zanesville, Ohio

Look in the phone book for the address of the Kinney store nearest you. Kinney shoes are sold only in Kinney stores.

If there is no Kinney store near you, send for our catalog. You can order Kinney shoes from it by mail on a guarantee of satisfaction.

G. R. KINNEY CO., Inc., 225 W. 34th Street
New York City

Please send me, free of charge,

1. Catalog
2. Information concerning the National Kinney Club

Name .

Address

G. R. Kinney Co., *Inc.*

Shoe Store Service for the Whole Family

One Woman In Fifty

Here is a direct measure by which any manufacturer of a product appealing to women can judge for himself the interest women take in *The Country Gentleman*.

In January and February of this year The Country Gentleman received an order for patterns from one out of every fifty homes reached by it.

Each of these orders enclosed ten cents—and January and February are poor months for the sale of patterns.

In the course of a year *The Country Gentleman* patterns are called for from about one Country Gentleman home in eight. This shows how its women readers value this magazine, how they turn to its pages for help, and how they respond to its suggestions.

The Country Gentleman

more than 1,200,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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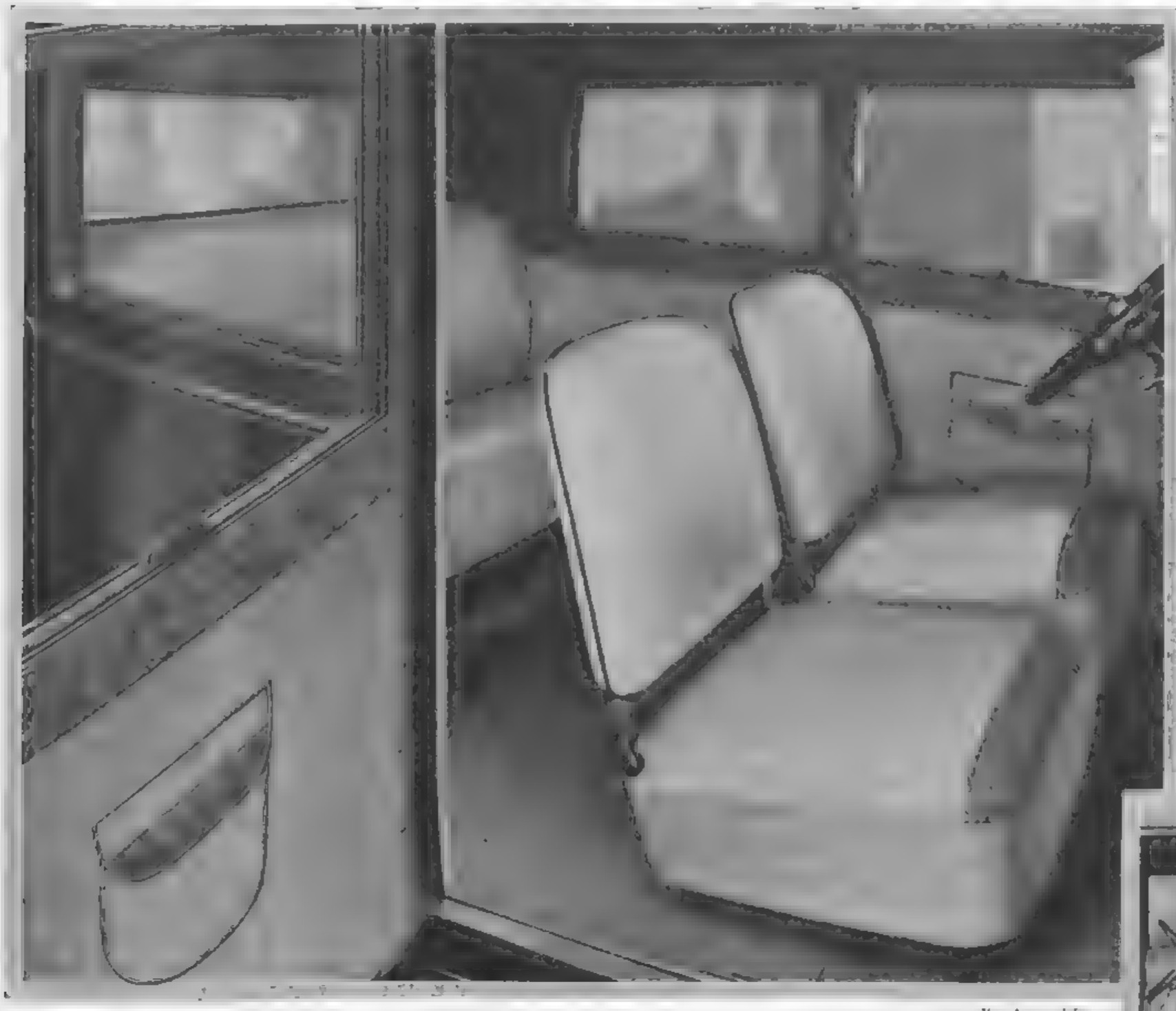
Famous FANDANGO Auto SEAT COVERS



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Protect *and* Beautify Your Car

With These Tailor-Made Perfect Fitting Seat Covers

HERE is the end of soiled, spotted, worn, germ-laden car upholstery—here is beauty and cleanliness for new cars and old ones—here is a far greater resale value to any car because of a clean, fresh interior. Here are auto seat covers beautiful beyond your hopes—perfect in every way.

Add Beauty to Your Car

Famous Fandango Seat Covers are made of beautifully striped seat cover materials in various color tones. Each set is carefully designed and cut to fit your particular car perfectly. The wearing edges are beautified and re-enforced with blue, gray or brown Spanish art leather harmonizing with the cover material. These colors go harmoniously with the interior of your car.

Easy to Attach

It is easy to attach Famous Fandango Seat Covers. Snap fasteners are provided so that they can be quickly put on and taken off. No sewing necessary. Special fasteners provided for steel bodies.

Why pay $50 to $75 for seat covers when you can buy these beautiful covers for $14.50? We are the largest manufacturers of seat covers in the world. In 1925 over 75,000 car owners adopted Famous Fandango Seat Covers. And because we manufacture in such great quantities we can make this extraordinary low price.

Guaranteed Fit, Material and Workmanship

Only carefully selected materials and the most careful workmanship go into Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers. Each set consists of covers for seats, backs, side panels and arm rests and door covers with large pockets. Back of front seat is covered right down to the floor of car, protecting against the feet of occupants in back of car. Famous Fandango Seat Covers fit perfectly and are easy to detach. Complete instructions come in each box.

Ask your dealer or department store to show you these beautiful covers. Or order direct from us. Read coupon carefully then fill it out. We will ship your order promptly. Send no money.

DEALERS

Certain territories are still open for dealers and department stores. Write at once for information about these nationally advertised Auto Seat Covers.

Important Reasons Why You Should Buy Famous Fandango Seat Covers

1. *Beauty*—The handsome striped seat cover materials and harmonizing art leather trim add beauty to the interior of any car.
2. *Protection*—Greasy hands, muddy feet, road dirt have no terrors for a car protected with these seat covers
3. *Higher Resale Value*—Usually the condition of the interior of cars determines their resale value Famous Fandango Seat Covers keep upholstery new and clean.
4. *Sanitary*—Your health and your children's health is endangered by germ-laden upholstery. Fandango Covers can easily be cleaned and snapped on again.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON NOW

Durant Motocover Co., Inc., 200 6th Ave., Dept. C, New York:
Please send me one set of Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers, express prepaid, subject to examination. If satisfied I will pay expressman price of covers *only*.
Note: Check full information. Print name and address plainly

Your name _____

Address _____

Name of car _____ Year of car _____

☐ 4 passenger ☐ Brougham Color art leather trim desired
☐ 5 passenger ☐ Coach ☐ Blue ☐ Gray
☐ 7 passenger ☐ Sedan ☐ Brown
☐ Coupe 2 door ☐ 4 door

DURANT MOTOCOVER COMPANY, INC., 200 SIXTH AVE., DEPT. C, NEW YORK CITY

The first trip of the Erie to Clinton, 1841

New York Central's *first* hundred years

New York Central this year joins that growing company of American institutions with hundred-year records of service.

It was on April 17, 1826, that New York State granted the charter for the construction of the first link in the New York Central Lines—the pioneer *Mohawk and Hudson Rail Road*, over which was first operated in 1831 the historic DeWitt Clinton train, from Albany to Schenectady.

That courageous experiment of a century ago became the nucleus of the 12,000-mile railroad system that now stretches across the richest industrial region in the world, from the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes to the Atlantic seaboard, and carries one-tenth of the rail-borne commerce of the nation.

New York Central enters its second century of service with a record of achievement that is an inseparable part of the story of American progress.

New York Central Lines

Boston & Albany—Michigan Central—Big Four
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie—New York Central
and Subsidiary Lines

The Poets' Corner

Song of the Hard Trail

THOUGH your backs, they air weak,
An' your legs, they ain't strong,
Don't be skairt, little dogies,
We'll git thar 'fore long!
Hi, yi, yip! Git along!

Though from dawn until midnight
We strike down the trail,
Jest follow your leaders
An' hold up your tail!
Hi, yi, yip! Git along!

Though we follow the trail
That sometimes can't be found,
Jest like this darned river
That hides underground—
Hi, yi, yip! Git along!

Yet we'll pick it up further
Somewhere in the land,
Where cactus an' mesquite
Stand thick on the sand—
Hi, yi, yip! Git along!

Though there ain't nary grass blade
This side of the sky,
An' there ain't nary river
That hasn't run dry—
Hi, yi, yip! Git along!

For there's sure water somewheres
An' grass growin', too,
So jest keep your tails up
An' don't git blue!
Hi, yi, yip! Git along!

—*Harry Kemp*

Remembrance

I WOULD not have the shadow of our love
Stir always in your heart, like broken wings,
For shadows are but shadows, and above
The darkness fly such glad, sun-tinted things!
I would not have you pause, nor cast one glance
Back through the dimming years in search of me.
Go on, dear Heart! The hills of Circumstance
Are high, and where I am you cannot see.
But if we had not missed the sweeter way?
If we had never stumbled, hand in hand?
Were we too young, too passionate, too gay,
Were we too wise—too wise to understand?
And yet, I would not have you hesitate,
Remembering. Day ends—and it is late.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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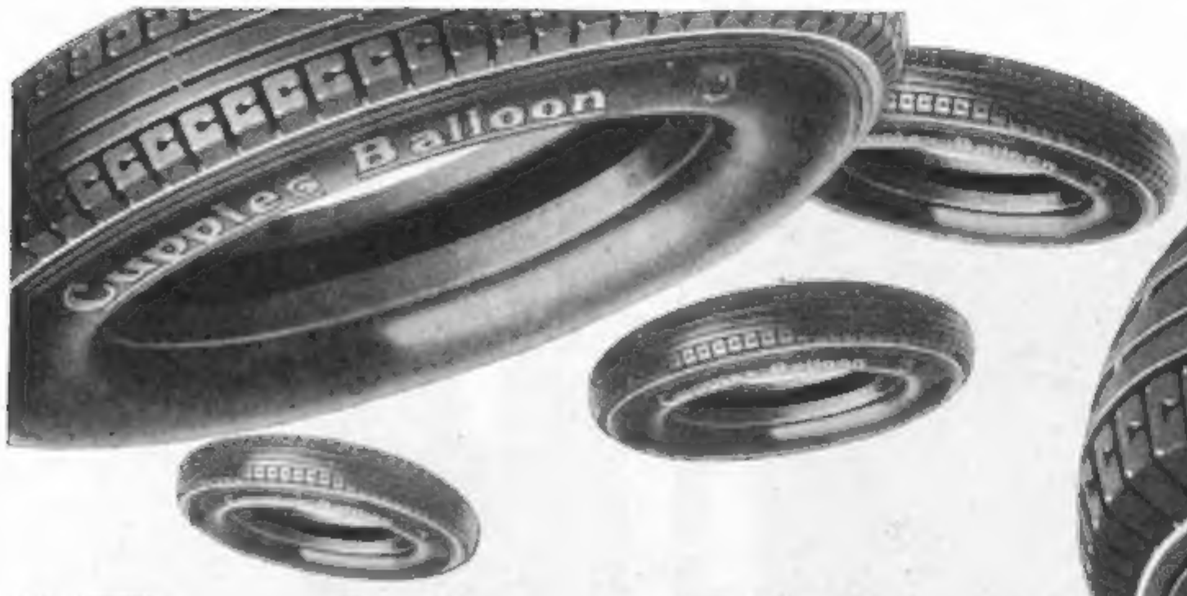

"Tough as a Rhino"

TO buoy you along in ease on air the Cupples Diamond Jubilee Balloon is built big, pliant, broad. To meet the strain of constant flexing and the long grind of extra miles it is given a fighting heart of honest rubber. Ten Years of tire building give Cupples tires all that skill can give. Seventy-five years of institutional history stand back of their integrity. If there is no Cupples Dealer in your city, write us direct today. Your spring and summer motoring will be more enjoyable and more economical if Cupples Balloons or Cupples Extra Heavy Cords form a cushion between your rims and the hard hot road.

BALLOON CORDS ~ OVER-SIZE CORDS
EXTRA HEAVY CORDS ~ INNER TUBES

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A National Institution Since 1851

THE substantial tire merchant who can see in Cupples history an index to the future is invited to write for details of the franchise embracing Cupples Tires and their companion, the Exton.

Cupples

TIRES TUBES

891

Bon Ami

"Oh, Mommy! You can't see the glass!"

There's no doubt about it, Bon Ami Cake is the magic cleaner for mirrors, windows and other glass surfaces. It makes them crystal clear!

Just apply the Bon Ami with a damp cloth. Then a moment's wait till it's dry—a clean, dry cloth—and away goes every streak and every trace of dirt. So simple, so easy, so quick!

Bon Ami absorbs dirt—doesn't scratch it off. And remember, too, there's Bon Ami Powder in a handy sifter-top can to help you clean and polish large surfaces, such as bathtubs, tiling, Congoleum, etc. Of course, you know Bon Ami never reddens the hands.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

for cleaning and polishing

Aluminum Ware
Brass, Copper, Tin and Nickel Ware
Bathtubs, Tiling
Fine Kitchen Utensils
White Woodwork
Glass Baking Dishes
Refrigerators
Windows, Mirrors
White Shoes
Congoleum, The Hands

Cake or Powder

Most housewives use both.

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

"There Are More *Soluble Solids* In *California* Juice

and it is these solids that make oranges both good and good *for* you."

"That's why I always ask for *California* juice, particularly, and why most men, I think, prefer it.

"Yes, I'm a scientist and have seen the data resulting from analyses that prove this important fact.

"It is those *mineral salts* that make these oranges not only a better fruit from a dietetic standpoint, but a *better flavored* one also.

"Yes, California oranges have been shown to contain all of the commonly accepted vitamines.

"But food authorities are coming more and more to recognize that the soluble solids—the mineral salts—are *equally* important.

"We know they are fine appetizers and direct digestive aids; and that they increase the body's power to retain the needed calcium, phosphorus, magnesium and nitrogen that other foods supply.

"I look at it this way: When you order merely 'orange juice' you may miss all the additional benefits of the better kind, so it is worth while to say 'California' when you want orange juice.

"There is both quantity and *quality* of juice in California oranges. That's why I favor them."

* * * *

Sunkist are selected California oranges. Order them by that name to get the best.

California Sunkist *Oranges*

Uniformly Good

Look for This Machine

IT is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist oranges and lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

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